SCRIBNER'S MAGAZINE

VOL. LXXIX FEBRUARY, 1926 NO. 2

The New Reformation

THE TRIUMPH OF INDIVIDUALISM IN SCIENCE

BY MICHAEL PUPIN

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WHO has not heard of, or read about, the recent discussions concerning an alleged conflict between *science* and *religion?* The discussion has been going on during several years and is still going on, particularly among the English-speaking peoples. There is a conflict, but not between *science* and *religion;* it is between two mental attitudes, the scientific and the theological mental attitude. This conflict is very old, as old as Christian theology. It was during its early history a part, only, of the general conflict between ecclesiastical autocracy and individualism. Ecclesiastical reformation was the first manifestation of this historic conflict, and its success paved the way for the assertion of the inherent individualism in all activities, and particularly those in science. The growth of scientific individualism was so rapid and its achievements so beneficial to the evolution of our civilization, that the scientific mental attitude and the scientific method of inquiry began, over two hundred years ago, to influence the mental attitude in all activities of the more advanced Christian nations, including the mental attitude of the Christian theologian. This influence inaugurated a new movement, which may be called the second reformation. Its first triumph was achieved when Galileo and Newton revealed to the mind of man a new universe never dreamed of during the previous epochs of human history. The clashes of recent years between the scientific and the theological mental attitudes are the manifestations of the progress of this reformation movement in our Christian civilization. But if the scientific mental attitude and scientific method of inquiry are really a powerful driving force in our modern progress, then a better understanding of them is certainly desirable. This discussion is offered with the hope that it may contribute a little to this understanding.

The Scientific Mental Attitude is beautifully described in the following well-known lines:

> "To him who in the love of Nature holds
> Communion with her visible forms, she speaks
> A various language. . . ."

Following this suggestive idea of the poet we may describe science as the interpretation of nature's language. This description implies two things: first, the method employed in conducting the inquiry which leads to the interpretation; secondly, the knowledge of the physical truth which this inquiry reveals.

The *scientific method* is the universally adopted method of observation, experiment, and calculation. Its simplicity and definiteness are strikingly illustrated by the well-known legend, which tells us how Archimedes found a solution of the problem which Hero, the tyrant of Syracuse, had placed before him. The problem was to determine how much silver there was in a crown supposed to have been made of pure gold. One day, while floating in the swimming-pool of the public baths of Syracuse, Archimedes

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suddenly thought of a solution. The thought occurred to him that floating is nothing more than balancing the weight of the body against the weight of the displaced water. That is to say, the weight of a body when submerged in water will be less than its weight in air, and the difference will be equal to the weight of the displaced water. If nature's language, which she addressed to Archimedes, is correctly interpreted by this thought, then Hero's problem is easily solved. The rest of the legend about Archimedes's shouts of joy, "Eureka, Eureka," we all have heard from our teachers, who told us that Archimedes rejoiced because he had made an invention which helped him solve Hero's problem. But history says that it was a discovery which thrilled him and not a mere invention, of which he had quite a large number. Yes, it was the discovery of a new concept, the concept of "fluid pressure." He abstracted from the language of nature this new concept and located its position in the logic of nature. By logic of nature is meant the physical operation, implied in the concept "fluid pressure," which makes floating equivalent to balancing the weight of the floating body against the weight of the displaced water. The original *observation* which Archimedes made while floating in the swimming-pool of the baths of Syracuse, his *experiment* of weighing the crown when submerged, and his *calculation* for the purpose of finding out the proportions of gold and silver in the crown, are the three separate steps in the scientific method of inquiry which he employed. His discovery of the concept "fluid pressure," resulting from this inquiry, may be called the deciphered message, the interpretation of the language and logic of nature. According to this mode of speech scientific knowledge means an understanding of the physical concepts and of their relation to each other in the logic of nature.

Archimedes employed the same simple method of observation, experiment, and calculation in all his work, which gave us the essential parts of the science of Statics. It is obvious that the method of Archimedes postulates a definite mental attitude which appeals to the language of nature and of human experience as the only court of appeal; it pays no attention to authoritative opinion. This mental attitude recognizes that this court has the only evidence worth considering, and that it employs the inductive method in arriving at a verdict. This is the scientific mental attitude, and Archimedes was its earliest representative. He is the father of Physical Science. Its most characteristic feature is individualism, hence its history is a part of the general history of individualism.

The work of Archimedes was not taken up again for nearly two thousand years. This certainly is one of the most significant facts in the history of European civilization. It throws much light upon the evolution of that civilization.

The period of the rapid rise and gradual decline and fall of the Roman Empire during the five hundred years between the time of Archimedes and the last days of that Empire offered no encouragement to the cultivation of the scientific mental attitude and the scientific method of Archimedes. The deductive method of Greek philosophy which the Romans followed was probably responsible for it; the fascination of speculative philosophy like that of Democritus and of Anaxagoras may also be responsible.

The next period of nearly fifteen hundred years in European history witnessed the rise of a new ecclesiastical and a new political organization in the European social order, the Christian church and the Christian empire. This period not only offered no encouragement to the cultivation of the scientific method which Archimedes had inaugurated, but did everything to prevent it. The causes of this opposition will be reviewed here briefly, but only in so far as they throw light upon our main thesis. The aim of this thesis is to show how the individualistic spirit of the Christian civilization not only eliminated this opposition to the cultivation of the scientific mental attitude and of the scientific method of philosophical inquiry, but assigned to it the leadership in creative thought.

MEDIÆVAL AUTOCRACY

Church and state may be described as two human instrumentalities the mission

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of which is to co-ordinate the three fundamental activities of the human soul: the intellectual, the æsthetic, and the spiritual activities. Without this co-ordination there would be a social chaos, and such a chaos threatened Europe during the Dark Ages. Authority backed by power was the only efficient co-ordinator of the barbarous masses of the Dark Ages. Mediæval autocracy of the church and of the state was the inevitable result. The autocracy of the Christian church during the Middle Ages demanded an organization which was destined to become highly complex. The faith which it guarded became complex also, and thus lost the simplicity of the original Christian faith. Christ said to Peter, his favorite disciple: "Thou art Peter, and upon this rock I will build my church," and on the brow of the Vatican hill, where Peter was crucified, there is to-day the most beautiful edifice of the Christian art, testifying to the fulfilment of this prophecy. It proclaims to the Christian world that Peter is the rock supporting the foundation of the Christian church. But Peter was a simple fisherman of Capernaum, and the gospel which he preached was the gospel of a simple faith. Scientific theories of the ancients were not a part of this gospel; the spiritual and not the physical world was the field of his mission. He knew nothing of the dialectics of Greek philosophy which blossomed out during the Middle Ages as scholasticism, the favorite philosophy of the mediæval church.

AUTOCRATIC CONTROL OF KNOWLEDGE

The Christianity which Peter brought to Rome was not the extremely complex Christianity of Rome and of its ecclesiastical dependencies during the Middle Ages. This Christianity pretended and had many good reasons to pretend that it had the knowledge of all things worth knowing not only in theology but also in philosophy and in science. It refused to draw a line of distinction between knowledge in the spiritual and that in the physical world, and it would not tolerate any dissent from its dogmatic teaching. It was this intolerance which issued its interdictum against Roger Bacon's new knowledge relating to the physical world, and against his Oxford lectures about it, and later kept him in prison for fourteen years during the closing days of his remarkable life. The great offense of this prophetic Franciscan friar of the thirteenth century was his audacity to proclaim that experimental science was the queen of all sciences, and that those ignorant of its methods were guilty of lamentable ignorance.

The scientific spirit of Archimedes, after a slumber of fifteen hundred years, woke up again and manifested itself through the soul of Roger Bacon, but it clashed with the spirit of mediæval scholasticism. The practice of observation, experiment, and calculation, which Roger Bacon advocated, was considered a practice of the black art and condemned by the leading disciples of the scholastic school. It was suspected to lead to results which, in their opinion, threatened to undermine the Christian faith as interpreted by ecclesiastical authority. Roger Bacon's science was considered a black art, because it told people how, among other things, to make mirrors and lenses, and it even described the construction of a telescope. All this happened over three hundred years before the telescope was first constructed and disclosed to mankind a new world of heavenly bodies. The establishment and maintenance of its power and authority were much more precious to the mediæval church than the advancement of new physical truths. Physical truth had small value in the eyes of the doctrine which regarded human life as a preparation, only, for the supernatural life to come, and taught that in this preparation man must be guided by the language of the divine spirit and not by the language of nature. This explains the radically different mental attitudes of the theologian and of the scientist of the thirteenth century.

Intellectual activities and particularly those which deal with nature's language and logic may, and we all hope that they will, lead us ultimately to a better understanding of spiritual truths. Their primary object, however, is, and always was, the truth in the physical world. To reach this truth we must, according to Archimedes and Roger Bacon, turn to nature as our highest court of appeal and not to

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mere notions of ancient authorities such as the mediæval ecclesiastics demanded. The notion, for instance, that bodies fall to the earth because they have a horror of the vacuum above, or because they seek their proper place, meant nothing to a mental attitude like that of Archimedes and Roger Bacon. To a scholastic mind it was perfectly acceptable, because Aristotle was the author of that notion, and scholasticism bowed to ancient authorities, and particularly to that of Aristotle.

CONFLICTING MENTAL ATTITUDES

The conflict between Bacon's science and ecclesiastical autocracy was a conflict between two mental attitudes and not between science and religion. This old conflict is still on, but one of the contestants is no longer the autocratic church of Rome of the thirteenth century. Its place has been taken by an influential party of irreconcilables in the Protestant church of our modern democracy. This party, like the scholastic philosophers of the Middle Ages, is making vain efforts to decide physical truths by arguments supported by the weight of ancient authorities. One cannot help seeing in these efforts a desire to go back to the methods of the orthodox theology of mediæval scholasticism, although there are no good reasons which will justify the existence of so strange a desire.

The mediæval church had good reasons for claiming supreme authority in all matters pertaining to learning, no matter whether that learning referred to the intellectual, the æsthetic, or the spiritual activity of the human soul. It had rescued many precious remnants of ancient learning and culture from the ravages of barbaric invasions during the Dark Ages of Europe, and had provided new nurseries for it in the monastic and cathedral schools. These schools were the cradles of the ancient universities, like the Universities of Paris, Bologna, Pisa, Rome, Oxford, and Cambridge. They all had originally an ecclesiastical character and were essentially a part of the mediæval church. The church was their guardian and was responsible for their financial support and for their teaching. It is not surprising that many of the great teachers in these mediæval seats of learning were primarily theologians and only secondarily philosophers. The main object of their philosophy was to harmonize Greek philosophy with Christian theology; to reconcile Aristotle and Plato with the Holy Scriptures; to evolve a universe which is in harmony with the visions of the ancient prophets. Their ears were deaf to the language of nature; their minds were closed to nature's logic; their speech was never addressed to the earth, and hence the earth never taught them. Is it surprising, then, that they never paid any attention to Archimedes, and that they frowned upon new and to them unintelligible methods of inquiry, advocated by an obscure Franciscan friar like Roger Bacon?

The conditions of European civilization after the fall of the Roman Empire would not permit the Christian church to contract its sphere of activity so as to become a simple co-ordinating instrumentality of the simple Christian faith. It had to become a guardian of learning as well as of the faith, and as such it had to assume the guidance of the intellectual and æsthetic as well as of the spiritual activities of its followers. The church exercised its guardianship like a stern parent, permitting very scanty freedom to the individualistic tendencies of its children. One can imagine what such a guardianship meant to the growth of scientific individualism! Individualism like that of Roger Bacon was immeasurably more annoying to the mediæval church than exhibitions of so-called radicalism on the part of individual professors are to a university president and his board of trustees. Individualism could find no place in an organization like that of the mediæval church and state, whereas in science it has always received a place of honor. Individualism is the first idea suggested to one's mind whenever the names of Archimedes and Roger Bacon are mentioned. Individualism is the prime mover in the progress of science. The conflict between the mediæval ecclesiastical autocracy and scientific individualism was, therefore, inevitable and is perfectly intelligible. But the defeat of the ecclesiastical autocracy was also inevitable and is perfectly intelligible.

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THE RISE OF INDIVIDUALISM

History shows that the weakest elements in the design of the mediæval ecclesiastical structure were, in the first place, the excessive load of responsibility for the cost of its maintenance, including the maintenance of the many seats of learning which looked to the church for guidance and support; in the second place, the irrevocable commitment of the church to the idea that there must be one universal church, employing one universal vernacular, the Latin language. This demanded an acquisition of wealth the management of which was in the hands of the learned servants of the church, who directed the activities of the ecclesiastical machinery. The source of ecclesiastical revenue and resulting wealth was supplied by the common people, but they had nothing to say about its management. Besides, their ignorance of the Latin language made them feel that not only the worldly wealth of the church but also the spiritual wealth of the Holy Scriptures, recorded in an ancient vernacular, were monopolies of the learned ecclesiastics. All this gave to the church an appearance resembling feudal aristocracy, which the common people thoroughly disliked, as the numerous peasant risings during and after the Middle Ages clearly show. Ecclesiastical aristocracy was repugnant to the mind of these people, who saw in Christianity a brotherhood of man in which all are equal before God. That was the great force which attracted them. The history of the Bogomil struggles in Bosnia shows that in the early days of the mediæval autocracy the Slavs of the Balkans were among the first to rebel against the fundamental ideas of the mediæval ecclesiastical aristocracy. Simplification of the ecclesiastical structure and return to Christian democracy was their aspiration. The rebellion spread to northern Italy and southern France, where the Albigenses and the Waldenses had caught the spirit of the Bogomils.

Finally, England became infected with a similar spirit of rebellion. Here Wycliffe was its leader. He gave the first philosophical statement of the causes of this discontent. Wycliffe's statement can be summed up briefly as follows: The church must give up its wealth and worldly power and become Christ-like. The second indictment of the universal church by Wycliffe was the interference of Rome in the ecclesiastical affairs of England, many of which were subject to the authority of the English sovereign only; and the third was a criticism of the church for hiding behind the screen of an ancient vernacular the spiritual wealth of the Holy Scriptures.

Wycliffe was an Oxford man; he must have known of Roger Bacon's sad experience, who was also an Oxford man and lectured at Oxford less than a century before Wycliffe started there his pioneer movement of ecclesiastical reformation. But Wycliffe never referred to the hostility of the ecclesiastics toward Bacon's science. This hostility was a minor incident; it was a natural result of the ecclesiastical structure which was dominated by scholasticism, and Wycliffe attacked what he considered the weakest parts of this structure. What Wycliffe had in mind may, broadly speaking, be described by paraphrasing Lincoln's words, as follows: Church of the people, by the people, for the people; that is, an ecclesiastical democracy. Such a democracy, long before Europe was prepared for a political democracy, was of course unthinkable from the point of view of the mediæval church. Wycliffe's dream of it, though hazy and vague, warned the church that a new spirit was rising, the spirit of individualism, which does not bow to ancient authorities, and does not recognize the truth which is supported by nothing more substantial than subtle scholastic arguments. Wycliffe was preparing the field for the cultivation of scientific individualism without knowing it; the individualism which Wycliffe preached was destined to advance the philosophy of the older Oxford individualist, Roger Bacon.

John Huss, a Bohemian individualist, a contemporary of Wycliffe, introduced Wycliffe's ideas into Bohemia, where the people received them with open arms, and established the national church of Bohemia, which was to be a reduction to practice of what Wycliffe preached. This was the boldest challenge which the ecclesiastical autocracy had ever received up to that time, and was met with

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equal boldness by the Council of Constance.

OPEN REBELLION OF INDIVIDUALISM

The most important event in the first chapter of the history of the Renaissance is undoubtedly the drama in which Wycliffe and Huss were the principal heroes. During the second chapter of this history there came the expected gradual emancipation of philosophy, of science, of literature, of the fine arts, and even of the simple Christian religion from the trammels of scholasticism and orthodox theology. To the orthodox theologian the progress of this emancipation must have looked like a funeral procession carrying mediæval scholasticism to a grave which promised no resurrection. Without scholasticism the ecclesiastical autocracy was like a mediæval knight without his steel armor, and there were many bold foes eager to attack. The blow was finally delivered when in 1517 Martin Luther nailed his ninety-five theses on the church door of Wittenberg. The proud and mighty church which for many centuries had struggled for supreme authority not only in ecclesiastical but also in secular affairs of the state could not consent to the humiliating limitation of its sphere of activity demanded by Wycliffe, Huss, and Martin Luther. On the other hand, without this limitation no emancipation could be expected from the trammels of orthodox theology and of the highly complex ecclesiastical organization which was the nursery of this theology. Not reformation but ecclesiastical reconstruction, which made emancipation from mediævalism possible, was the real aim of these three originators of the great movement called the Reformation.

The emancipation came and it certainly led to the boldest intellectual and spiritual upheaval in the history of mankind. It succeeded because the historical evolution of the individualistic Christian civilization paved the way for it, a way which in the course of nearly three centuries led gradually from ecclesiastical universalism to nationalism in church and state; from ecclesiastical guardianship to unhampered individualism; from the artificial and anti-individualistic modes of thought developed by the scholastic school to the natural methods of inquiry preached and practised by Archimedes and Roger Bacon.

TRIUMPH OF INDIVIDUALISM

The discovery of America by Columbus, and the vision of a new universe, which appeared to Copernicus soon after this discovery, were a welcome stimulus to the awakened scientific individualism of those days. But these discoveries were isolated manifestations only of that Christian spirit of individualism which supplied the moving force to the European Renaissance in general and to the ecclesiastical Reformation in particular. That spirit was born and bred among the Christian nations and was always a vital part of their Christian faith. It received its rigorous gymnastic training and discipline in the schools of the mediæval Christian church, which was its stern and autocratic guardian. But as soon as it had felt its power it began to address its youthful accents through the mouths of Wycliffe, Huss, Luther, and other prophets of succeeding generations. Its voice awakened the slumbering genius of the Christian nations. It is not a mere accident that the same century which listened to Martin Luther, listened also to Shakespeare, Gilbert, and Francis Bacon; was thrilled by the matchless art of Hals, Holbein, Leonardo da Vinci, Raphael, and Michelangelo; wondered at the astronomical achievements of Copernicus, Tycho Brahe, and Kepler; watched in spellbound admiration the first flashes of the flame of Galileo's genius. No other century in human history can boast of having discovered so many stars of the first order of magnitude in its intellectual, artistic, and spiritual firmament. Each one of these stars was a brilliant manifestation of the new spirit of that individualism which seemed to go out of existence when the last traces of Greek civilization disappeared among the ruins of the Roman Empire. No other civilization had such a Renaissance, but no other civilization had the nursery which the mediæval church, in spite of its many shortcomings, had offered to the Christian civilization of Europe.

This brief description of the gradual unfolding of the Christian civilization will, it is hoped, explain why the develop-

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ment of the scientific mental attitude of Archimedes became dormant and waited fifteen hundred years until Roger Bacon made the first serious attempt to revive it, and why Bacon's efforts apparently failed. It also shows why after this failure another two hundred years were needed to prepare the adolescent individualism of the simple Christian faith to exercise its power in the evolution of European civilization, encouraging individualistic efforts in all activities of the human soul, one of which was the cultivation of the scientific mental attitude and the scientific method of inquiry.

RESURRECTION OF SCIENTIFIC INDIVIDUALISM

As a striking illustration of the awakened activity of scientific individualism during the Renaissance, the discovery of America and what followed in its wake will be briefly described. The ancient astronomers believed that the earth is a sphere, and Columbus inferred from that belief that by a western voyage he could reach India and perhaps other still undiscovered lands. His inference was supported by several observations of mariners of the Atlantic who had found driftwood not known in Europe. His attempt to reach India resulted in the discovery of America; it may be considered a new experimental test of the inference regarding the figure of the earth which the ancients had drawn from their astronomical observations. Encouraged by this discovery and by the knowledge which he had found at the mediæval universities of Bologna and Padua, Copernicus gave to the terrestrial sphere a hypothetical rotary motion around a fixed axis directed toward the celestial pole. This hypothesis eliminated the sphere of fixed stars rotating around the earth, which was an essential element in Ptolemaic astronomy. It fitted admirably into an ancient suggestion of Pythagoras, the suggestion, namely, that the planets, including the earth, revolved around a central luminary, and Copernicus substituted the sun for this central body. The heliocentric system of modern astronomy was thus invented, and the invention appealed strongly to the imagination of the scientific man of those days, because it suggested a new and beautiful view of the universe. But it had its opponents also.

The opposition of the theologians is illustrated by what Martin Luther said about it. He called Copernicus a fool who dared to contradict the Bible, and an "upstart astrologer who set his own authority above that of the Sacred Scriptures." The great reformer lost his temper, probably because Copernicus assigned to earth and man and even to Martin Luther himself a much more modest place in the universe than some proud theologians of those days were willing to accept. Humility was not always a cardinal virtue of religious reformers, but it was such a virtue of men with a truly scientific mental attitude. In the presence of God's eternal truth they humbly bow down and cheerfully accept any place which that truth assigns to them.

The criticisms of the Copernican scheme coming from scientific men of those days were reasonable. It was admitted that the scheme satisfied, partly, the requirements of a truly scientific method, because it was based upon the observations of ancient astronomers and upon their experiments as well as upon the historical experiment which resulted in the discovery of America. But it did not quite satisfy astronomical calculations. It was obviously an imperfect scheme, and the problem of making it perfect was solved later by the scientific efforts of Kepler, Galileo, and Newton. These efforts offer a beautiful illustration of the scientific method of observation, experiment, and calculation, first adopted by Archimedes and then again fifteen hundred years later by the Franciscan friar, Roger Bacon. Lord Francis Bacon, the great author of "Novum Organum," was a contemporary of Kepler and Galileo, and he undoubtedly had in mind the achievements of these two men and of Columbus and Copernicus when he formulated his rules for inductive sciences and philosophy. What he preached was the actual practice which had been adopted by the scientific men of his day who had followed the example of Archimedes. He must have known also the "Opus Majus" of Roger Bacon, who anticipated him in many essential points relating to the inductive method in science.

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THE FIRST TRIUMPH OF SCIENTIFIC INDIVIDUALISM

The history of science covering the period between the publication of Copernicus's great essay, "De Revolutionibus Orbium Cœlestium," in 1543, and the publication of Newton's immortal essay, "Philosophiæ Naturalis Principia Mathematica," in 1687, describes a scientific progress with a perfectly definite end in view, the end being the last link in the chain which guided scientific thought through a period of two thousand years, from Archimedes to Newton. The definiteness of purpose was Francis Bacon's requirement for every true progress of human knowledge. Tycho Brahe, the great Danish astronomer, had a definite purpose in mind when he recorded the data of his numerous astronomical observations. He knew that some day they would be called as witnesses to testify for or against the validity of the Copernican scheme. This call came from Kepler, and the testimony which he extracted from these data was most convincing, and it was certainly beautiful in its simplicity. It can be stated briefly as follows: The planets, including the earth, revolve around the sun in elliptical orbits, the sun being located at one of the foci, and not in circular orbits as Copernicus imagined; the radius connecting a planet to the sun sweeps over equal areas in equal times; the squares of the periods of revolution of the planets around the sun are in the same ratio to each other as the cubes of their mean distances from the sun. This testimony, known under the name of Kepler's laws, enabled the modified Copernican scheme to give a satisfactory answer to the scientific objectors of those days. Never did man in his "love of nature hold communion with her visible forms" in a more sincerely affectionate fashion than did Tycho Brahe and Kepler, and never did nature address to man a simpler or more intelligible language. But did nature disclose also all her logic which was hidden behind the words of this simple language? She did not, because she could not; there were several concepts in nature's logic which had not yet become a part of human understanding. These concepts were hidden behind the phenomena of accelerated motions, to which the planets in their orbital motion around the sun called the attention of the inquiring mind of man.

The detection of new concepts in nature's logic is the greatest mission of science. It is the result of its efforts to solve new problems in science. Kepler's laws were not laws in the strict sense of the word; they were a description of the planetary motions and contained a clearly formulated scientific problem. The problem was to find an answer to the question: Why do the planets move in accordance with Kepler's description? Kepler's undying fame is due to the formulation and not to the solution of a great scientific problem. The efforts to solve this problem covered a period of one hundred years, and exhibited as no other inquiry up to that time ever exhibited the great power of the scientific mental attitude and of the scientific method of research.

The final solution of the problem revealed not only the beauty of a new physical universe, but also the beauty of a new philosophy, the natural philosophy which was inaugurated by Archimedes. The influence of this revelation upon the mental attitude of mankind, and particularly upon the mental attitude of the theologian, was so striking that one is tempted to call it the inauguration of a second reformation, the reformation of orthodox theology.

[Another article by Professor Pupin on "The New Reformation" will appear in the March number.]

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The German Student Changes His Politics

BY S. MILES BOUTON

SEVEN years have passed since the German revolution, but its traces are still discernible in almost every department of human life and endeavor. It is not merely that the revolution overthrew kings, dukes, and princes, and made a republic of the former empire. These, after all, are inconsequential and unimportant things, no matter how vigorously the ardent republican may deny it. Pope's dictum still obtains, that only fools contest over forms of government; whatever governs best is best.

Despite really remarkable advances in the last year and a half, Germany still shows all too many effects of the overthrow of November, 1918. Government is neither so honest nor so efficient as before the war; there has been a more than normal lowering of ethical and aesthetic standards; per capita industrial production is still considerably below the figures for 1913. Cultural activities are crippled by the general impoverishment of the great middle class, in Germany, as everywhere, the main bearers of culture. Many unworthy and unfit men, direct legacy of the revolution, still occupy positions of authority, although their number is steadily growing smaller. All the known varieties of radicalism have been added to the traditional differences among the Germans, and these handicap administration and every undertaking dependent on united public spirit.

But one glory has not departed. The German educational system has weathered all revolutionary storms, despite the extravagances of a few harebrained fanatics in a half-dozen cities and some tampering here and there with the preparatory schools. The higher schools, corresponding to the American high schools but including further the equivalent of the first two or two and a half years of American university work, and the universities themselves show few traces of the revolutionary upheaval except for a Bolshevist professor here and there, whose lectures are generally attended only by a handful of students and who retains his chair only because of the extreme interpretation of "academic freedom" in Germany. The dismissal of a university professor in Germany for political reasons is unthinkable.

The students exhibit the same ardor and the same thirst for learning as before the war. Let me say rather that they exhibit a greater thirst for learning, for their number is greater, despite the loss by Germany of roughly a tenth of her population as a result of the Treaty of Versailles, and also despite the fact that, as will be seen later, the acquiring of education has become vastly more difficult than before the war.

Professors of various universities with whom I have talked agree that the attitude of the students toward their teachers has been little affected by the war and the revolution. Some of my informants believed that they had observed a slightly greater degree of independence and self-reliance among their charges, but the change, if any, is very small. A certain lack of discipline was observable from 1918 up to 1921, but this has virtually disappeared.

That the universities suffered less from the 1918 upheaval than did other institutions is probably due, not merely to the fact that all classes of Germans have for centuries had an almost superstitious reverence for education, but also to the structure of the universities. The American university student is astonished to find, when he enters a German university, that there are almost no fixed regulations for a course of study, virtually no control

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and no restrictions on his life and work. Every student formulates his own course of study, and he may attend lectures or not as he wishes. Hence the revolution found no set scheme or plan to overthrow. The instructors kept on lecturing and the students kept on studying quite in the old manner.

In Berlin and one or two other revolutionary centres some complaint has been voiced, especially by the older professors, that entrance requirements have been somewhat relaxed and that some newly matriculated students enter the university without that adequate and uniform preparation given by the various *Gymnasia* and *Realschulen*. Professor Gustav Roethe, rector of the University of Berlin in 1923–24, said, in his retiring address:

"The great and strong foundations of our higher education—instruction in Latin and mathematics—must retain their former favored position. . . . These two, which give the greatest intellectual training, have at the same time been for us the best preparation for scientific work, without which we cannot flourish. Politically disturbed periods, which demand more than they give, always tend more and more to exalt that 'intellect' which they believe is able to dispense with hard, patient, and unyielding labor."

Such complaints, however, are rare, and there is little reason to believe that the condition complained of by Professor Roethe is at all general or even important. It is true that the Prussian Minister of Education recently decreed that the usual requirements for matriculation could be dispensed with in individual cases where the applicant showed "extraordinary gifts" and possessed a preliminary education insuring his ability to complete the university work successfully, but only few such applications have been granted. In general there can be no talk of any discernible lowering of standards.

There were sixty-nine thousand two hundred ninety-six students enrolled at all German universities in 1913, about eight thousand of these at Berlin. The enrolment at Berlin climbed to more than twelve thousand in the "inflation year" 1922–23, but the quality of the increase left much to be desired. The authorities had to discontinue the former practice of leaving classrooms open for study without supervision because of the great number of thefts committed. The year 1924 still showed the big total enrolment of one hundred two thousand eight hundred sixty for all Germany, but this number will be greatly reduced in the coming year —one of the many indications of the constant worsening of the general economic situation and the rise in the cost of living. These conditions make it impossible for an increasingly great number of Germans to study, and result also in a decline in the number of foreign students, who can pursue their studies more cheaply in almost any other European country. Despite all this, however, the total registration is considerably greater than before the war.

Another result of the impoverishment of many classes of the people is seen in the large increase in the number of students who elect the so-called "bread courses," that is, studies fitting them for earning money. Before the war the majority of German students had the ambition to acquire a broad general education first of all. To-day, however, most philosophical faculties show a smaller registration, while medicine, law, and political economy are overrun—the two last-named because they furnish a preparation for business life or for governmental positions with secure tenure, certain pay, and retirement pensions.

The theological faculties show a heavy decline in all universities, and this despite the fact that the graduate in theology is virtually sure of finding a charge as soon as he leaves the university. There were four hundred sixty-four students of theology at the University of Berlin in 1912–13, but only two hundred thirty-one in 1924–25, despite a much greater total enrolment.

The reason for the decline is probably twofold. For one thing, the pay of German clergymen is grossly inadequate, a result of the separation of church and state and also of the generally bad economic situation. For another thing, although there is a strong religious trend among the youth, this is not mainly in the direction of orthodox beliefs. It is rather the primitive, vague, and almost

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subconscious religious feeling that so frequently or even generally marks peoples that have gone through great tribulations.

My eldest son is "Primaner" in a Berlin *Oberrealschule*, that is, member of a class which will be ready for the university next year. Recently the pupils in this class were asked what they intended to become. With very few exceptions the answer was *Kaufmann*, German for business man. Ten years ago only a small minority would have answered thus. The change is significant of the losses incurred by the great bulk of all Germans, but particularly by the middle class, in the terrible inflation years, which all but wiped out the savings of this class —professional men, teachers, civil servants in good positions, etc. This class formerly furnished more than a third of the whole student body. To-day it furnishes 27.6 per cent. Small shopkeepers, subordinate civil servants—mail-carriers, railway conductors, locomotive engineers, etc.—furnish 21.5 per cent, and 19.5 per cent come from the families of big industrialists, merchants and civil servants in high positions. Small peasants and the laboring classes furnish seven per cent, a somewhat higher percentage than before the war, but not markedly higher. Of these students Professor Ernst Schultze, of the University of Leipzig, writes me:

"These, and also the sons of teachers in the common schools, and, above all, the sons of widows exhibit an especial energy in their studies."

The same report comes from Professor Johannes Hoops, of Heidelberg, who deplores the fact that it is not possible for more members of these classes to attend the university.

An additional result of the impoverishment of Germany is seen in the so-called *Werkstudent*, the student who is compelled to work his way through the university. This type was not altogether unknown before the war, but he was much rarer than in America, where the university course requires far less hard work and general knowledge than in Germany. To-day eleven per cent of all German students receive no help either from parents or other sources, and another two per cent must earn part of the money required. The universities remit either in whole or part the tuition and other fees for poor students. Thus the University of Berlin granted last year one thousand one hundred of the one thousand nine hundred requests for remission, and took but fifty per cent of the normal fees from another five hundred students. Ten per cent of the whole student body of Germany were compelled last year to interrupt their studies, which means in most cases that they will not resume them. The poorer financial situation of the bulk of those that finish the course is further shown by a great decrease in the number of textbooks bought. A considerable part of the students have to borrow books from friends or the libraries.

There is almost unanimity of opinion among the instructors that those students who are compelled to work their way through neither do nor can be expected to do justice to their studies. The University of Berlin has recently decreed that no student shall be matriculated who is compelled to employ more than four hours a day in gainful pursuits. While similar hard-and-fast rules have not yet been generally promulgated in other universities, the tendency is in that direction, and students who are compelled to work at least half of every day are discouraged.

University education remains remarkably inexpensive. Tuition and other fees rarely exceed twenty-five dollars per semester, or fifty dollars a year. Students at Jena told me that they could get along with from one hundred to one hundred twenty marks a month ($24 to $28.80). Later, in conversation with a professor, I expressed surprise at the fact that so little money was required. He threw both arms in the air.

"*Aber das sind die Reichen!*" he exclaimed. "Those are the rich students. The average is nearer sixty marks a month, and we have some students who get along with fifty."

Sixty marks a month amounts to forty-eight cents a day. Room and morning coffee (made of roasted barley) can be had for about sixteen cents a day, leaving thirty-two cents for the other meals, laundry, amusements, etc. Various university organizations serve warm meals

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for about fifteen cents, but even then the margin is distressfully small. Rye bread without butter or even margarine, tiny portions of cheap cheese or sausage, and the alleged coffee already mentioned make up the main part of the fare of these young men and women who are so hungry for knowledge that they gladly disregard their hunger for food. Small wonder that one of the phrases most often heard on the lips of Germans of the better class is that "the hope of Germany rests on her youth."

The percentage of foreign students in German universities was so great during the inflation period that several institutions seriously considered adopting a *numerus clausus* to regulate that percentage. With the stabilization of the mark, however, conditions changed rapidly, and to-day the foreign participation is somewhat less than before the war. Now, however, it has begun to increase, and this tendency is being encouraged, particularly at Berlin, where the "German Institute for Foreigners," a department of the university, is furthering the work mightily. This institute gives foreign would-be students eight hours of instruction weekly in the German language under highly competent teachers, organizes railway excursions to different points at greatly reduced rates, presents a course of lectures, and places a library and working-room at the disposal of the students, and does all this for ten marks, or two dollars forty cents, per week. One of the institute's leading spirits is Doctor Georg Kartzke, for nearly nine years an instructor in German at Yale University.

Academic sports, which were all but unknown before the war, are gaining ground, but the participation is still minimal. Something is being done in the way of competitive field and track contests, but it is unlikely that these will ever assume more than a fraction of the importance attached to them in America. The Germans of the better class still regard sport as a means to an end, not as an end in itself. In other words, small stress is laid on competitive contests and record-making. Hence a great part of such students as do indulge in physical exercise remain faithful to the gymnastic work or *Turnen* based on the ideas of "*Turnvater Jahn*" and of the Swede Ling.

Much remains to be done along these lines; very much more is needed. No careful observer can have failed to note the result on the youth of the abolition of the former compulsory military service, which took charge of the young man for from one to two years, straightened his shoulders, strengthened his muscles, and sent him back to civil life greatly improved physically. I note in passing that the lack of this military training manifests itself strikingly in the German villages and on the farms. The "youth movement"—boy scouts and similar organizations—is doing something to compensate for that lack, but at best it reaches only a small part of the young men, and it does not reach those who most require it. The German generation now growing into manhood is physically inferior to its fathers'.

If this article concerned itself with American universities it would be fairly complete at this point, for it has already dealt with all important phases of academic life as this is known in America. But in Germany those phases are almost overshadowed by another aspect of the situation—the political and psychological. No one can approach an understanding of the situation in Germany unless he realizes at the very outset that politics—politics of an intransigent and bitter variety of which the average American has no conception—intrudes itself dominatingly into every department of life, including even the exact sciences, and divides the people into warring groups which combine more or less roughly into nationalists and patriots on the one side and internationalists and enemies of patriotism on the other.

Among American ideals not the least are patriotism, service to the state, devotion to one's native land, pride of race, self-respect, and the readiness at all times to make the supreme sacrifice for the preservation of the state. A considerable part of the Germans, probably some forty per cent, reject these ideals, but they are firmly held and propagated by the overwhelming majority of the German university students. Internationalism,

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Socialism, Bolshevism, Syndicalism, Pacifism—all these new isms of the last century have affected only an inconsiderable minority of the young men and women who make up the German student body. Even three years ago, when the political parties of the international Left were much stronger than they are to-day, the then Prussian minister of education, the Socialist Konrad Haenisch, wrote sadly that "it must be admitted that the republic has not succeeded in gaining the support or affection of intellectual Germany."

This is still less the case to-day. The political complexion of the students is reflected in the representative bodies which they themselves elect to confer with the authorities on various matters affecting discipline, stipendiums, student aid, sports, etc. On a recent visit to the University of Jena I found that of the eleven student representatives, ten belong to the political Right; there is one Democrat and no Socialist. This, it is true, is a somewhat extreme case. It represents in part the natural reaction against the hostile attitude of the Socialists and Communists who were for two years in power in Thuringia, and who bent every effort toward rooting out old student customs and tried to destroy the famous theological faculty at Jena, renowned for two centuries and more. The red masters of the state even endeavored to prevent the singing not merely of patriotic songs, but also of all songs containing any reference to God or heaven. Their extravagances had the natural result. The blood of the martyrs is just as surely the seed of the church in politics as in religion.

But, extreme though the situation may be in Jena, there are many other universities where the make-up of the representative student body is nearly as one-sided, and there are few where the combined parties of the political Left have as much as thirty per cent of the total. Only in the universities situated in the occupied districts are the internationalists and republicans in the majority, and this is so merely because the occupation authorities have rigorously suppressed their opponents.

The situation presents a seeming anomaly. The original German republicans and democrats were university students, and the movement went out from Jena. Two of the *Burschenschaften*—organizations devoted to student duelling and the strengthening of patriotism—still wear on their caps and ribbons the black-red-gold of the revolutionaries of the first half of the nineteenth century. The parent organization, from which have sprung all the score or more of the present "color" organizations, was formed in 1815 with outspoken democratic, republican, and revolutionary aims. At the *Burschenschaft* congress at Frankfort-on-Main in 1831 the following resolution was unanimously adopted:

"In the case of an uprising of the people every *Burschenschafter* has the duty to strive, even by forcible means, for the achieving of the organization's aims, and is therefore obligated to take part in uprisings of the people that can lead to the realizing of those aims."

In 1833 a group of revolutionary students stormed police headquarters in Frankfort and called on the people to rise against oppressing kings and princes. Students were behind the revolutionary movement in Germany and Austria. Students were the moving factor in Japan's bloodless revolution of 1869. Students are back of to-day's revolutionary movement in China.

But these German students of to-day, while they still wear the colors that have been adopted as the official flag of Germany, cling politically to the old black-white-red of the Empire. They are mainly haters of Socialists, pacifists, and all internationalists; patriots and "reactionaries." At the annual students' congress held in Berlin in August of the present year, the republican students formed only a trifling minority. The chairman was a student from Vienna—the congress included representatives from German universities in Danzig, Austria, and Bohemia—who has for some time carried on a sharp agitation against Doctor Willy Hellpach, President of Baden and Democratic candidate for national President in the last election. Among other charges launched against Hellpach by this student is that he lacks patriotic spirit. The great majority of the students ostentatiously left the as-

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sembly-room when the Prussian minister of education arose to address them—a demonstration of protest against the minister's recent action in defending a pacifist professor at Hanover who had attacked General von Hindenburg bitterly in the foreign press.

This conversion of originally republican and democratic students to the precise opposite, anomalous and ununderstandable though it may appear on the surface, represents in reality an almost compulsory development. It is the sum of reactions, in part against domestic, in part against foreign, factors. The Democratic and Socialist press professes to be unable to understand it, and complains that the students have little sympathy with the laboring classes. Why this sympathy is lacking has been well explained by Baron Börries von Münchhausen, editor of the *Musenalmanach* published annually by the University of Göttingen. In the preface to the last edition he wrote:

"A passionate consciousness of race and nation is only natural with educated young men. The difficult economic situation has compelled many of them to work together with factory workers, miners, and farm-hands, and their experiences have shown them plainly how unclear and impractical the ideals of the workers are. Twenty-five years ago the students were overwhelmingly liberal; even young men of whom one would least expect it tended toward Socialism. All this has changed since the students have learned to know the laboring classes better, and especially since these classes have carried on a bitter fight against the students, whose income is so far below that of their opponents."

The doctrine of the "class struggle," so ardently propagated by the Marxists for more than eighty years, has much to answer for in Germany. The continuous fight carried on by the Socialists against all religion, which they term a *Verdummungsprozess*—a process for making people stupid—also bears a big share of the responsibility for the attitude of the bulk of university students. No one can associate long with these students without becoming aware that, while they make no parade of their religious beliefs, they are at heart religiously inclined. The basic letter of the cabalistic monogram of the Germania *Burschenschaft* is a big G: God. On this point Baron von Münchhausen writes:

"It is pretty certain that there is not at this moment another man in Germany who has read so many poems by students as I have read—thousands of poems submitted by many hundreds of students. And since it lies in the very nature of lyric poems that they are confessions of feeling, I believe that I can make some well-founded statements regarding the soul of the German student.

"At the very outset the most noteworthy thing for me was the mighty religious movement of youth. Twenty years ago the Catholic students did not send me such passionate poems of faith as I received this year from the color students. Cynical mockery in the style of Heinrich Heine, which was formerly all the mode, has disappeared utterly. Of importance is also a certain turning from Wittenberg and a tendency toward Rome. I regarded some of the students as assuredly Catholics until I learned from their correspondence that they were Lutherans. And I even found that the *Summa Theologiæ* of Thomas Aquinas is being widely read.

"As is well known, everything percolates downward through the various classes of the population and then, with a spring, begins at the top again—fashions of dress, names, slang, opinions. In the matter of faith we have again reached a point where the educated classes have seen through the hollowness of the non-religious ethical school and have become believers again, whereas the uneducated say, like that oft-cited Bartscher during the French Revolution: 'It is true, my lord, that I am a simple man, but I have my lack of faith as well as the finest gentlemen.'"

Almost none of the students with whom Baron von Münchhausen came in contact read the German writers who are the special protégés and favorites of the post-revolutionary radical and extreme liberal school. Nor do the student-poets and prose-writers deal with criminals or fallen women—the types that appeal most to the Socialists, Communists, and bourgeois radicals.

The other deciding factor that has

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turned the students away from internationalism and hence away from the republic, whose most ardent supporters are mainly internationalists and pacifists, has been the unwise treatment of that republic by the former enemies, and above all by France and Poland. The "passionate consciousness of race and nation" so natural to educated young men and women has been outraged too many times. The invasion of the Ruhr was a tremendous victory for all those Germans whom Americans in general regard as "reactionaries," the shooting down of German workmen at Essen at Easter time in 1923 was another, and every pinprick, big or small, has reduced still more the strength of the parties of the Left in Germany. Without the help of France, there would probably still be Socialists in the German cabinet and General von Hindenburg would most likely not be President.

Another effect of this unwisdom can be found in the fact that the membership in the student duelling organizations is proportionately as great as before the war. A prominent professor writes me:

"The fact that the duelling organizations have as large a membership as before the war is, to judge by my observations, in large part due to the education in nationalism received by the whole German people through the excesses of French imperialism, which unfortunately were also permitted by the other Entente states."

The outlook for any speedy conversion of these students to political democracy in the extreme form propagated by the international Left is small. Rather, it does not exist. Future development is almost certain to strengthen the present trend, and this especially because of the fact that the recently organized "Hochschulring deutscher Art" has become a powerful factor among both graduates and undergraduates. This organization, which embraces all students of German tongue, not merely in Germany, but also in Bohemia, Austria, Danzig, etc., is growing rapidly. Its aim is "to develop loyalty, uprightness, nobility of character, and the ability to defend ourselves, our honor, and our liberty."

These, with patriotism, religious feeling, and pride of race, are also American ideals. Hence Americans will understand the confidence with which patriotic Germans look to the university students as the future hope of their country.

Amalfi

BY BENJAMIN R. C. LOW

It would have to be like this:
In the small hours,
Just leaning out of sleep
Down sheers of shadow,
Upon the faint of unreal orange bloom,—
Right in a round moon's path;
And hearing oars and seeing fishermen,
Out of Arabian Nights,
Adventure, dark on silver, for the dawn.
To touch, once only, finger-tips
With that diminished music,
That breath of cradle song,
That cobweb catch
Of moth dust from a star:—
It would have to be like this.

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Foot-Hills of Cuba

A CROSS-SECTION OF SPANISH-AMERICAN CIVILIZATION

BY GEORGE BIDDLE AND JANE BELO

ILLUSTRATIONS FROM DRAWINGS BY GEORGE BIDDLE

WE rented our house from Pepe, the alcalde of Cristo, and hired the furniture from Emilia, who lived with Jesus Maria Alvarez, the owner of the Café de la Barre at the juncture of the carretera and the railroad track. Moreover, Emilia agreed for the further sum of twelve dollars a month to cook and serve our meals from her own kitchen, and daily to clean our dwelling.

Cristo lies among the foot-hills of the mountains that sweep about Santiago de Cuba. It is at an elevation of close to a thousand feet, some ten miles inland from the coast. It has, I suppose, about five thousand inhabitants, of whom nearly seventy per cent are of African mixture. In a haphazard sort of way it serves as a summer resort for the Santiagans, who have cottages where they send their families for the hot summer months. The village is built along the railroad track, and straggles in either direction up and down the carretera. There are plenty of light frame houses, yellow, blue, pink, with royal palms, hibiscus hedges, and crotons; a few thatched huts, such as one sees in the country, the walls made of strips of palm-bark, with goats, chickens, and naked children wandering in and out. It is all rather nondescript and untidy. No restaurants, no hotels, and no sewer or water system. Flocks of carrion vultures hover over the muddy yards. The aguador, or water-carrier, carts water with a burro more or less daily, and sells ten gallons for a real. The Chinese peddle baskets of vegetables, swung from a pole, and almost any one peddles chickens, pigeons, eggs, fruit, and milk. The village is tawdry rather than picturesque, and the country about it is as beautiful as a page from the Old Testament. There are a hundred such villages in Cuba, and thousands more like it anywhere in Spanish America.

Life in such a village gives a cross-section of Spanish-American civilization. Its drama and excitement lie in its utter anomaly. There is always a Maxfield Parrish background of melodramatic beauty. The standard of civilization is the standard of the movies, of Sozodont advertisements, of Ford cars. The songs which the girls sing in the evening first made their appearance on Broadway or in a Madrid music-hall. They are transformed into something a little Spanish or a little negro. When the negresses dress up, as they do of an evening, they wear high-heeled slippers, silk stockings, and imitation lace. The dresses are always torn but usually clean and starched. The people who are reaching toward, without grasping, this standard of Broadway and the commercial drummer are living with an almost Biblical primitive simplicity. Their water is carted daily to them from a stream. Their diet consists chiefly of beans, plantains, and yams, which they grow themselves or buy from the Chinese venders. The horse is the usual means of transportation; and the pack-mule has little competition from auto-trucks over the mud roads. High-withered oxen cart the sugar-cane over the gently rolling plains to the primitive mills, where it is crushed and boiled in enormous iron vats.

There are two outstanding facts about the civilization of Cuba and probably of a great section of Spanish America, which makes that civilization exciting as a background as well as a social experiment. There is almost no middle class, and there is almost no color line. Years ago, in Mexico, I noticed the same conditions.

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From a drawing by George Biddle.

Street scene in Cristo. Behind: the foothills of Oriente.

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There was the man who wore a derby hat and shoes and stockings; and there was the pelado or peón who wore sandals and a wide sombrero, ate jerked meat and tortillas, and carried a machete. The one was probably wealthy and had been educated in New York or Paris; the other could neither read nor write, and lived like an Indian. In Cuba, as in Mexico, there is a tiny fraction of the population which boasts of having Spanish blood. Thirty per cent of the population is negro, and perhaps ninety per cent has some negro or Indian blood. The mixture shows every shade between black and white; sometimes the negro and sometimes the European or Indian type dominates. But there is little evidence of fusion into a new racial type. The color line that exists is, I suppose, less marked than the social line dividing West from East 68th Street.

Jesus Maria Alvarez, who owned the Café de la Barre, where he sold Bacardi rum, American champagnized cider, Cuban cigarettes, fruits of the country—*las frutas del pais*—hard-boiled eggs, and ham sandwiches, was a Castilian, which is in Cuba equivalent to a Colonial Dame in Oklahoma. He had two daughters, Lily and Mary Charity, who were also Castilians, and lived with Emilia, a colored lady. Emilia's husband was living with some one else in Cuba—as they call Santiago up in the foot-hills. His sons, Ramon and John Samson, were about the age of Huckleberry Finn, and did not go to school, but helped their father run the bar. Emilia also had a colored daughter, Pura, aged ten. Pura went to a private school, the exclusive character of which gave tone to the whole family. She took lessons in mathematics, geography, Cuban history, and drawing. In her off moments she did all of the housework, and helped with the cooking and laundry. Of an evening she dressed up in white lace and ruffles, walked about the plaza, paying visits at the pharmacy, or took a seat at the movies. This family of seven lived next door to us in two rooms. There were also two beds, of which one was reserved for Lily and Mary Charity. Ramon and John Samson, I have been told, slept in a room back of the Café de la Barre, a quarter of a mile up the railroad track. The other half of our neighbors' house was occupied by Cristina, a lively young negress, with Victor, her half-witted son, whose sombre and Magdalenian expression she could mimic to a nicety. "*Muy feo!*" ("Such an ugly fellow!") she would cry, clapping her hand over her mouth, and the audience would rock in noisy approval.

Our service was adequate but sketchy. Although Emilia had languorously contracted to do everything herself, we soon found that she operated like the general staff of our Regular Army, through delegation of authority, or what is known among the lower echelons as "passing the buck." It was passed down and not up. Emilia did the cooking for the nine of us over an open charcoal brazier under the back stoop. Ten-year-old Pura did the rest. "*Pura, se puede comer?*" ("May one eat?") "*Si, chica, ahorita*" ("Yes, child, in a moment"), Pura would answer with unruffled maternal dignity. They addressed us always, as they do each other, by our first names or a more familiar diminutive. Half an hour later I would repeat the same question. "*Ahora mismo*" ("This very moment") she would cry. Sooner or later some one would wander in with a spoon and three knives, or two spoons and a plate. Eventually the meal was served, and occasionally when it was all over Emilia would shuffle in with a bowl of soup.

Meanwhile the family would gather around to watch us eat. Lily and Mary Charity were Castilians and never worked. All day long they sat in starched rags on the front steps, and sang over and over again the monotonous verses of a sentimental ballad. But in the evening they powdered their faces and necks to a delicate mauve, put on some glass jewelry, high-heeled slippers and an evening dress, and entered the dining-room without knocking. Mary Charity would assume the attitude of a dress-model, right foot behind her, poised on toe. In one hand she held a rose. Her eyelids drooped. She murmured: "*Ay, chica, que hermosa!*" Or she would cry with startled vivacity: "*Ay, Juana de mi alma, que graciosa tu ropa!*" ("Ah, Jane of my soul, what a becoming dress. How much did it cost in

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From a drawing by George Biddle.

We hired a house on the railroad track.

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Pura.

New York? Don't ladies wear stockings in Paris?")

She slowly encircled Lily with one arm and threw back her head. Her eyelashes quivered. She embraced us all in a smile and gently let fall her rose. It was not at all funny; it was tragic—the tragedy of an unfulfilled desire in the laborious imitation of a gesture seen on the screen or absorbed in a dime novel.

Cristina rocked heavily in the corner, her legs spread apart, her splendid black arms crossed on her starched white bosom. She threw away her cigar stump and spat voluptuously on the tiled floor.

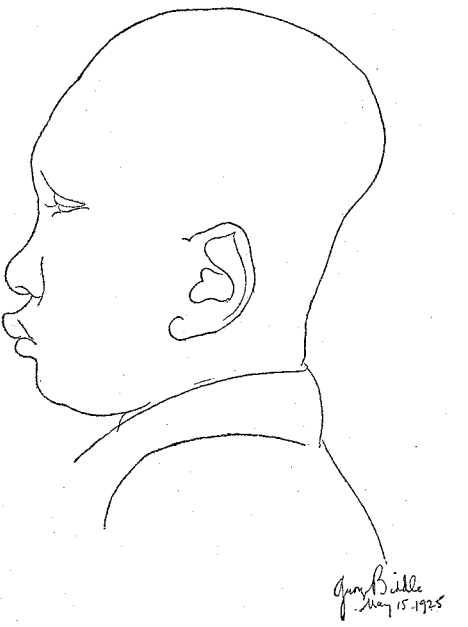
More threads of conversation. Jane was typewriting a letter. Pura stood behind her, stroking her hair. "And will you be talking to your mother in New York?" she said, rather by way of information than inquiry. "Ah," ventured Ramon, "I thought it was a piano, but did not hear the music."

Dinner had been over about half an hour. Emilia swayed listlessly into the room. She surveyed the table with a look of horror. It had not been cleared away; but it was never cleared away until the subsequent meal, and not always then.

"What, child," she cried to Pura, with the dizzy intonation of any perfect lady who should find her daughter in a dung-heap, "where were you brought up? How can Juana work with your arm about her? Haven't you yet made the bed? And do please, child, straighten your hair."

Having established her social prestige and authority, she sank into a chair, gave the dog a vicious kick, and threw a banana-peel at Periquo, the white goat. Most colored people are orators and actors, but they are all poker-players; and Pura easily realized that she was the excuse for vituperation rather than the cause. "Chica," she answered, "I do the work and you get the pay." Then in charming mimicry of the Chinese: "Yo no sabe?" and, swaying her hips rebelliously from side to side, she pouted her way out of the room.

They love being laughed at—it is a certain genius for buffoonery, a lack of dignity which distinguishes the negro from other primitives, such as the Indian or Tahitian. But under it all is a curious



Victor, the Magdalenian-browed half-wit.

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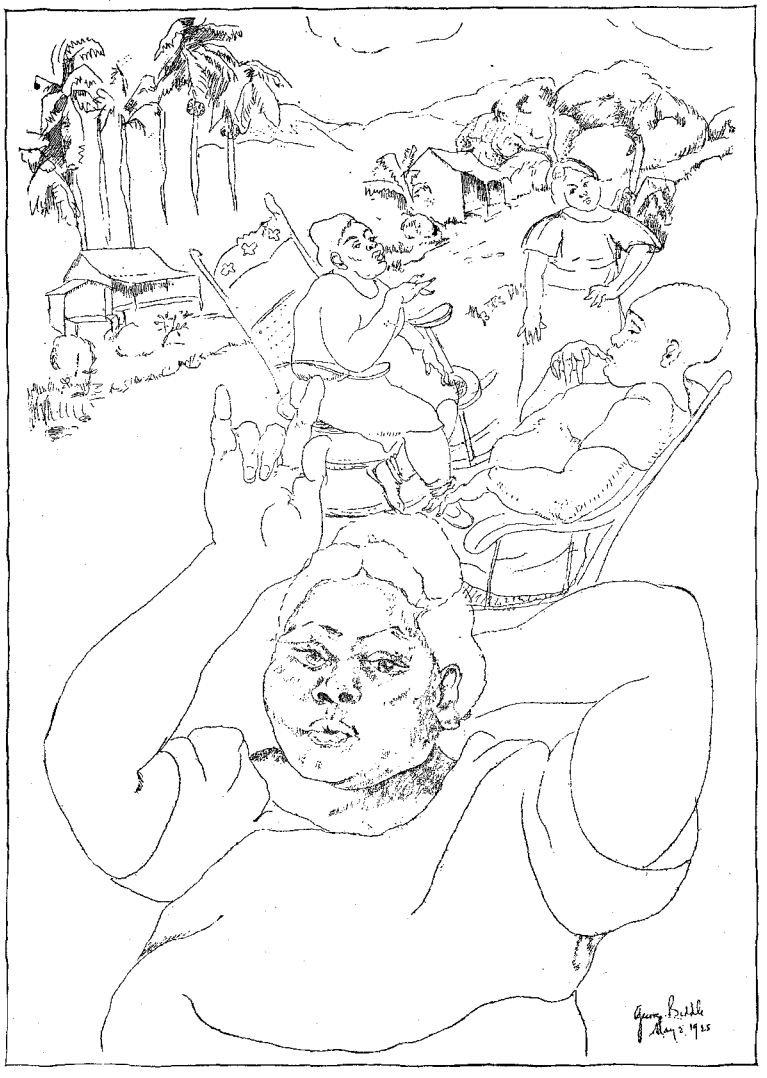
sensitiveness which comes perhaps from a feeling of inferiority, perhaps from the strain of Spanish. One day Jane went immensely pleased by Jane's visit. "But why does Jorge never come in to see us? Is he too proud to visit poor people?"



All day they rocked and gossiped.

into our neighbors' house to inquire if lunch would never be ready. The family were gathered at a meal, but not about a board. Pura and Mary Charity picked out yams and slices of plantain with their fingers. Jesus Maria Alvarez sat in state and was served by Ramon and John Samson. He gravely called for the other chair for his guest and offered her a piece of meat on the end of a fork. They were

Another time little Pura said to Jane: "You must promise to write to me from New York, and I shall write you letters too, but you must write first." "I think it is up to you to write me the first letter," answered Jane. "No," the child replied sombrely, "for I know that you will never write to me."

One day I had been making drawings of Conception and her little baby, Nativity.

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Conception's shanty lay across the track from ours under the shadow of a mango. All day she rocked with the little black parcel at her breast. At night we rocked, too, and watched the tip of the inverted Dipper which hung above her roof-poles. We listened to the oily swell of a concertina which a neighbor played on her steps, or to the threads of gossip she and Cristina bawled across the railroad track to each other. Thus we had become very friendly long before she had been induced with a gathering of friends, all starched and white, to pay us a visit. The afternoon passed harmoniously. Little Nativity lay sleeping in her mother's lap. Pura and Ramon played jack-straws on the tiled floor. Cristina, legs well apart, her hands clasped behind her spacious rump, wandered in childlike ecstasy from drawing to drawing, which had been pinned on the wall. As the coincidence of a likeness dawned upon her, "*Ay, mi madre,*" she wailed, "*mire el negrito!*" ("Oh, mama, look at the little nigger!") Victor, the soft-witted, stood behind my shoulder and with hideous facial contortions pretended to exorcise evil spirits from me, and at other moments to cast spells upon my work.

Outside the aguador bawled, sitting on the shaft of his donkey-cart. Children passed with baskets of fruit or cocoanut candy on their heads. An occasional farmer jogged into town along the track, ducks and chickens flapping from the pommel. Across the railroad track a man was climbing up his cocoanut-tree with a long rope. Every one rushed to the doorway of the house to watch him cut the enormous bunch and swing it slowly to the ground. It was, together with the passing of trains, one of the few occurrences that would stir them from their rocking-chairs. In the excitement the baby woke up and began to cry. Conception resorted to the usual quieting device, and I made a sketch of her nursing it. When the drawing was finished, I took it over and pinned it on the wall, expecting the general acclaim of pride and recognition. To my surprise Conception rose indignant and, straddling the baby on her hip, shook her fist at me.

"Ah, Jorge, take that down at once, or I will tear it from your wall!" In vain Jane tried to calm her, qualifying the picture with the powerfully ingratiating adjective "simpatico." "Nativity is all very well," answered her mother, "but I do not wish to be photographed in that pose. Jorge, I am *muy bravo, muy bravo.*" She was, indeed, very angry; and for a week we sulked and pouted at each other without speaking.

It was a telling example of the Cuban negro's psychology. There is none of the aggressive self-consciousness of our Eastern black. Their attitude seems rather the simplicity of the plantation nigger, combined with the dignity and self-respect of a Senegalese chief. This may be a reflection of the Spaniard's punctilious and ingrown pride—not a survival of primitive African grace. At any rate, it is clear that from whatever source the quality may come it is genuine, and a part of their Spanish-negro culture—in no sense related to the upper Fifth Avenue aping of white men's airs. This fundamental simplicity and sense of propriety are hard to reconcile with their surface preoccupation with imported fashions and the latest Victrola record.

I remember a conversation a couple of years ago between Frank Crowninshield and Soudyekine, in which the latter was pressing the æsthetic possibilities of a Black Number for *Vanity Fair*. I think it was the same winter Darius Milhaud was living in Harlem. Newspaper reporters had come to interview him and asked what he thought of American musicians. "Do you not realize," he answered, "that your music is influencing all of Europe?" The reporters wanted names, and suggested perhaps MacDowell or Carpenter. "No, he had not heard of them," he replied in feigned ignorance, wounding their national pride. "Why, who then?" "All your negro jazz music!" Milhaud replied. Soudyekine, too, satiated with the high-brow cult of primitive negro art in Paris, had probably seen "Shuffle Along." With the fresh eyes of a foreigner he viewed the dramatic qualities of the civilized negro—the negro of Harlem—in contrast to the negro of the plantation. The prosperous negro who rides luxuriously in his limousine, the colored doorman of a Fifth Avenue jeweller, the pony ballet of "little yaller

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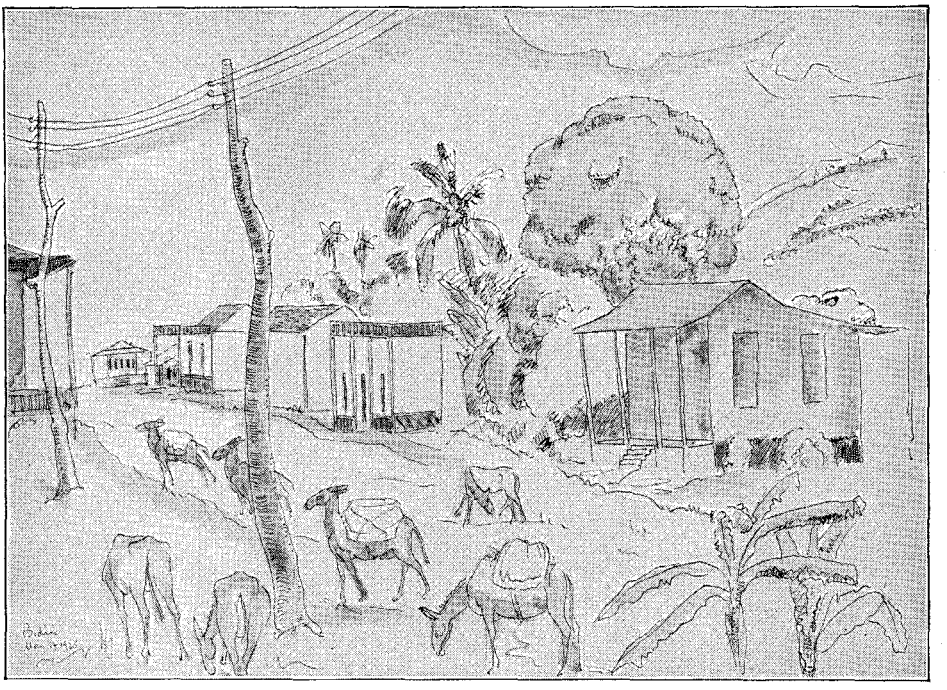
gals" from "Runnin' Wild"—these were completely removed from a background of cotton-fields and Southern shanties. The native artistic qualities which had brought primitive African art into renown in Europe had been carried over into the new American civilization. Here they had lain dormant in the tedious routine of plantation life. And now, with the coming of adequate prosperity to the black, these same artistic qualities had blossomed out into a musical contribution of world importance.

Among races, as among personalities, a given emotional energy or genius will fructify into a different artistic personality in changed surroundings. It is too obvious to dismiss Trotzky by saying that his genius depended largely upon his decade, or that had Cézanne been born twenty years later his reputation as a prophet would have diminished fifty per cent. We are too apt to think of the negro as a series of crystallized types; he is essentially an emotional and social energy which among varied cultures may produce varied flowerings.

It was a familiar incident of New York street life the day I landed from Cuba which pleasantly emphasized for me this fact. Outside the doors of a West 52d Street theatre the audience had gathered between acts to smoke. A group of little nigger boys, divided into two camps by a chalk line, improvised clogs and hip dancing—backs thrust forward from the hips, knees together, thumbs and heels snapping in syncopating and competing rhythm—the old familiar thing. Yet here was a folk art as truly national, if less highly developed, as anything from the Ukraine or Balieff's dancers. What made it charming was that it lacked the "imported" quality which characterizes the Hawaiian orchestra—as well as the guests—nightly gathered at the Varsity Club under the Elevated on lower Sixth Avenue. Here the setting was unpremeditated—the sallies which received the inevitable spurious nickel, the final appearance of the "cops," and the rapid immersion of the minstrels in the crowd.

The little scene was in charming contrast to the Cuban accordions and muf-



Pack mules coming in from the foothills.

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fled guitars; the minor "drags" which characterize the sentimental Spanish ballad; the gentle and formally polite absurdities of the West Indian natives; in contrast to the laden and stifling fragrance of the Caribbean wind; the bewildering luxuriance of palms and mangoes; the dripping green which gloves the mountains of Oriente, rolling and tossing above the Bacardi factories of Santiago.

Out of an environment of American culture has come a new type, a negro with a Broadway background. When one is contrasting this new type with the primitive black, who lacks his civilization, and with the Southern negro, who still lives under a taboo, it is well not to overlook the negro of the West Indies and Central and South America. This Spanish negro, bred in the dominant traditions of a Spanish social heritage, Catholic and Spanish speaking, is nevertheless in touch with the adjacent robust American commercialism. He should not be totally ignored by Americans. Here is a negro in a setting of civilized living, with an untrammelled civil status, and complete assurance. Yet he lives in the crude conditions of the black section of one of our Southern towns. Here is a creature who does not suspect the existence in any country of rules against the intermarriage of blacks and whites, of restricted negro suffrage, of a "race problem." He has never had to cope with the "All-God's-Chillun-Got-Wings" complex. His is a state of racial oblivion, and inertia. If it is the tyranny of the whites that has prodded the higher type of negro in America to a racial identity, then the Spanish negro will remain a mongrel—for the mixture with the Spanish has been too general for an artificial antagonism of the "Castilian" ever to spring up. In Cuba, as in other countries, the strands have been too closely woven to be untangled. And the resulting social tissue is not one of clashing colors, but harmonious and, above all, durable. When Americans are wrangling over the future of our negro in the North and in the South, and the possible necessity of more strict social bans, let them remember the proven solidity of this society which has never known any bans.

Three and Four

BY RICHARD V. LINDABURY, JR.

A TWELVEMONTH ago
I'd a fair little farm,
A lad or two to friend me
And a bed to keep warm.

A twelvemonth ago
I was harvesting corn,
With meadowlarks singing
And Autumn born.

Queer things happen
Twixt friends in a year—
One of mine died
While bread was dear;
The other's not dead,
But he might better be;
And a third friend lives
Where once lived we.

My third friend's a strange one,
Or how could he thrive
When they lost all that kept them
Men alive?

And how can I thrive
At a bitter year's end,
Without couch, without corn,
And but one false friend?

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"But you mustn't go!" shrieked her hostess. "We haven't decided yet about the bazaar!"—Page 138.

Miss Phœbe's Lover

BY CLARKE KNOWLTON

Author of "The Apollo d'Oro"

ILLUSTRATIONS BY GEORGE WRIGHT

"THERE'S simply *no* keeping men in pajamas!" The very feathers on Mrs. Cartwright's hat seemed to bristle with indignation.

"I've given up trying," shrilled Mrs. J. C. B. Foster with animation. Not—of course—that Mrs. Foster meant to picture for the assembled ladies a J. C. B. Foster without pajamas—that would have been unthinkable; the ladies were merely conversing with that superb and telepathic understanding which must forever prove somewhat confusing to those vulgar persons of lesser mentality dependent for what is meant on what is said. The remark was obviously intended—and

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who would dare deny it?—as the expression of Mrs. Foster's whole-souled appreciation, founded upon personal experience, of the difficulty involved.

The younger Miss Lampson, who was seated between them, said nothing.

"Only a few weeks ago," Mrs. Cartwright continued, "I bought Will four new suits. And now—the same old story—four perfectly good coats and absolutely nothing to go with them!"

"Really?" exclaimed a lady across the room. "Why, the tops of Roger's pajamas are in shreds before the bottoms are worn at all!" The two ladies regarded each other earnestly—the evidence of the differences in husbands is always a vital topic.

"I don't see—" began Mrs. Foster, and then the conversation became general; the ladies all spoke at once. All, that is, except Miss Lampson, who permitted a foolish self-consciousness, a certain sense of ignorance perhaps, to render her ill at ease. It could only have been this, as otherwise, taking an established figure—a dollar seventy-five, for instance—and sticking to it, she might reasonably have felt that she was contributing her full share in the current exchange of ideas.

"Three pairs at three dollars——"

"And I said to him——"

"Before the war——"

"If you expect me——"

"Nightshirts?"

"And he said——"

"One ninety-eight."

"Pajamas——"

"We'd only been married—— "

Miss Lampson felt that she really must go.

"Expect my husband——"

"Three dollars!"

"And if you think——"

"I never heard of such a thing!"

"My dear, silk pajamas!"

Miss Lampson rose hurriedly.

"But you mustn't go!" shrieked her hostess. "We haven't decided yet about the bazaar!"

What Miss Lampson replied was lost in the tumult. From long years of experience she very well knew that whatever was decided in meeting would be undecided by telephone within the week.

The early December dusk had already closed down when she issued from the mansion; it was later than she had thought. A raw fog, malignant and oppressive, enveloped the naked trees; it got into one's throat. Unconsciously, as she hesitated upon the steps, she pulled the furs tighter about her chin, and gave a nervous glance at the shrubbery, a tangled mass of dead leaves and branches, that skirted the walk on either side—just the place for snakes!

The street seemed very far away. Almost she decided to turn back, to wait for the other ladies. At home she kept a stout stick for just such emergencies—to protect her, day or night, when crossing the lawn. But she couldn't very well have brought a stick, though she might easily have carried an umbrella—an umbrella would have afforded some measure of protection!

Dry leaves scurried across the ground, exactly the noise that snakes must make when assembling for attack. Miss Lampson hurried a little; she could fairly feel them nipping at her ankles. What was that lying across the walk? If not a stick, it was certainly a snake! But there was no turning back now! Gathering her skirts high, she achieved a leap that would have astonished those placid individuals ignorant of mind's dominion over matter. Strictly speaking, however, the endeavor was notable rather for altitude than for distance—very nearly, in fact, Miss Lampson came down directly upon the object she wished at all costs to avoid. And then, suddenly, without quite knowing how, she found herself gasping at the street-curb.

But now a new difficulty presented itself. Dark figures moved here and there among the shadowy automobiles that waited, one behind the other, in two long lines that disappeared into the unknown at right and left. Even the nearer cars seemed very far away. All those strange chauffeurs, and retreat cut off behind! The street-lamps, a row of orange disks swimming through the fog, sent very little light down upon the pavement. Where *was* Wilbur? And could he possibly see her?

"Wilbur," she called timidly, but her voice seemed a light thing, a mere whisper that quivered and expired. "Wilbur."

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In spite of herself she could not keep the anxiety out of her voice. Suppose he were not there?

"Yes, Miss Phœbe!" The noise of a chugging motor. A car's lights. At last she was safe in the limousine.

"Home, please," she said as Wilbur tucked the robe about her.

What a comfort Wilbur was! So reliable and considerate! To-night with a strange chauffeur how uneasy she would have felt! One never could tell about a strange chauffeur! Then, too, a younger man would never be content to drive the Packard at a reasonable speed. She remembered that just the other day the Jones boy had said something about a Packard being able to make more than twelve miles an hour. Was that so very fast? But there was nothing reckless

Gathering her skirts high, she achieved a leap that would have astonished those placid individuals ignorant of mind's dominion over matter.—Page 138.

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about Wilbur; he hadn't even wanted to learn to drive the car. Was it ten years ago that they had given up the horses? Still, to-night she did wish that he would go a little faster! So much vacant property out here; and only last year that terrible murder, with the body dragged into the bushes—before or after, they had never known which! Should she suggest that he drive a little faster? It might only confuse him. He was so old now, and couldn't see very well. It was better to take the risk. Life was full of risks!

The Lampson house was old, older even than the elder Miss Lampson, older than Miss Katherine Lampson, who had been, though briefly, the bride of Henry Duffy. And it had charm, that old house, as Miss Phœbe had charm, the charm of a vanished epoch, somewhat bedizened and stiff and formal, but nevertheless stamped with an inimitable distinction sadly lacking in this age of standardization.

As the car negotiated the difficult turn into the driveway, a turn designed for horses, and rolled heavily up the twisting carriage-drive between clumps of evergreen and mortuary shrubbery, Miss Phœbe caught a glimpse of Bessie, the faithful source of the Lampson milk-supply, standing dejectedly in the light from an upper window that streamed down like the eye of God or a guilty conscience and starkly illumined the outraged lady with a broken pitcher to whom Bessie was unwillingly companion. The encroachments of an ever-crowding city, to say nothing of the activities of youthful neighbors, had long since caused a gradual withdrawal of guileless Bessie into the solemn sanctuary, the inviolable seclusion of front-lawn existence. Her position to-night, directly opposite and conveniently adjacent to the monumental front portal, gave evidence of the sincere esteem, the profound appreciation, in which the Misses Lampson held her—it isn't given to every cow to be tethered even with varying success to an antique lady with a broken pitcher. But Bessie was either oblivious or forgetful of the honor; for, from time to time, she stretched forth her neck and complained mournfully to the lighted window of what she must have felt was a gross neglect in Wilbur.

"Put up the car, and then take Bessie to the stable!" Miss Phœbe ordered as she alighted.

Old Sarah opened the door for her. Miss Matilda came bustling through the hall, the bunch of keys depending from a cord at her girdle jingling with a reassuring familiarity to her sister's overwrought nerves.

"I was so afraid the car had broken down!" Miss Matilda was always afraid the car had broken down. "I really felt I should have driven out with Wilbur!" It did not occur to Miss Phœbe to question but that Matilda could have fixed the car.

Up-stairs in her room, she removed her wraps and hat. There were things that looked like little black leaves upon the hat and countless buckles—somehow, no matter what kind of a hat Miss Phœbe bought it soon had things that looked like little black leaves upon it and many buckles; they seemed to grow there, and the longer she had the hat the more of them there seemed to be, or so people said.

In the great dim hall with its distant gas-jet, she bumped into Miss Katherine Lampson, who, as has already been said, had been the bride of Henry Duffy. Miss Katherine had an air, not the quiet little shyness of Miss Phœbe Lampson, not the firm practical assurance of a Miss Matilda, but nevertheless an air—an air of quiet achievement, resembling if nothing else—dare one say it?—that of a cat who has partaken of canary. Together they descended the grand staircase, the open well of which appeared only a little less cavernous by gaslight than it did by day when colored rays from the stained-glass skylight struggled in a losing battle against distance and dark wood.

In the lower hall Miss Phœbe paused before the high black walnut door that led to the drawing-room. "I'm going in here," she said.

"What for?" inquired Miss Katherine, surprised. No one ever went into the drawing-room.

"To think about my funeral!" replied her sister bitterly, and she left Miss Katherine staring after her with an expression which, on a less high-bred face, might readily have been termed vacancy.

When she had closed the door behind

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From a drawing by George Wright.

There ensued a long conversation in which Miss Phœbe was first Lord Cecil and then the heroine.—Page 145.

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"Do you write?" queried Miss Phœbe, surprised into speech. . . . "Lady,"

her, Miss Phœbe leaned against it rebelliously. It was dark in that room and cold. As she well knew, every effort to heat that vast house by means of rumbling furnaces had been long since abandoned. After a moment she fumbled her way along the wall to a gas-jet that consented to function—she had brought several matches in case the first one refused to work. She would have liked to light all the fixtures, the crystal chandeliers, the prismed wall-lights; she would have liked to have had fires laid in the enormous fireplaces under chilly marble mantels; she would have liked to restore that old room for one evening to something of the festive splendor which it had certainly possessed on that long-gone night—just how many years before the Spanish War she seldom cared to remember—when old Judge Lampson had presented his youngest daughter, Phœbe, to a by-no-means dazzled society.

It was in this room, too, that Miss Phœbe had quarrelled with her one and only suitor, had ordered him nobly from her presence as befitted the granddaughter of a general. She had meant for him to crawl back and beg forgiveness, but he had taken her at her word, had stayed away, and finally married another. Against those rose-pink panels Miss Katherine Lampson had become the supposedly reluctant bride of the former Mr. Duffy, and in the self-same spot, after an indecently short period, a funeral service had been said over the body of Mr. Duffy. And now there would be three funerals in that room, nothing more! If she lit it up, Miss Matilda would ask questions. She feared Matilda's questions and the remarks of Sister Katherine. Turning out

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expostulated her companion indignantly, "I'm a burglar!"—Page 147.

the light, she sought the open fire in the library.

It seems extremely doubtful if the three ladies would have dined together so calmly had they had the slightest foreboding of what was to transpire before morning. Great moments arrive quietly, so quietly that, though the stage is set and the entrances arranged, it is only in retrospection that we realize how inevitably we ourselves prepared the inexorable dénouement. If people had ever known all the facts, they might have said that if Wilbur had not had that nocturnal engagement—that unfortunate engagement which he was never properly to explain to the satisfaction of Miss Matilda—he would not have forgotten to lock that small rear door, and that if Wilbur had locked that small rear door the whole affair would have been avoided; but then, if Wilbur's engagement had not been just the sort of an engagement causing him to return home in that darkest hour preceding dawn, he might never have discovered that self-same door standing so suggestively wide open. Certainly, if Wilbur could have foreseen all that was to be revealed by his indiscretion concerning that door, he would by all means have quickly closed it and gone quietly about his business—a business obviously his own. But no, Wilbur's participation in the impossible disclosures of that night of nights, destined to provoke such wide-spread comment, was as inalterably fixed in its necessity by the nature of hidden sin as Miss Phœbe's lifelong terror was the incomparable magnet which drew to her the realization of what a psychologist might interpret as a lifetime of desire.

At all events, dinner was served just as

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usual, with a great show of plated silver—the real silver was at the bank where for the last thirty years, except for a brief period coincident with the residence of Mr. Duffy, it had been stored in perfect safety.

"I'm thinking of bringing home the silver," remarked Miss Matilda for the thousandth time as she picked up her soup-spoon. "I don't see that it's doing any one any good where it is."

"Grandfather's silver!" exclaimed Miss Phœbe, as usual, aghast at the proposal; she would as soon have championed bringing home the family jewels.

"We can store it in Phœbe's room," suggested Miss Katherine, not without malice. "She keeps a light burning all night."

"And the gas-bill goes up and up," mourned Miss Matilda.

"I keep it for writing," maintained Miss Phœbe with asperity. "When I wake up in the night with a thought, I want to put it down."

"I wonder why Phœbe keeps on writing"—Miss Katherine pretended to address Matilda—"she never sells anything!"

If it were possible for a lady to snort, one might say that Miss Phœbe did so. "Editors," she snapped, "are not hospitable to ideas; they wouldn't know the truth if they met it, and even if it were pointed out to them, they'd be afraid to print it!"

"But, Phœbe"—Miss Katherine egged her on, as usual—"if that's the case, why send them your stuff?"

Miss Phœbe regarded her with scorn. "Of course, Katherine," she explained patiently, "there's always the possibility that one of my stories may reach an intelligent person—among all the editors there must be one such."

"It wouldn't seem so!" jeered Miss Katherine.

"I wouldn't be at all surprised if *The Ladies' Home Journal* took this new story." Miss Phœbe lowered her voice confidentially. "That is—if I soften it down a little."

"It's about time."

Miss Matilda sought to change the subject, though her choice of topic was perhaps unwise. "By the way, Phœbe, I found out about that man you thought followed you the other night."

"He *did* follow me," corrected Miss Phœbe. "He followed me all the way from the Boulevard!"

"Yes, Mrs. Webster told me about it; it was Mr. Webster! He thought he recognized you when he got off the car and intended to catch up with you and see you home for fear you might be nervous in the dark. She said he told her that he only realized he'd frightened you when you began to run, and that he tried to call to you, but when you ran up that drive he wasn't sure but that he had made a mistake."

At the memory of those awful moments cringing among the bushes, Miss Phœbe's anger rose. "How was I to know what his intentions were? His actions were certainly suspicious!" she cried in a tone that annihilated Mr. Webster.

The talk veered to other topics. Miss Matilda inquired about Miss Phœbe's afternoon. Miss Phœbe recounted the conversation at the meeting. "Mrs. Cartwright said that there was no keeping men in pajamas and that Mr. Cartwright always wore out the bottoms before the tops, and Mrs. Beamis said that that was funny, because Mr. Beamis always wore out the tops of his before the bottoms." She turned to Miss Katherine. "Why do you suppose that is?"

Miss Katherine buttered a piece of bread carefully before replying. "That is something," she said at last, "that you, Phœbe, can hardly be expected to understand."

Miss Matilda laid down the carving-knife abruptly. "As I remember it," she said sharply, peering at Miss Katherine above her glasses, "Henry wore night-shirts!"

"As *you* remember it?" Miss Katherine almost shrieked.

"Good Lord, Katherine"—Miss Matilda grew quite indignant—"you don't think I've superintended the washing in this house for thirty years without reasonable conclusions?" There were times when even for Miss Katherine there was no arguing with Miss Matilda. One cannot but wonder, however, what would have been the sensations of Mr. Beamis and Mr. Cartwright had they been able to interpret the side looks of certain ladies upon the next occasion of meeting.

"I've told Wilbur to keep up the fire

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in your room, Phœbe," remarked Miss Matilda as they rose from the table, "and to leave plenty of coal in case you work late."

"Thank you. . . . I may," replied Miss Phœbe, who was always running out of coal about midnight.

As she sat writing some hours later she was indeed sincerely grateful for the companionship of the blazing fire. She was having some trouble with her story, though it was a fascinating story—all about a little prostitute thrust by fate and various men into a life of terrible sin. Miss Phœbe chewed on the end of her pencil and regarded the fire. This was the point in the story where the hero must discover the innate purity of the heroine. If only she could get inside him, identify herself with him, discover what he would feel, say, do! There had been no difficulty about the heroine.

After a while she wrote: "Languidly Lord Cecil crossed to the fireplace." (Should she describe the fireplace? She decided it would be an interruption.) "He was wearing pajamas of heliotrope—his favorite color—the firelight turned them to rose." That was good as giving the sensibility of the hero! But he would have to say something soon! She had already described the maiden crouching beside a chair—and all the maiden's maidenly sensations. *The Ladies' Home Journal* would like that part!

Next she wrote: "Lord Cecil always wore out the tops of his pajamas before the bottoms." But that didn't seem to hitch on! Crossing it out, she wrote: "The tops of Lord Cecil's pajamas showed signs of wear; he always wore out the tops before the bottoms." That was better! Miss Phœbe meditated—it is impossible to know her thoughts. After some minutes she drew a line through the word *tops* and wrote *bottoms* above it. That meant change the other part! She did so. She was beginning to feel tired; perhaps she had better get into bed—wait for inspiration.

She must have slept, although her intention had been merely to relax for a very few minutes. Perhaps a merciful God decreed that she escape the sight of that slowly twisting door-knob, of that gradually opening door, in order that her life be spared. Certainly a number of hours had elapsed since she had so carefully turned low the light, when a burly figure stole into the room—a muscular and sinister figure that slipped with stealthy economy of movement from one shadow to another. A tiny flash-light played over tops of stands and tables—a glowing circle no bigger than a dollar—it found the dresser and descended to the locked top drawer.

There must have been some sound. At all events, Miss Phœbe stirred in her sleep, and the intruder slipped behind the heavy curtains that concealed the deep embrasure of a window. Miss Phœbe sighed, tossed about for a few minutes, and finally awoke. She decided to get up, to continue with her story. Rising, she turned up the light, and after some difficulty succeeded in resuscitating the almost extinct grate fire. Then she sat down to write.

Now Miss Phœbe's genius was genius of the kind that thrives upon external impression. She found it a great help to hear the words spoken by her characters, even to act out the parts, to assume the positions, to identify herself with them completely, as she would herself have put it. Probably unacquainted with this characterization of writers in general, the gentleman behind the curtain was doubtless no little nonplussed at what seemed to be going on in the room. At first Miss Phœbe's utterances were limited to *hums* and *ahs;* but as the creative urge grew stronger she let fall whole words, phrases, and at last whole sentences. Presently she rose, flung herself beside a chair, and "became the heroine." The confession of that heroine, given with sobs and the utmost realism, was enough to astound just anybody. The curtains were parted a tiny fraction and an amazed black eye peered into the room.

Having worked into the scene, Miss Phœbe became Lord Cecil. She strode up and down with a manly tread. "It is the price you pay," she cried, "the price all women pay, must pay."

"Oh, Lord Cecil, don't say that!" implored the heroine.

There ensued a long conversation in which Miss Phœbe was first Lord Cecil and then the heroine. From time to time

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she rushed to the table and hastily scribbled down important lines.

Little by little the window-curtains fell apart as the attention of the intruder became more and more engrossed, but the shadow of the curtain fell across him and concealed the interest with which he watched her every move. And now the heroine was struggling in the arms of the hero, being borne backward toward the waiting bed.

Suddenly Miss Phœbe stiffened, and a wave like a dash of icy water passed over her. Behind her she distinctly heard a voice, not at all Lord Cecil's voice, a very different voice, that said:

"Say, how do you get that way?"

She clutched at the bedpost, and there was an awful stillness in that lofty room. At last she managed to turn around; there appeared to be no one else in the room. She sat down for support on the edge of the bed. Could it have been only her imagination? She peered about her; and then, all at once, she recoiled with horror into the centre of the bed; for there on one of the parted curtains she distinctly saw a hand—a great knotty hand that gripped the fabric. . . . When she opened her eyes, a man was coming toward her; hastily she closed them again and tightly.

Her well-laid plan for just this occasion—she had intended to call for Miss Matilda—became obviously out of the question. Miss Phœbe found that she could not lift her voice. Her other plan, involving the sword of General Lampson so carefully placed beside the bed, seemed equally impossible of execution, for Miss Phœbe knew that she could not wield it—her body had become a poor weak thing, shaken with tremors, the most feared treachery in herself. Would he hear her heart? Would he have pity?

Now, in the invulnerable completeness of her despair, there yet remained one vulnerable heel. It seems purely accidental that the burglar hit upon it—the one sure method of restoring the lady to a show of reason—even granting that he had forgotten the motive of his call.

"Lady," he declared angrily, "you got it all wrong—all wrong!" With an accusing finger he pointed to the offending manuscript. "If you wants to write a story—and I take it yer does"—Miss Phœbe's eyes flew open and she stared at him in blank amazement—"why don't you pick somethin' you can understand?"

"Wha-at?" she quavered faintly.

"Your dope," went on the burglar, "ain't possible. This here Lord Cecil and her, they ain't accordin' ter nature!"

Miss Lampson could not believe her ears. Then slowly up, up, through the waters of terror, gathering momentum all the way, there rose the pride of a lady authoress. Abruptly she sat erect in the bed.

"You don't know what you're talking about!" she snapped.

The visitor regarded her with tolerant pity. "Humph," he grunted, and then he grinned a slow, bewildering grin—a grin that had a devastating effect upon the occupant of the bed, who began to edge backward away from him. The terrible trembling again came on her; she collapsed weakly among the pillows.

Her companion turned away, walked to the table, and picked up several sheets of the manuscript.

And now the full horror of her position came home with a vengeance to the helpless victim, for there, exposed, upon a neighboring armchair lay her corset—not her newest corset either! If only she could stick it under the bed! Gathering all of her strength, with desperate cunning she made the effort. The bed creaked, the burglar turned and caught her in the act of reaching forth.

"Hey, you—you lay down!" he cried, recalled, it would seem, to the exigencies of the occasion. Miss Phœbe stared at him. "I told you to lay down!" This time there was a menace in the command. Miss Phœbe obeyed, but now there was anger mixed with her terror; never in her life had a man given her such a command; to her, the granddaughter of a general!

The man strode to the door and listened a moment, and when he returned to the foot of the bed he regarded his hostess in exasperation. For a moment or so he stood as though undecided. Then he spoke warningly: "You lay quiet, or I won't stay!"

Miss Phœbe might have been seen attempting to moisten her dry lips with a parched tongue, but she succeeded in making no reply. Evidently the burglar took her silence in the nature of a promise, for, to his hostess's horror, he did an amazing thing. Carelessly, between a

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thumb and forefinger, he lifted the sacred corset—symbol of something or other to poor Miss Phœbe—and negligently, thoughtlessly, as though he didn't realize what it was he was touching, he deposited it absently upon the foot of the bed. He was drawing up the chair; he was actually sitting down!

Something particularly wild in her expression must have drawn his attention—perhaps he noted the tremors that were shaking the bed. "What's the matter with you?" he inquired not unkindly.

"You—you—" gasped the lady, but she seemed unable to continue.

"I'm going to give you some good advice."

"Ad-ad-advice!" she managed to articulate slowly. It was dawning upon her that if only she could keep him talking——

"Yeah, advice. Advice about writin'."

"Do you write?" queried Miss Phœbe, surprised into speech by the unexpectedness of the remark. Perhaps she might yet be spared!

"Lady," expostulated her companion indignantly, "I'm a burglar!"

"Yes! Of course!" She sought to obliterate her unfortunate mistake.

"Not but that I could write if I wanted to!" He hastened to set her mind at rest on this score.

"I'm sure you could!" gasped Miss Phœbe, eager to humor him, though her hope of being spared glimmered and went out.

"But comin' back to this girl in your story," pursued the other, "I don't suppose you ever knowed a—a——"

Miss Lampson bounded in the bed.

"Hey, you—you lay quiet like I told you!"

She attempted to look as though she didn't know him.

"I asked you if you ever knowed a——"

"Certainly not!" interrupted Miss Phœbe quickly.

"You give her a wrong name, for one thing." The burglar examined the pages of the manuscript. "She'd ought to be named Pearl or Evelyn or some high-soundin' name."

This was more than even dignity could bear. "She is not an ordinary prostitute!" declared Miss Phœbe haughtily.

"No, she ain't!" chuckled the burglar. "She ain't one a-tall!"

With noble self-control she made no reply.

"Whatever made you think you could write about one?"

The occupant of the bed remained silent.

"I asked you a question!"

"It is possible for one to learn, to know—intuitively—vicariously—" began Miss Phœbe, but the hopelessness of making this man understand seemed to cause her to break off.

"Humph!" scoffed the other.

"There are other resources than actual personal experience!"

"Maybe. But if this is a sample of what you come out believin'"—he waved the fatal manuscript at her—"I'll say you get mighty little *real* information!"

Miss Phœbe grew scarlet.

"And as for this—this here Lord Cecil—" He broke off as though there just weren't any words.

"Yes?" Her voice was ominously quiet. "The hero."

"There's just everything wrong with him!"

"Yes?" But her tone was a trifle less assured.

"In the first place, lady, any guy what's favor-ite color am—am——"

"Heliotrope," she substituted for him.

"Any guy what's favor-ite color am heliotrope, and what wears them kind of pajamas—well, lady, I'm atellin' you, he ain't dangerous to no woman!"

"That's just it!" exclaimed Miss Phœbe, pushing herself higher among the pillows. "He is to overcome the atavistic thing! You see, he is to turn out to be the first who understands, the first real contact, the only *sensitive* man she has ever met!"

For a moment the burglar regarded her in perplexity. "Humph!" he said. "But if you wants folks to believe that it's a man, you'll have to do somethin' about them pajamas!"

Suddenly she blushed.

"Wha-what sort of pajamas should they be?"

"I don't see what he needs with pajamas!"

Very nearly Miss Phœbe screamed.

"Why does he have to have pajamas?"

"I—I thought it—it would be more—more delicate."

"Aw, let him have on his pants! Let

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him have all the manhood you can give him!"

"Oh." She breathed a sigh of relief.

"Particularly, if he's got to talk that way!"

"What's the matter with the way he talks?" There was a touch of asperity, of sharpness, in her voice.

"Everything he says is wrong!"

"How do you mean? Haven't I made him masterful, forceful, enough?"

"Lady," said the burglar earnestly, "there's one thing you women got to git out of your heads!"

"What?" belligerently.

"This here masterful-man stuff! My wife's the same way!" For a moment he was lost in introspection. "Though the way you women act is enough to put the thought inter any man's head!"

Miss Phœbe stared at him.

"But, lady, this here knock-down and drag-out stuff—it don't go! A man don't—" He broke off and jerked up his head to listen. Voices? Yes—and other noises! A door slammed. Running footsteps on the stairs. Some one calling: "Miss Matilda! Miss Matilda!"

With a single quick movement he was at the window, had jerked open the shutters, was peering out. He started back with an exclamation of dismay: "Good Lord, it's gettin' light!" The hubbub in the house was all the time increasing. The burglar flung up the window.

"Don't!" screamed Miss Phœbe. "You'll kill yourself!" She was out of bed now, hurrying toward him.

After a hasty glance at the ground below, which, as Miss Phœbe knew, was very far below indeed, he drew in his head, turned, and started for the door. "Wait!" cried Miss Phœbe, catching his arm, clinging to him. "Matilda'll shoot you; she has a pistol!"

"No, she ain't," growled the intruder, attempting to shake her off. "I took it."

A police whistle sounded below.

"If you'll only wait, I'll help you!"

He regarded her with suspicion. "Honest?"

"Honest!" She was panting with exertion. "But you can't take Matilda's pistol!"

He pulled it from his pocket. "Ain't loaded."

"Put it on the table!" Not for a million dollars would she herself have touched it. "Did you take anything else?"

"Nothin' worth takin'!"

"You light that candle!" ordered Miss Phœbe, the details of her plan maturing rapidly, "while I get ready." She found her other slipper and reached for a trailing garment. "Now, give me the candle!"

And thus it happened that the little group congregated under the single gas-jet at the farther end of the upper hall beheld in amazement Miss Phœbe's bedroom door swing open and Miss Phœbe appear with a lighted taper, followed by nothing less than a man. Miss Katherine dropped her dangerous poker, Miss Matilda's scissors clattered wildly to the floor, and Annie, the cook, almost cut herself on the open razor, the weapon which she clutched in a nervous hand. Awestruck, speechless, they followed at a respectful distance, groping their way down the pitch-dark stairs.

In the lower hall stood trembling Wilbur, beside him a towering policeman, who at sight of Miss Phœbe's stalwart young companion stepped quickly forward to do his part. But she waved him back with superb assurance. "A friend of mine!" she boldly declared. And she led the way to the great front doorway, swinging wide the door for her guest to pass.

And then, against the pallid light of morning that lay white and mysterious beyond the sill, the burglar did a remarkable thing. Stooping quickly he blew out the candle, then he put one huge arm around Miss Phœbe's slender waist, drawing her to him in a tremendous hug, and the kiss that he planted on her narrow lips was a broad warm kiss that left her gasping; then, turning, he was gone into the dawn.

Reeling a little, she stood looking after him, until quite sure that he was safe beyond the fence, then, sighing a little, she turned most slowly, and with unseeing eyes traversed the gloomy hall—proudly, like a queen from her coronation—past a snickering policeman, past wild-eyed Wilbur and pale Matilda, past the bride of Henry Duffy and dazed old Annie with her razor. Never a word of explanation, never so much as a single glance, trailing her floating robes about her, a still-smoking taper in her hand, Miss Phœbe Lampson, the last of all the Lampsons, mounted to her room and closed the door.

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"More Dutch Than New York"

BY EVELYN SCHUYLER SCHAEFFER

DURING those years which Mrs. Wharton has depicted as New York's "Age of Innocence," Albany, in her remoteness from the centres of fashion and intellect, might have been supposed to be even less sophisticated—a small city, moreover, and the haunt of rural legislators. Her customs were indeed simple, yet she was perhaps not so much in an age of innocence as of ripeness. The difference lay, I should think, in her attitude toward her simplicities; for while New York was breaking away from the circumscribed limits of her provincialism, the old Dutch town, more Dutch than New York had been for many a generation and yet, in Revolutionary times, more American, remained, like a wise old *grande dame*, with intention and to her entire satisfaction, serenely enthroned in her fortress of tradition. It was just then, during the few years after the Civil War, when she was conserving the old ways, some of them peculiar to herself, some of them held in common with her contemporaries but which her contemporaries were abandoning, that she was unique and choice.

Mrs. Welland, in Mrs. Wharton's book, declares that it is foolish to try to entertain distinguished foreigners, since, as she says: "They think we dine at two o'clock and countenance divorce. . . . They accept our hospitality and then go home and repeat the same stupid stories." Albany did actually dine at two o'clock, and when the distinguished foreigner came he must adjust himself to her customs. What he might say about it when he got home she didn't care, any more than he cared what the American who visited him in England or elsewhere might think or say of him. I remember one eminent Englishman who in his stay there found himself more at home than in any other city of the United States; the dinner-hour not mattering so much as precisely that attitude of composure. He remarked that the town was unique in his experience of America.

To the eighteen-year old girl, coming to spend her first winter in society in the capital of the State, it seemed a curious place and tremendously interesting and amusing; and not in the least because it was the capital. It was not my father's position as head of the Banking Department of the State that gave us our entrée into society, but his Dutch name. The only person who was in society by virtue of his office was the Governor, and Albany, like other old capitals, knew very well how to keep him and his family on a formal and ex-officio footing if he had no other than an ex-officio claim to social standing.

We did not have a house, which I have always regretted. The hotels were at that time unattractive and we lived at the large and well-known boarding-house kept by a stately old lady, the daughter of a man who had been known as Prince Knickerbacker of Schaghticoke, a member of that branch of the family who spelled their name with an a instead of an o in the third syllable. He gained his appellation by his truly princely hospitality. Far and wide that hospitality was known, in the days when guests came driving up in their carriages, whole families of them, with their men servants and their maid servants; when food was barbaric in its abundance and wines and liquors were bought by the hogshead. It cost him his patrimony. Starting in life as a rich man he left no property and his family were poor.

Our landlady was one of the proudest of women. Shortly before our arrival her daughter had married a man of substance, and in the course of the winter she came home for a visit, bringing, much to her mother's indignation, some handsome new clothes. "I consider it a disgrace and a humiliation," said the proud old lady.

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"I strained every nerve—every nerve—to provide her with all that she would need. It is disgraceful to accept any article of clothing from a husband during the first year of marriage." I can still see her fine worn old face flush as she spoke.

Winter life in the little city was lively, although there was not much entertainment in the way of theatres and concerts, and almost never an opera. People had to depend on each other for their amusement, and they rose to the necessity valiantly.

In its outdoor aspect Albany lives in my memory as a place of extraordinary light and brightness, with an inspiriting air of festivity. From December to March the snow never melted and, except when more snow was falling, the sun seemed to be always shining. The glittering whiteness, the icy hilly streets, the snapping cold, all combined to produce a feeling of exhilaration—when one was eighteen. All up and down the steep streets there was the blithest confusion; sleighs of all sorts, bells jingling everywhere, foot passengers toiling up and sliding down the slippery pavements, icicles dripping here and there under the midday sun, sleighs skidding violently around the corners and people jumping wildly to get out of their way. Dominating all the rest, between the hours of twelve and two, were the big sleighs carrying the ladies of Albany on their daily business of paying formal visits.

All these women of society, and here and there a man, seemed, at first glance, to spend most of their time in social functions, but as it was still, in America, an age of domesticity, one may suppose that the mistress of the house got up early of a morning. The afternoon, too, afforded a quiet time when one might read or sew or visit one's friends informally. But from twelve to two the bright streets were gay with the big open sleighs drawn by fine horses and furnished with sumptuous fur robes, a particularly fine one with three bushy tails always hanging out over the back. The coachman, too, was impressive in furs, of which, indeed, he had need. The occupants of the sleighs wore black velvet and ermine, with only occasional sable and mink, with small round muffs, in which they warmed the hands encased in tight-fitting light-colored glacé kid gloves, and dashing little bonnets of white, pink, or pale-blue velvet. Even the black bonnets of the dowagers were almost as gay, with their plumes and jet. When the ladies alighted you saw that under the velvet coats they wore silk gowns, blue, green, wine-colored, black, all supported by the bell-shaped hoop skirts.

Everybody had reception days. You stayed at home one morning in the week for your own reception, and you went to church on Sunday, principally to St. Peter's or to the North Dutch Church. On the other five days you were apt to be out in a big sleigh, with your light velvet bonnet on your head, catching up with your visiting-list. You met a great many people at most of the houses and were offered tiny cups of chocolate and little cakes. The first reception day after any one had given a ball was called the party reception and all the world was there, men and women; quite like an afternoon tea. Only they didn't have teas.

Mothers and daughters paid visits together during these formal hours. Later in the day the girls and boys got their innings. They walked and skated together, and in the evening danced at somebody's house, or went to the theatre if there was anything worth while, or to a concert or what-not. On Sunday evenings they were even known to go to church together. Many of the young men seemed to have plenty of time.

Of the houses that one visited I remember those on Elk Street and on State Street, going on far up the hill, above the Capitol; and best of all I remember the row of solid old mansions on Washington Avenue, each one set back from the street and well apart from its neighbors on either side. Usually in each of the big houses there was one ball during the winter. Only one of them, if I remember correctly, had a ballroom, but the double parlors were very spacious and the floors were "crashed" to the satisfaction of everybody. Women sprinkled "diamond powder" on their hair in those days, and how those white floors glittered as the dancing went on! One heard direful stories of musicians whose lungs were fatally injured by inhaling that sharp

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dust, but the powder continued to be used until it went out of fashion.

There were New Year calls in Albany long after New York grew too big for them, and plenty of punch and wine; also coffee and, among other things, pickled oysters. The traditional ole koek (pronounced oly koke) was not often seen, but New Year cakes were still on hand, stamped on the tops in designs of birds and flowers with the same stamps which had been brought from Holland by the first bakers. I dare say that their successors still own them and that to this day New Year cakes are made.

Society in Albany was still dominated by the old Dutch families, and they guarded their boundaries as closely as, for instance, the old families of Boston, Philadelphia, or Charleston. Yet, as I remember, there was no appearance of arrogance or intolerance. The Dutch have never been intolerant. From their first arrival in America they got on far better with the Indians than the New Englanders were ever able to do. They even got on with the English Puritans themselves when the latter sought asylum in the Netherlands; and every one knows that the English Puritans were not easy to get on with. No, I think it was not any ill-natured intolerance that made the Albany families so exclusive socially, but a placid and amiable avoidance of people who were not to their taste, or whom they fancied they were not going to care for. Of course, they were often the losers by their exclusiveness, but life within their boundaries was serene and agreeable and quite simple. However, from time to time some outsiders got inside the citadel and became firmly entrenched in the affections of the old guard. Others were admitted to some houses and on some occasions; still others were "faint yet pursuing."

I remember one witty old lady, a person of wealth and social prominence, who had come to Albany with her husband many years before from New England, where they had felt themselves to be as good as the best. For a time it had seemed doubtful whether they were to be admitted to the inner circle of the elect. A moderate amount of recognition was accorded them, and in the course of time they met a certain old gentleman who felt himself entitled to pass final judgment on the merits of social aspirants. He conveyed his decisions by his manner of shaking hands. To those whom he favored he gave his hand frankly. To those whom he rated as not quite eligible he offered two fingers. The lady had been forewarned and when she saw the two fingers coming toward her she casually gave him her little finger. Society laughed and opened its doors to her.

Not all social aspirants were from outside, for of course there were Dutch and Dutch, although nowadays many people seem to think that one Dutch name means the same as another; like the popular idea of *Mayflower* descendants. In any case, the outsiders who got in usually had some money, because all over the world it is easier to make yourself known if you can spend money. But if you belonged inside you could go anywhere without it, just as you can in other old cities. I remember one girl who danced every dance all winter long in the same inexpensive frock, and there was an older woman who wore the same brown moire to every festivity as long as I knew her.

Naturally the Van Rensselaers of the Manor House were considered to be at the head of society, but at that time they were in mourning, and conventional mourning was a thorough-going matter and lasted a long time. The Manor House was a little out of town, but no longer dominated an estate of twenty-four by forty-eight miles. Railroads and lumberyards pressed up close to its gates; the result of the division of the land among many heirs and of subsequent sales. In spite of its depressing surroundings the old house kept its dignity of appearance —a wide, spacious brick mansion. At that time the family living in the house was small, although it comprised three generations. Old Mr. Stephen Van Rensselaer, the last of the Stephens to live in the house, was called "the Patroon" by the elder people among the Dutch families. His father, however, the third Stephen, was known as "the last Patroon." He was an eminent citizen whose public services were notable and who was, in public and in private life, fine and generous and well beloved. He was always

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called Patroon, but even with him it was only a title of courtesy. The last real Patroon, or Lord of the Manor, as the title ran after New Netherland became New York, was his father, the second Stephen, third Lord of the Manor and eighth Patroon. During the third Stephen's minority the Revolution brought changes. Lordships and manors were abolished and the Patroon no longer administered justice, appointed civil and military officers and clergymen, or required the colonists of Rensselaerwyck to take an oath of allegiance. In short, he ceased to be a feudal lord. But up to the eighteen-sixties and early seventies the old families were very loyal and not only spoke of old Mr. Van Rensselaer as the Patroon, but in some cases even seemed to regard his son as a sort of semi-royal personage. I shall not forget the tone in which one old lady alluded to the young man as "our Eugene."

The Manor House still exists, but not in its old place. It was sold and was then taken down and set up in Williamstown, Mass., where it is used as the chapter house of a college fraternity. The Mecca of the pilgrim to old Albany is the house which General Philip Schuyler built for himself and which now belongs to the State.

There were two other old Van Rensselaer mansions across the river at Greenbush. I visited one of them with my aunt, who was a friend of the family. A very interesting paper on this house and its history, published some years ago, revived my romantic recollection of that visit. The approach to the house was not impressive, at least in winter, although I was greatly impressed on being told that the bricks of which it was built had been brought from Holland. We drove across the river on the ice, and along the river-bank on the snow-covered country road, not much travelled at that season, to the square red house, which, deprived of its summer surroundings of verdure, looked bleak and lonely. But that impression was forgotten when the heavy old door was opened to us and we were admitted. I was entranced with the large drawing-room with its extraordinarily low ceiling and all the interesting things in it. An Angelica Kauffmann hung on the wall between the two front windows. An unpleasant subject, but somehow not repellent; a little girl, perhaps twelve years old, dead, and dressed for her burial in the white habit of a nun. The picture added to the somewhat melancholy spell of the house.

We sat for a while with the family—Dr. Jeremiah Van Rensselaer, a tall spare old gentleman, his wife, and daughter-in-law. The elder people seemed to me incredibly and mysteriously old and remote. They were very polite and gentle, but not, I thought, interested in us; perhaps not much interested in anything. Almost as mysterious was the beautiful daughter-in-law, the wife of a son who had recently died. She had marvellous bright golden hair, with here and there a premature touch of white. Her hair and her fair face were thrown into strong relief by her severe widow's dress. She spoke of her boy, but I had no wish to see him. It seemed to me that anything so modern as a boy would spoil the picture.

I never saw any of them again and have always retained that vision of the large, low-ceiled room, with the pathetic picture hanging on the wall, the ancient gentleman and gentlewoman and the beautiful golden-haired daughter-in-law. It was only much later that I reflected how cruelly bored she must have been, living in that cold, sad house, surrounded by snow-covered fields, with the broad, dreary, frozen river in front, the picture of the little dead girl constantly before her eyes, and only the two old people and the boy for her daily companions. Not but what I pitied her at the time—because she had lost her husband. The rest was only a picture.

One of the interesting institutions of Albany was the old North Dutch Church, even though this building was only a successor to the original one with the coats of arms of its founders in the windows. The minister preached long, dull sermons, but one needn't listen to them. One could look discreetly at the people in the pews. They owned their pews then, and once I heard some one say they liked to feel that they owned the ground they were on, down to the middle of the earth.

The Manor House family sat, naturally, in one of the pews far up toward the front and came every Sunday morning just at the last minute before the service

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began—old Mr. and Mrs. Van Rensselaer and their son Eugene and his wife. She was young and slender then and was unbecomingly swathed in an India shawl of the largest size, an enormously long shawl folded square and then folded again cornerwise. Years and years after, when I happened to tell her how I used to watch them come into church, she told me how she hated that shawl, but had to wear it because it was a wedding gift from her mother-in-law. Life in the Manor House at that time must have been dull, though dignified.

All around us in the church were other people whom we knew, but among those whom I didn't know and never heard of until some years later there were two who would have interested me immensely. That was the age of dutiful daughters and patient lovers. In this case, after the daughter had said yes, the father said no; said it with decision and never relented. The young man was never to enter his house again. The daughter obeyed; the lover was faithful; but one privilege he took. There was a Sunday evening service in the church and a Friday evening prayer-meeting. The three of them attended these services regularly, and always when the father and daughter started to walk home together the lover placed himself on the other side of his lady-love and the three walked abreast to the door of her father's house. What they talked about, or whether they talked at all, I don't know.

Year followed year. The father obstinately lived to an enormous age. For twenty-nine years they continued to walk home together and that was said to be all that the lovers saw of each other. At long last the old father died. The elderly lovers waited a short time for decency—having been so superlatively decent all their lives—and then they married. They must have been approaching the end of their long probation at the time when I was gazing about me in their church. I hope they lived to a good old age.

There was one quaint custom in that church which struck me as extremely unpleasant. It was the manner in which they observed the celebration of the Lord's Supper. When you entered the church for the morning service on Communion Sunday, you found a long table running the whole length of the middle aisle and covered with a white cloth. Narrow benches without backs were on each side, leaving just enough space for people to get into and out of their pews. In front of the pulpit a crosswise table joined the long one, it too with its white cloth, and long benches behind it, so that the minister, in his Geneva gown and white bands, with his elders and deacons on each side of him, sat facing the congregation. After the sermon, when the communion service was about to begin, the communicants left their pews and, sidling to the nearest opening between the benches, sat down facing the people who had left their pews on the opposite side. The dignified and austere service was read and the plates and cups, beginning with the minister and going on to the elders and deacons, were passed down the tables from hand to hand. It was impossible to assume a devotional attitude until the retreat of the pew had been regained. The final ceremony before leaving the table was for each person to shove some money under the cloth. The amount rested with their consciences or their means and was supposed to be known only to God. The deacons who gathered it up may have made some guesses from the propinquity to the various pews.

There were, too, some curious funeral customs. I remember at the death of an old Mr. Van Rensselaer (known to his friends as Johnny), my father received an invitation to the funeral. It was engraved on smooth, shiny white paper and on the flap of the envelope was an embossed coffin. This, to be sure, was a trifle less ghastly than an invitation that my brother, a young army officer, saw a few years later in Arizona. That, too, was stylishly engraved and invited the recipient to a hanging.

I attended what I suppose was one of the last of the old-fashioned funerals where the pall-bearers wore sashes or scarfs of very fine white linen. The sash, with the gloves, was a gift, and originally was supposed to be just the right quantity to make a shirt. A relative of the family came to my mother with samples of linen to ask if she thought it quite fine enough. It was the best that Crapo had. Crapo owned the best dry-goods store in the city and was a man of substance then, but

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many years before he had been tossed ashore from a wreck on the Maine coast, a nameless baby, the only survivor from a French ship. The people who brought him up named him Johnny Crapaud.

This was the funeral of old Mr. Jacob Sanders. He was more Scotch than Dutch, but his wife and other connections were Dutch. He had been ill for so many years of "old-fashioned consumption" and so often at death's door that every one was surprised when he died. Usually when his doctor had given him up he had risen from his bed and taken a trip to Scotia, a place near Albany, where he had large landed interests. But now, both lungs being entirely gone, he had been obliged to stop breathing and was given a funeral with all the old observances. No, not all. There was no hogshead of Madeira provided. But that custom must have ceased a century or two before, so its omission showed no disrespect. My father was one of the pall-bearers and my mother and I were invited to be present. I didn't like funerals any better than other girls of eighteen, but was in the end very glad not to have missed this one.

The services were in the house and the guests sat in the front parlor in rows of chairs facing the next room. The house was all in semi-darkness. In the middle room, placed lengthwise, was the coffin, and beyond it, facing us, were the relatives. In front was the widow, covered from head to foot with crêpe, and beside her sat the young son, born when his father was an old man and his mother a middle-aged woman. At the head of the coffin stood the minister in his gown and bands. Standing along each side of the coffin and facing it, were the pall-bearers, four on each side, in black frock coats and shiny black kid gloves, with the broad white sashes diagonally across their chests, fastened on the hip with a black ribbon rosette, the linen hanging down about as far as the knees. On the outskirts hovered the two or three undertakers, each with a short white linen scarf around his left arm. (I guessed that theirs would only make the bosom and cuffs of a shirt.) In the obscurity of the room it was a striking and ghastly tableau.

When the decorous service was over there was a busy coming and going of undertakers, the broad ends of white on their arms fluttering like little wings. One of the pall-bearers started to go out of the door too soon and was ordered back in a loud and anxious whisper. It was an important occasion for the undertakers, and doubtless they were sorry that there could not have been a rehearsal, as at a wedding.

The weddings were not as archaic as the funerals. The brides evidently wanted to be up with the times, so wedding gown and veil, bridesmaids and groomsmen, were such as one would see anywhere. Indeed, in other ways changes were creeping in. A few families were dining as late as six o'clock. They were "outsiders" in the sense of not being of the old Dutch families, but otherwise they were thoroughly a part of the exclusive Albany society, and since they entertained largely they had some influence on social customs. With the advent of late dinners the old supper-parties were going out of style. At the last one of those that I attended we were invited at half-past six and at that hour tea and little rolls and cakes were passed on trays. Conversation then prevailed for a couple of hours, when the doors of the dining-room were opened and we were conducted out to a most lavish and elaborate supper, which we ate at little tables. The first time I went to a supper I was dismayed by the early collation, thinking it was all we were to get. I selected the fattest roll and largest piece of cake I could see and afterward deeply regretted that waste of a very good appetite.

I have not been in Albany for very many years. The other day I met a woman who lives there and asked her what it was like now, and whether there were any left of the old families. She answered with considerable vivacity that the old Dutch were extremely satisfied with themselves and that it had taken about a hundred and fifty first-class funerals to make the place fit to live in. From which I judge that the aristocracy of Albany is both changed and unchanged; changed to the extent of its losses by death; unchanged in the serene and indomitable spirit with which it closes its ranks and presents an unbroken front to alien social aspirants. I take some pleasure in thinking of that spirit, and fancy that it is the only thing I should recognize in the Albany of the twentieth century.

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The Mysterious I. Q.

BY HARLAN C. HINES
Author of "Measuring Intelligence," etc.

I

DURING the past few years there has grown up in America a strong tendency to *card-index* every man, woman, and child. It has been a familiar movement in business and industrial enterprises for some time, but more recently it has found a place in our schools.

It is difficult to tell where such a movement started. Perhaps it was a natural outgrowth of the mechanical age in which we live. Perhaps it received momentum from the great increase in population, making increase in amount and quality of production highly essential. Or perhaps it was merely the next logical step following man's success in controlling the powers of nature. From whatever sources it may have come or from whatever causes, there are evidences of it everywhere. The installation of time clocks, pay-as-you-enter cars, motion-picture censorship, the line that forms on the right, and the Eighteenth Amendment are all examples of the American tendency to standardize every activity and interest.

In the schools, where the movement has had its greatest effect, the interest in the standardization of training has made it seem necessary to measure the intelligence of the children. Since the schools are dealing with the big problem of creating constructive thought, it is important to know how much intelligence each child has, so that teachers may build on from there and thus permit the child to attain its highest possibilities.

The introduction of such a scheme, however, has not been as easy as it would seem. Psychologists and teachers, who have been promoting the measurement of intelligence, have met with much opposition, no little of which has come from parents. In spite of some conclusions to the contrary, parents are still interested in the welfare of their children. Nature has seen to it that there is in the parent not only a desire to protect the child and give it advantages but a feeling that perhaps the child has the edge on all other children in matters that require intelligent behavior. Then, too, even though a person sometimes may deride his own intellectual abilities, he is averse to having the other fellow do it for him. And perhaps he is a little more sensitive to attacks upon those dear to him than he is to attacks directed against himself.

Therefore it is not surprising that specialists and teachers, as a result of their attempts to measure intelligence, have thrown themselves open to much criticism, not to say calumny, as has been witnessed in such determined outbursts as those coming from representative organizations in Chicago, Los Angeles, and Washington. If I should say to you, "Your child is not well," you might feel concerned but not particularly aggravated by my remarks. However, if I should say to you, "Your child is shy on sense," your coat would be off, either figuratively or literally, and you would be bent on showing me that such a strong parent could not have such a foolish offspring.

Practically the same condition has obtained wherever intelligence-testing has been undertaken. Although from time to time there have been many attacks by individuals, until recently the larger cities had not been the scene of much strife, due doubtless to the fact that the parents are not very familiar with the activities of the schools. The smaller towns, however, where everybody knows everybody else, including the teachers, have been the locale of many a conflict.

I recall a case that represents the method of individual attack. One day, while serving as psychological clinician

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for the public schools of a large city, a mother, as the result of an order, brought in her eight-year-old son to have him tested for feeble-mindedness. In the old days one look at the child would have been sufficient to classify him as subnormal. But a science of testing has been developed that tends to preclude snap judgments and, in so far as possible, impersonalizes each case.

Before she was well seated the mother began a spirited defense of the boy. She was there to convince me that nothing I could say would ever lead her to believe that her son possibly could be below average in intelligence. The lad could not tell his age, his first or last name, where he lived, the name of his school, his grade in school, the name of his teacher, the time of day, the day of the week, and such kindred answers as are always required as an introduction to the examination. He failed on all the simple tests, even though his mother insisted upon trying to help him over the barriers.

I tried to be tactful and refrained from informing the mother of the exact findings, but I recommended later that the boy be transferred from his regular class to a special class where, if possible, his learning difficulties might be adjusted. The mother was furious and still unconvinced. She returned to my office, berated me in no uncertain terms, appealed to higher authorities, and, getting no satisfaction, finally departed from the city to some place where she felt her child might be treated like other children.

Now all this difficulty and discussion has arisen over that one question as to whether all children should be treated exactly alike or whether we should differentiate between them. Those who believe in democracy in education have contended that all children should have *equality* of opportunity or, in the words of one leading educator, should have "unlimited freedom to grow in intellectual power and grace, save for the limits the social order has already placed around them." Psychologists, or at least those who are dealing with the problem of individual differences in children, favor an *equity* of opportunity that would "make the most of every child, the dull as well as the bright," by classifying them in certain working units where they might progress at a rate natural to them.

Nothing much has been said by or about the parents whose children have been labelled "extra fine" and put in a separate place in order that they would not be contaminated by those of the lower intellectual levels. Doubtless, there are thousands of persons in America who, when questioned about it, frown upon any attempt to single out their children as especially brilliant. Yet these same parents are loath to rush to the schoolhouse to register objection, for vanity is sometimes stronger than good judgment, and they settle down in comfortable chairs with the feeling that the teacher knows her business. They may even go so far as to invite the teacher up to dinner. Yet, if it is wrong to brand the child with a stamp of inferiority, it is also wrong to brand it with a stamp of superiority.

In visiting the principal of a very large high school, I learned that he had become very much interested in the results of the intelligence examinations given to his students. He had noted with great satisfaction the name of the boy who had made the highest score, and he said to me that, although he did not favor the publication of the marks for the various pupils, he would like to commend that particular boy personally.

I suggested that it was not only a dangerous practice but that he ran the risk of doing the boy a permanent injury. However, the boy was called in, told that he ranked highest on the test, and encouraged to continue the good work. At the end of the next term it was found that he had failed in three out of four subjects! Called before the principal again to explain the cause of his failure, he stated that before the intelligence tests were given he did not know how "good" he was and that after he learned that he was the brightest member of his class he felt that it was not necessary for him to study any more.

II

American interest in intelligence-testing is directly traceable to Binet and Simon, two Frenchmen, one a psychologist and the other a physician, who, in 1905, devised an intelligence scale that

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was to have far-reaching consequences. In a revised form that scale has been given to more than two million American school children by many different examiners. As drawn up by Binet and Simon, it was used in separating the subnormal from the normal children in the public schools of France. It consisted of fifty-four tests designed to measure native, or inborn, intelligence—the tendency toward intelligent behavior that a child inherits from its parents.

Binet struck upon the idea of determining the *mental age* of the children who took the tests. It was not enough to know the actual age of the child; it must be shown how far he had progressed mentally. For instance, if a child performed on a test in such a way that the result was equal to the average for five-year-old children, he would be said to have a mental age of five years, no matter what his actual age might be. A five-year-old child, then, might have a mental age of seven, or a seven-year-old child a mental age of five.

In 1913 Professor Lewis M. Terman, a psychologist at Stanford University, in California, began a revision of the Binet scale for American use. He was not alone in this attempt, for there were other revisions by American psychologists, but the one by Terman, now known as the Stanford-Binet, has been used more widely than any other individual examination. Professor Terman, after trying out the scale repeatedly, subtracted some here, added some there, and distributed the tests to better advantage until he had included ninety tests, or thirty-six more than appeared in the original.

The Stanford-Binet is much too long and varied in its contents to be described briefly, but it is important to know that it is an *individual* intelligence examination, *i. e.*, can be given to but one person at a time. It is said to be reliable up to a mental age of sixteen years. Tests for adults have been added, but these are not as yet sufficiently perfected to cause the older generations to view with alarm.

In testing American children by the Stanford-Binet, Professor Terman is said to have found out a number of very interesting things about intelligence. He concluded that there is no definite dividing line between those who are normal and those who are feeble-minded, or between the normal person and the genius. Among children who are grouped together without any selection, there are just as many children with high intelligence as there are with low intelligence. The old view, he says, that children do not differ mentally from one another to any marked extent until they reach the age of adolescence (approximately 11½ to 14½) has been discarded—six-year-olds differ from one another fully as much as do fourteen-year-olds.

Seeing that a child's mental age had no significance if considered apart from his actual age, Professor Terman employed the *intelligence quotient*, or, as it is popularly known, the I. Q. The word "quotient," as used in arithmetic, it will be recalled, was the number indicating how often one number was contained in another. The intelligence quotient, as used in connection with the Stanford-Binet, is the number which shows the relation between the mental age and the actual age of a child. It is the result when the mental age is divided by the actual age. For instance, if a child of ten years has a mental age of ten years, his intelligence quotient is 10 divided by 10, or 1.00, and he would be said to be of normal intelligence for his age. For purposes of convenience the decimal is dropped and the quotient in such a case as that cited is written 100.

Professor Terman believes that the intelligence quotient resulting from the use of his scale remains relatively constant. That does not mean that a child does not grow more intelligent as he grows older, but that his intelligence is likely to continue to have the same relation to his actual age from year to year. The same children are being tested through several successive years to prove this contention.

III

THE real danger in the use of such a test as the Stanford-Binet in classifying and reclassifying school children lies in the fact that it may be hastily or carelessly given by persons who do not understand it perfectly. It requires from forty to fifty minutes to give it to a child of ten years of age, the exact number of minutes

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depending upon the expertness of the person giving the test and the reactions of the child. Many teachers have grown quite enthusiastic over intelligence tests, and it stands to reason that some of them in their zeal will make errors. That these errors are frequently costly is witnessed in many cases.

Perhaps there is more danger, however, in the indiscriminate use of the many *group* tests that have been improvised during the past six or seven years. The group test first made its appearance during the World War, having been devised to measure the intelligence of American soldiers. Just what this original group test succeeded in measuring has never been definitely agreed upon. In a recent book on the subject appears the statement that the average mental age for white drafted soldiers was thirteen years. Since the army was made up of young men from all walks in life, this figure led many psychologists to the conclusion that the typical white American has a mental age corresponding to the average child of thirteen years. This astounding disclosure has been made the basis of much jesting at the expense of the American public.

Some points in connection with the army testing have been overlooked, however. When it is taken into account that the men who were selected to give the army tests were trained in various ways, that the tests were given under quite different conditions in different camps, seldom without interruption or disturbance, that there was usually no attempt to locate the men with impaired hearing or poor eyesight in order that they might be given an equal chance to make a good showing, that some soldiers came to the examining-room coached in what they would be expected to do, that others came in fear that they would be given a "brain test" they might not be able to pass, that still others came determined to make a poor showing in hope that they might be discharged from the army, that the papers were usually marked by men little interested in the task, that there were many errors and much inaccuracy in marking, that average scores reported to the Washington headquarters were computed by different methods, it will be seen that mental ages resulting from group testing could not be altogether reliable.

Even when tests of mental ability are not used it may easily be admitted that the average intelligence of white Americans may be in the neighborhood of that common to thirteen-year-old children. The typical thirteen-year-old child may be found in the eighth grade in school. Dropping out of school begins somewhat earlier than that, but that period is characterized as the one in which elimination may be expected. However, for each child who drops out of school during the four years preceding the eighth grade, doubtless there is one who goes on through high school. Consequently, so far as educational training is concerned, we might expect to find the average result of such training centred in thirteen-year-old children.

The claim that as a nation we are no higher than a thirteen-year mental age can be better understood when it is acknowledged that the tests given to soldiers and those now being given to groups of school children are really tests of *school training*. To illustrate, the typical group test is made up of one test for carrying out directions, one composed of reasoning problems, one on the ways in which two words are alike or different, one on analogies, such as "a hat is to your head as a shoe is to your ——," and one on items of general information usually selected from among those the well-trained school child should be able to answer.

The question as to whether such tests really test complete and general intelligence revolves about the point as to whether they test native ability. It is not likely that they do, except in the sense that one child may have a natural aptitude for learning that another child does not have. How much of it is natural, however, is a moot question, since the child's home training and environment have so much to do with his capacity for learning.

It should be acknowledged that intelligence tests, when fairly given, throw some light on how much the child has learned, but a mental age or an intelligence quotient resulting from a *group* test is seldom, if ever, reliable. This is due to the factors mentioned in connection with the army

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testing, plus the fact that a group test that seems to be a fair measure of children in New York City may not be a fair measure of children in Hooptown, Alabama. Nevertheless, many group tests for school children have been devised and are being used in thousands of schools over the country. It is no wonder, then, that mistakes made by teachers, either who have failed to give the tests properly or who have assumed results not justifiable, are cropping up everywhere and that parents, whose children have been arbitrarily classified as having the mental ability of imbeciles or morons, are up in arms.

A careful analysis of the whole situation shows that an individual examination, such as the Stanford-Binet, is much more reliable than any group test ever invented. Certainly, if it could be given everywhere and given properly, the resulting individual intelligence quotient would tell us pretty well in what grade or group a child could do his best work. For, in such event, certain averages could be set up that would go far toward determining whether a child should be promoted from grade to grade or be given special instruction in a special class. But there are several things that the intelligence quotient does not tell us. For instance, it fails to show whether the child is interested in his school work and whether he is succeeding or will succeed in mastering the factual material or method of learning involved in his school training. In one of our large cities, for example, one high school has been set aside to which are sent children with high intelligence quotients. Much to the surprise of those concerned, many of these children, although capable of carrying the courses provided, persist in failing their studies through lack of interest and application.

IV

ANY attempt to *card-index* our citizenry by the use of intelligence tests alone is doomed to failure, due to the fact that there is no guarantee that personal desire has been satisfied or that the environment is conducive to best effort. What is sauce for the goose is likewise sauce for the gosling. If intelligence tests are to be given in the schools, children must take them. They have no choice. But there is no assurance that reclassification on the basis of test results alone will cause them to do better work or better prepare them for the life activities that follow.

The one thing discovered by the army tests that stands out above all else is that the average American citizen, if there is such a person, has an *education* typical of thirteen-year-old children. The one thing discovered by the application of intelligence tests to public school children that stands out above all else is that children differ from each other very markedly in what they have learned. If, from the results, we assume that the child, because of his achievement or failure to achieve, should be classified so and so or encouraged to prepare himself for such and such, it should be labelled an assumption and not set up as the final fact in the matter.

So far, intelligence tests have done little to show up racial differences, the effects of coaching prior to or during the test, the effects of fatigue or ill-health, the influence of moral traits, the place of character qualities and emotion and will, social adaptabilities, or such traits as industry, perseverance, loyalty, and cheerfulness. Even though the teacher may have given the child a fair chance, an intelligence quotient below average throws little, if any, light on the probable effect of any of these factors. The child actually may be dull in school learning when compared with some of its classmates, but if slowness to learn in school prohibits success in life we shall have no more Websters, Edisons, or Fords. Dullness, like brightness, may be promoted by the attitudes and methods of teachers.

In spite of these objections, however, there is a value that has accrued from the giving of intelligence tests that should not be overlooked. Aside from the fact that the teacher, as never before, is forcibly reminded that children differ from each other as minutely as blades of grass and that their conduct from day to day is as subject to change as New England weather, actual subnormal cases have been located and, in instances of definite feeble-mindedness, much good has been accomplished by a special type of training

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that makes the ordinary achievements of life much more possible. The work that is being done for subnormal and unmoral children in the public schools of many of our larger cities testifies to this noteworthy accomplishment.

V

PSYCHOLOGISTS and educators have been engaged in a much prolonged argument over the definition of intelligence. While no actual blows have been struck, there has been much mental violence, which, though at times distressing, has done much to clarify the atmosphere and bring this mystifying problem down to simple terms. Strange as it may seem, the *definition* of intelligence could not be formulated until intelligence was measured.

Binet, in drawing up his scale, described intelligence as having three characteristics of the thought processes—namely, that it, first, tends to take and maintain a definite direction; second, it has a capacity to make adaptations for the purpose of attaining a desired end; and, third, it has the power of autocriticism. These characteristics are believed to represent very clearly the chief difference between the intelligence of men and the intelligence, or lack of it, in animals.

Terman, after revising and using the Binet scale, defined intelligence by stating that "an individual is intelligent in proportion as he is able to carry on abstract thinking," while other psychologists have called it "a general capacity which consciously adjusts the individual's thinking to new requirements," "the ability of the individual to adapt himself to relatively new situations in life," "intellect plus knowledge," "the capacity to acquire capacity," and so on, a separate definition being provided by each person who has given the problem serious thought.

If we try to combine the various definitions that have been offered we eventually arrive at the point where we conclude that *intelligence is the capacity of the individual to adapt himself to a new situation*, in which *capacity* is thought of as being made up of the two factors of native ability and training. If such a definition should be acceptable, it would have to be admitted at once that there are many kinds or *types* of intelligence and that we can speak of *degrees* of intelligence only when the intelligence of all those concerned is measured by the same test.

VI

SOLDIERS in the army, measured by the same test, were distributed according to degrees of *learning*, a general learning based on the typical school subjects pursued. Children in the public schools, save for certain tests in the individual examination involving native ability and home training, are distributed in the same manner. Consequently, there must be a type of intelligence that may be known as *schoolroom intelligence*, which tends to attain certain levels and beyond which some of us never go.

It is not generally known that intelligence tests are being employed by many large industrial concerns, insurance companies, and kindred organizations. In such cases the results are not used so much to reclassify and promote as they are to admit applicants to positions with a company or firm. The tests used are somewhat different from those employed in the schoolroom, sometimes taking the form of tests over the actual trade or occupation involved, but usually composed of a scrambled group of items meant to test mental alertness. Certain occupations require a high degree of mental alertness and the work is speeded up by the selection of persons mentally fitted to the task in question. In this there is no guarantee that the person will be temperamentally fitted to the position; such facts must be found out otherwise.

Except in the case of testing for trade ability, we usually have overlooked, however, such types of intelligence as may be common to the carpenter, the farmer, the industrial worker, the detective, the inventor, the engineer, the mechanician, the architect, the painter, the musician, the movie actor, the chef, the compositor, the politician, the poet, the editor, the attorney, the surgeon, the preacher, the teacher, or the manager of a large corporate enterprise. Yet, in the light of

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many valuable inventions, compositions, and productions, and in the light of the composite definition of intelligence, each may be as highly intelligent in his respective way as any of the others.

Especially have we been unable to measure satisfactorily the mental ability of those who are commonly labelled "motor-minded." A boy in school who seems incapable of learning such subjects as history, geography, literature, etc., is frequently shunted into trade-training, and, unfortunately, is spoken of as one whose intelligence will not permit him to engage in the high and noble pursuits of the learned professions. This is only a half-truth, since his interests may tend toward mechanical work and the method by which his mental measure is taken be quite inadequate in his case. Girls, also, who fail to make sufficient progress in classical studies, are encouraged to take up home economics or the fine arts. Yet if we admit that cooking and sewing, instrumental and vocal music, and drawing and painting require little intelligence, we have not only not studied the question carefully, but may expect to receive in return mediocre food and clothing and mediocre compositions.

VII

THE use of the word "intelligence" is in itself a doubtful practice, especially when it is employed more or less indiscriminately. Most of us would rather be called a thief than to have our intelligence impugned, for even a thief may be looked upon with admiration by a limited few, but the fool can never gain a second hearing on the same subject. However, if we come to understand intelligence to mean *mental ability*, the capacity to adapt oneself to a new situation, our sensitiveness may disappear and in its place may come constructive thought that will make it possible for us to meet new situations wisely and well.

It is difficult to predict what the future of intelligence-testing will be. In spite of serious protests from parents and from certain of those engaged in school work who do not see great values in the movement, the idea of testing the intelligence of school children has gained ground, and more children are likely to be tested during succeeding school years than ever before. It would be unfair to assume that the tests are not being improved, for test-makers have profited by past mistakes and are trying to meet the objections of those who have criticised their efforts.

The real question to answer concerns the value of the I. Q. Is it sufficiently reliable to serve as a sole basis for promotion or demotion? Very likely not. Even where the best individual test is given by a trained examiner, there is much doubt as to whether reclassification based only on the results of testing, is justifiable. For, in the words of one well-known psychologist, "the intelligence test is a good index of a child's ability to learn in school, *if he is interested and willing*." His interest and willingness have not been tested. Therefore any scheme of promotion that does not take these factors into account is not valid.

The strange part about it is that people are nearly always interested in things they can learn readily. It gives us great pleasure to talk with people we can understand and to read from authors who are not laboriously dull. The successful salesman understands these principles. He advertises his wares in a language common to the largest number. Hence the wide distribution of the ten best-sellers and the extensive patronage of modern motion-pictures. If the majority of us have intelligence quotients typical of thirteen-year-old children, the things that are "over our heads" are likely to make no appeal to us.

One distinct reason why many persons have objected to the use of intelligence tests is that the terms by which they have been described have been "over their heads." Once familiar with the way the tests are given and with the meanings of the terms employed, they are likely to subside and trust to luck that their children will pull through in some manner. Looked at in one way, it cannot make much difference if intelligence tests are given to school children. It is all a part of the day's work, and parents should think no more of it than when the children are given written lessons. If teachers would call the I. Q. *schoolroom ability*, or some similar term, they would be forgiven

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other shortcomings that may be called to notice. Looked at in another way, however, the indiscriminate use of intelligence tests is a dangerous and reprehensible practice.

If a child is found to be below average as a result of his first test, parents should demand that he be tested repeatedly to prove or disprove the first finding. The parents of certain children doubtless will find that their offspring do not have a capacity that will cope with the problems of the typical classroom as they grow in magnitude. Once established, this fact should be accepted and the necessary steps taken or allowed that will carry the child as far as he is capable of going. When that point is reached further schooling is useless, but no conclusions should be drawn until all the threads of evidence are in.

The organization of parent-teacher associations in thousands of cities and towns throughout the country is highly commendable. If all parents who have children in attendance at school would become members of such organizations, they would be afforded the opportunity of hearing the problems of school administration and classroom management discussed. The subject most frequently presented is one which has some bearing on the meaning of the mysterious I. Q. Nothing that has anything to do with the welfare of our children should be shrouded in mystery.

The Doctor's Confession

BY ROGER BURLINGAME

Author of "You Too," etc.

Illustrations by Captain John W. Thomason, Jr., U. S. M. C.

I DO not know whether, in the imminence of danger, a man's lips are opened or sealed. I have heard it said both ways: that the nearness of death begets confidences, again that it makes men silent, fearing to disclose evil of the past lest the words make it too real to their minds. I only know that once when shells were coming too frequently for comfort (even in the transport lines) I heard from a close-lipped man a confession that has altered much of my thinking.

It was a black night, raining, uncomfortable, and fear in the air. In the little shelter that my supply sergeant had built for me of stolen lumber, three of us were gathered. There were double blankets over the entrance so that we could have a candle; that was a comfort, but it ate the air, and the smoke from our pipes polluted what was left. We had, among us, a quart bottle of cognac, and, had I not known the doctor's habit so well, I should have said it was the spirits that unloosed his talk.

But the doctor was a morose and silent man and the drink, of which he was grimly fond, made him more so. The third soul in our shelter was the battalion supply officer, a captain from the ranks of the regular army. Captain McArthur had been of the old brand of soldier to whom West Pointers say the smell of the barracks clings despite their captain's bars. He was eminently regulation, clothed in the old khaki serge and leather puttees; as set in his ways as if he had learned his every habit from the book, to the very combing of his hair; lined, weather worn, the ache of the tropics in his bones, hard working within the letter of the rules, and slow of mind.

Doc Jeffries was a civilian from a Texas town whither, from New England, he had drifted on one of the western tides; this much had been gleaned from him, not without difficulty. As about all silent men, rumors had grown about him. It was said, for example, that he had been forced out of Vermont for illegal opera-

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From a drawing by John W. Thomason, Jr.

"If yer going to get hit, yer going to get hit. It's God does it, not no Germans."—Page 164.

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tions; others had it that his practice in Texas had been confined to negroes; there were tales of liaisons with Indian squaws; I believed few of these myself, and conceived the doctor, apart from his liquor, to be a man of stern conscience, and I knew the ways of such scandal in the army.

Both Jeffries and McArthur were what are known as characters. They had the look of it; Jeffries with his red face and red hair and his long, sinister, red-gray mustache, one side of which he had twirled round his finger till it had grown awry; McArthur with his leathery, seamed, brown cheeks and high, Indian-like cheek-bones, and a strange tilt of his right eye that frightened recruits. They were fast friends in their sparse-worded way; I and some who knew them better knew that before the army they had lived together in the Texas town. I suspected there had been adventures between them; there was a quality in their friendship which suggested a quarrel perhaps, healed in a closer understanding. The doctor had said to me once in a rare moment of confidence which I feel sure he regretted: "Good boy, Jim. Him and me has pulled each other through some things."

Altogether we made a strange gathering. I was in command, at the time, of a machine-gun company in reserve; I went to bed each night with the expectation of being called in the weak hours of dawn to go up the lines and shoot a barrage; to-night, with the rain, the expectation had become a certainty, and I determined to sit up and wait for it.

A third of the bottle had been drunk in silence and then the doctor laughed. It was an odd sound, a little frightening in the night and the rain. His face, too, contorted strangely, from long disuse in laughing, I suppose. Then words followed the laugh.

"Funny feller, that Burton."

McArthur's face brightened almost imperceptibly.

"He were," he said.

"I remember that last sickness he had," Jeffries went on. "Never saw a man so wild with delirium. Had a lot of crazy fancies, he did, all about his wife. First he'd see her going away with one man, then it was another; then he was sure it was old Henry Watrous had her. Imagine old Henry Watrous and Jane Burton! Funny feller, Burton."

"He were," said McArthur.

"Sad case, though, Burton. Hung on so long. I knew for ten years nothing on God's earth would save him. Sad case, Burton."

"He were," said McArthur.

The doctor poured himself another drink.

"Keeps the chill off a night like this," he said.

I started to speak then. I had said "Doctor" when a shell went off in the edge of the wood and a little piece of it came whining by the blankets. I stopped and my hand trembled a little so that I spilled the brandy from my glass.

"That was near," said the doctor.

"It were," said McArthur.

"What was you going to say, boy, when that burst got yer guts?"

"I was going to say don't you think it's better sometimes to let a man like that die?"

The doctor did not pause in his reply. He turned toward me, leaned forward, and pointed his words with his finger on my knee.

"You heard that shell," he said. "All right. Maybe that shell got some poor soul, maybe didn't. If it got him, then it was God's will for it to land right there. If it didn't, then it was God's will he should live. The Lord giveth and the Lord taketh away. If he's dead now, then it was his time and God took his soul. If yer going to get hit yer going to get hit. It's God does it, not no Germans. Now look at you 'n' me 'n' Jim, here, shells busting round us these three weeks 'n' us drinkin' cognac to-night. To-morrow it's one of us may go."

He took a long drink and coughed a little in the manner of men whom liquor has weakened.

"Now the human soul is precious to God. You let a man die and he may not have done his work. If I'd let Burton die first time he got sick, he might not of done something he did do—mind you, I don't say he done nothin'—why, I'd of been thwarting the will of the Almighty."

I was a little taken aback to discover this religious trend in the doctor's thinking. Moreover, I thought his argument highly illogical. But I had no wish to in-

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volve myself in a discussion of theology, so I started on another tack.

"Well, suppose a man is condemned to death and becomes dangerously ill in prison. Don't you think it's a mercy to let him die and save him from the agony of the scaffold? I mean the mental agony, of course."

. . . A runner came to me and . . . asked if I had a doctor.—Page 169.

The doctor was silent a while and his face was a little distorted by thought. He pulled the left side of his mustache and twisted it round his finger. Then he spoke, not answering my question.

"I worked once in a penitentiary."

"Well," I persisted, "didn't you ever feel tempted to let a condemned man go?"

"No," he said shortly.

"May I ask why?"

"That's my business."

There, I thought, was an end of that. I was sorry I had driven home my questions, because I had enjoyed his talk and now I could see it was done. I was sorry, too, to have annoyed him by my persistence.

We sat silent a long time after that, and I got out my map and studied it by the low, guttering candle. Then, in the midst of our strange meditation, with these two men thinking their intimate, inexplicable thoughts, and I with my finger on the map thinking mine, the whir of a shell came immediately over us and there was a muffled burst just outside the blankets, followed by the heavy spatter of mud. We threw ourselves on our stomachs and in doing so one of us knocked over the candle, and we found ourselves sprawled over each other in the blackness.

From the confusion came forth a sudden scream, more like an animal's than a man's, but for the spoken words:

"For God's sake, light the candle!"

I had never seen the doctor unstrung before. By the light of my match I saw his face gone green and his black lips in unspeaking motion. He picked himself up and reached for the bottle. The brandy spilled over his face as he drank, and for a full minute afterward he choked and coughed.

I made some commonplace joking remarks, but Jim McArthur never spoke or moved. He lay slumped against the side of the shelter and his face was perplexed in thought. It was as if he had gone on with his strange, difficult thought through all of it.

When the doctor had finished his coughing, he seized my arm and spoke brokenly. "We're alone in this hell," he said. "The eye of God is watching us from the raining heaven, and death is bursting round us."

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There was something pitiful in this break in the old doctor's unswerving nerve. Then he gathered himself and spoke more calmly.

"I'll tell you something, boy. Any of us may die to-night or to-morrow. I'll not die with a lie on my lips. I lied to you, boy, before that thing came out of hell. I lied, I did. I let a man die in the penitentiary when I might have saved him. But I was as mortal sure as anybody can be he done what he got sent up for. It was this way——"

The doctor had got back something of his stolidity. He was speaking now without a break in his voice; even the thick mouthing of his words, which I had noticed had grown with the liquor, was gone.

"It was this way. We had a shooting affair down there in Davytown, Texas, where Jim and me used to live. Some business about a woman. Jim knows about it. Kind of sweet on her, wasn't you one time, Jim?"

McArthur came slowly out of his thinking. The doctor repeated his question.

"I know who you mean," he said. "Middleton was the man's name. Got pardoned by the governor."

"He never did," said the doctor. "I'm telling you he died of pneumonia in prison."

There was, I thought, a moment's flash of surprise in McArthur's tilted eye, which changed in the instant to irritation.

"I disremember," he said. "I enlisted about then, and there isn't much news in the army. Somebody told me——"

"Well, anyway," the doctor went on, a little annoyed by the interruption, "him and Jim and most all the boys was sweet on—on——"

"Guess you can leave out her name," said McArthur. "Guess you can leave me out too. And leave out the 'sweet.'"

"Well, it's hard after these years to recollect the details. She was a damn fine girl and this Middleton didn't like the man she was keeping company with. What the hell was that girl's name, Jim?"

McArthur's face had gone back into its absorption. It did not seem as if any of the doctor's story was penetrating his consciousness. His silence left the doctor a little helpless and pitiful.

"Oh, well," he said, "not much use going on with it."

There was a long pause after that, and I knew that a word from me would end everything. If the doctor was to tell his story it must be in his own way. I turned back to the map and tried to trace the front line by a set of ragged orders, but my head swam a little from the cognac and the smoke, and the names of the towns danced about on the map, so after a time I gave it up. It was my putting the map away that started the doctor off again.

"Listen to them guns," he said. "Seems further away to-night. Must have made some advance."

"It's the rain makes them seem far," I said, partly from the habit of discounting good news and partly, I am afraid, because I knew that only the remnant of fear in the doctor would make him go on with his strange tale.

"Supposin' they fell back even," he said, "'twould sound far enough on a night like this. I'd forgot about the rain. Funny how you forget about the rain when you never see the sun. Well, as the song says, another little drink won't do us any harm."

He poured and drank and brought his glass down hard on the table.

"I ain't no coward," he said, and I could swear it was true and still can; I can add that that night was the only time before or since that I ever saw a tremor in his face. "I ain't no coward, I ain't. If death comes I'll go like the rest. But not with a lie on my lips, no. And I've told you what I said was a lie. I've let a man die. And having told that, I might as well go on. See to that candle, boy."

The candle had burned itself low and, while I fumbled for another, hissed out. I had the other lighted in an instant and set back in its bottle.

"I might as well go on," Jeffries repeated. "Middleton was a hot-tempered boy and deep in love with—with—Alice—that was it—Alice Dunn. Funny how you remember things sudden like that. And one night he took a pot shot at this man, Stevens was his name, when he was on his way home from Alice's walkin' in the woods. Well, nobody seen him do it of course, but there was a trail of circum-

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From a drawing by John W. Thomason, Jr.

The doctor smiled in his distorted way. "There he is," he said.—Page 169.

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stantial evidence would of hung George Washington himself. I can't remember the details all these years, but they got the records somewhere. Anyways, I performed the autopsy, and I was at the trial, and there wasn't a juryman more convinced than me. I never liked that Middleton, damned if I did, nor nobody else liked him neither, but I wouldn't believe a man guilty unless he was proved guilty, so help me God, if he was my worst enemy."

There was a ring in the doctor's voice that, following on what he had said and shown me of himself that evening, made me sure of the truth of his words. It seems to me, looking back on him and on the few words that I have heard him speak, that I have never known a man with a keener sense of justice.

"Well, that's about all. About a year later I got a job at the state prison. I wouldn't take it again, not for ten thousand a year and keep. I tried to be good to Middleton. I didn't like the man, but if he'd been my own flesh and blood brother I wouldn't have treated him kinder. And the kindest thing I ever done was not give him the stimulant that would have pulled him through his pneumonia three weeks before he was due for the chair."

"You were right," I said, "dead right."

But the doctor did not answer. For an instant a questioning, almost controversial look came on his face; a look I had seen before when some one had agreed with him. It was a curious perversity—over-heavy conscience, I think, that worried the doctor when his statements were accepted. But the doubt passed from his face when he spoke.

"He was guilty, Middleton was. No doubt of that. Guilty of a mortal sin before God and a capital crime in the judgment of the State."

"And if he was innocent," I said, in my haste to follow up my argument, "even if he was innocent he was certain to die a disgraceful death."

The doctor turned on me suddenly and I despised myself for my words.

"Good God, boy, don't say such a thing a night like this! Would my hand o' let an innocent man die? While he lived God might save him if he was innocent. Men tell o' innocent men bein' hung, but I never seen it. No, he was guilty, Middleton was. An' yet maybe I oughtn't to o' done it. What do ye think, Jim?"

And then for the first time we realized that Jim had gone. He had been so motionless through the doctor's talk that we had forgotten him. He must have left us at the second going out of the candle. The doctor looked an instant at the place where he had been and then looked back at me with puzzled eyes.

"My God!" he said. "Jim's gone."

"He looked tired," I said because I had to say something. "Guess he's turned in. Lucky dogs, these supply officers. Get their full night's sleep back here in transport."

Our further talk—if indeed there would have been any—was forstalled by the opening of the blanket. A runner came in, smelling of the wet. He handed me a damp paper with the expected message.

"Right," I said. "Get Reilly and tell him to get out the company. Limbers. We'll take 'em into Chevières and damn division orders. See you up the line, doctor. There'll be work for you tonight."

I gathered up my pistol-belt, gas-mask, and map-case and went out into the rain. The doctor never moved. I heard him mutter to himself as the blanket closed:

"Funny feller, Jim."

It was a dirty night up the lines. Eight miles through the mud to get there, with men falling down and limbers bogging; long, hard digging in the clay to get our emplacements up before the dawn. We started firing at half-past five and got out just in time not to get hit by a one-pounder that had bracketed my left gun. I was a little proud of my shoot that night, not because of what I killed—one never knew very much about that—but because I kept my men and my guns whole, and but for a lead horse that got killed by a shell-splinter and shed an immense quantity of blood, I had no unhappy incidents with my outfit.

The doctor was with me while my emplacements were digging and kept an unbroken silence. I do not think we exchanged a word. Perhaps the unwonted

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talk of the evening had exhausted his power of speech, perhaps it had started a train of thought; in any case, his silence was an accustomed thing and I thought little about it until afterward.

Just after my barrage was begun a runner came to me and, cupping his hands about my ear to be heard above the clamor of my battery, asked if I had a doctor. I sent Jeffries off with him and they went down the road to some suffering outfit.

On the way home came the sad ending to the doctor's story about which I have thought so much. My men were on the road in single file with big intervals and I trailed along behind to keep them in order. We got to a crossroads and I was amazed, looking up the road to the left, to see the doctor gesticulating to me violently. I stopped and he beckoned me to come.

It was an unpleasant place to go to, neatly enfiladed as it was by the enemy machine-guns, but the doctor seemed in some kind of trouble, so I signalled to my sergeant to keep moving, and chanced it. When I got to the doctor he pointed to a pistol lying at the bottom of a bank. I thought for a moment the poor man must have lost his wits, to point so silently and insistently at a single pistol when the ground everywhere was strewn with abandoned equipment of every conceivable kind.

"Well?" I said.

"It's Jim's."

"How can it be?" Jim, I knew, was in the rear with the transport.

"Come," he said. He took me up the bank and there was a body lying on its belly. He turned it gently over and I saw Jim's face. There was a hole through his upper blouse pocket; no other mark.

"Poor McArthur," I said. "A machine-gun bullet."

"Machine-gun?" The doctor pointed to powder stains on the serge. Then he undid the blouse and the shirt. "A pistol," he said. "Held close. His own pistol, down there. Had strength enough after to throw it."

"But—what was he doing here?"

The doctor smiled in his distorted way.

"There he is," he said.

"But if he wanted to kill himself, all he had to do was to stand there and be shot at."

"Boy, you could stand there a year if God willed it."

I had not shared the doctor's blind belief, but I remembered now having seen men walk unharmed for hours among the dying and the dead in air as thick with bullets as a summer swamp with mosquitoes.

"He tried, but it wasn't his destiny," the doctor went on. "And then he couldn't stand it no longer—the waiting. But he didn't want me to know. That's why he threw that pistol with his last breath."

I could see the doctor had worked out Jim's motive, but in my stupidity—bred perhaps of the night and my weariness—I could not see his meaning until he spoke again.

"My God, boy!" he said. "Can't you see what this means? I've let an innocent man die. Middleton never killed Stevens. O my God!"

And then there happened one of the war's tricks—God's will, I suppose the doctor would have it. We had been, as men sometimes are before the direst danger, so absorbed in this affair of Jim's that we forgot our own safety. We were standing in broad daylight in the full view of the German gunners. Even when I saw a spurt of mud kicked up by dropping bullets I only thought of it as an explanation of Jim's not getting hit—that they were coming too low.

Perhaps, though, it was the sight of those bullets and my knowledge of machine gunnery that unconsciously saved my life. A random shell came down on the heels of the doctor's last words and burst near us. It was an automatic action with all of us to fall on our faces at the whir of a shell. Yet for some reason I kept standing then when the doctor dropped. And a half dozen of the bullets that had been too low for Jim buried themselves in him.

It was an uncanny thing, the war, in many ways; perhaps it is not good to think back too much upon it, and surely of no value to speculate upon its fates.

I am sure that in its hours of dark and rain and fear men's lips were sometimes opened and many such confessions told; few, I think, with so strange an ending.

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The Gitksan on the Skeena

BY W. LANGDON KIHN

ILLUSTRATIONS FROM DRAWINGS AND PAINTINGS BY THE AUTHOR

I AM neither a historian nor an ethnologist, just an artist pure and simple, and want to take my reader into an artist's paradise. Not necessarily an artist's paradise but any one's paradise.

Far in the north the Skeena River flows. Out of the towering snow-capped peaks to the east, it flows west and south into the sea. Some two hundred and fifty miles of madly rushing water through canyons, over long, level flats of fireweed, past an endless chain of majestic mountains to the sea. It is the home of the salmon, the eagle, and Medeek, the grizzly bear. And it is the home of the Gitksan, the people of the totem-poles.

The Gitksan are fish-eating people. They live on dried and smoked salmon. They also eat of wild berries, and of game which they prepare in various ways. Unlike the nomads of the plains, they live in villages, some ten villages in all, scattered up and down along the banks of the Skeena. They are great hunters, spear-fishermen, and canoeists. Their canoes are large affairs, some exceeding thirty feet in length, and hewn out of one solid log, the log of the giant west-coast cedar. They have always lived in large gabled houses made of wood, after the manner of white men. The exterior and interior of these houses were often painted and carved. Outside, and in front of each house, stands a totem-pole (sometimes two or three). These totem-poles are not pagan gods, as is too universally believed. They have no religious significance whatsoever, but merely represent the crests and stories, myths and traditions of the people. The entire aspect of the country is unique and without a parallel. The gorgeous setting of gigantic peaks, the rushing mountain streams, the profusion and wealth of rich vegetation, and then those quiet, sleepy little villages with their weird totem-poles and quaint people.

The totem-pole culture extended up and down the Pacific coast from Alaska to the State of Washington. This indeed was a marvellous country, peopled with strange souls. Their geographical situation gave them a profusion of natural resources to draw from. The countless millions of salmon gave them food. The abundance of game gave them food, fur, and clothing. The cedar gave them of its wood for houses and boats, and of its bark for baskets, rope, and clothing. They lived in comparative luxury and happiness.

But now a shadow was cast. It was the shadow of the white man's boats on the deep blue of the Pacific. Exploitation and degeneration set in. The Indians traded fur and women for rum, muskets, and trinkets. The white missionaries came in and denounced their totem-poles and images as pagan gods, and had them chopped down or burned. The die was cast. Their social organization was broken down and nothing was given them in its place but the teaching of our God, whom they could not understand.

I do not mean to preach and I do not mean this tragicomedy was committed knowingly and purposely by all. It was the progression of circumstance in the peopling of a new world, with ignorance and stupid blundering on both sides. But the work was done. The Indians deteriorated into a race without character, a race without any conscious social power. Their culture is gradually disappearing. Many of their old villages with their picturesque houses and totem-poles have been burned or abandoned. And out of all this, as compared to before, there is but little left.

But here and there along the coast some of these tribes are still preserved.

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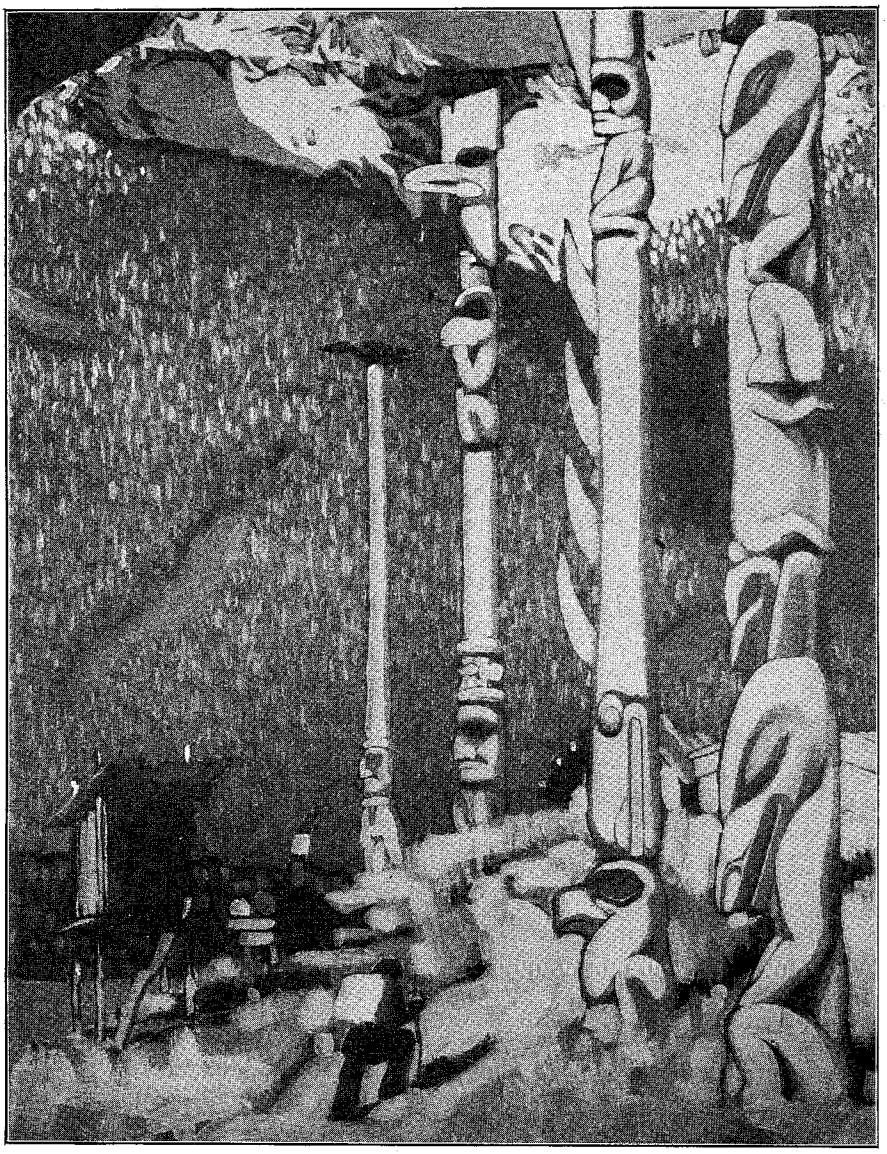

Totem-pole village of Kitwanga, B. C., Canada.

In remote localities one can see the old villages with their totem-poles still standing. And the Skeena is one of the last strongholds of this unique people.

To describe a people as a whole is not easy. There are certain general characteristics of race and blood which distinguish a group from its neighbor. For instance, when we use the too general term "Chinamen" we quite readily form a picture of slanting eyes, black hair, and yellow skin. But as we get to know any people well, this kind of generalization becomes more difficult. I remember as a boy it was very difficult for me to tell one Chinaman from another, and it wasn't until later that the difference between the Chinese and Japanese was at all evident. They all looked like Chinamen to me, and all the same Chinaman at that. But as we live with and get to know a people well the characters of the individuals

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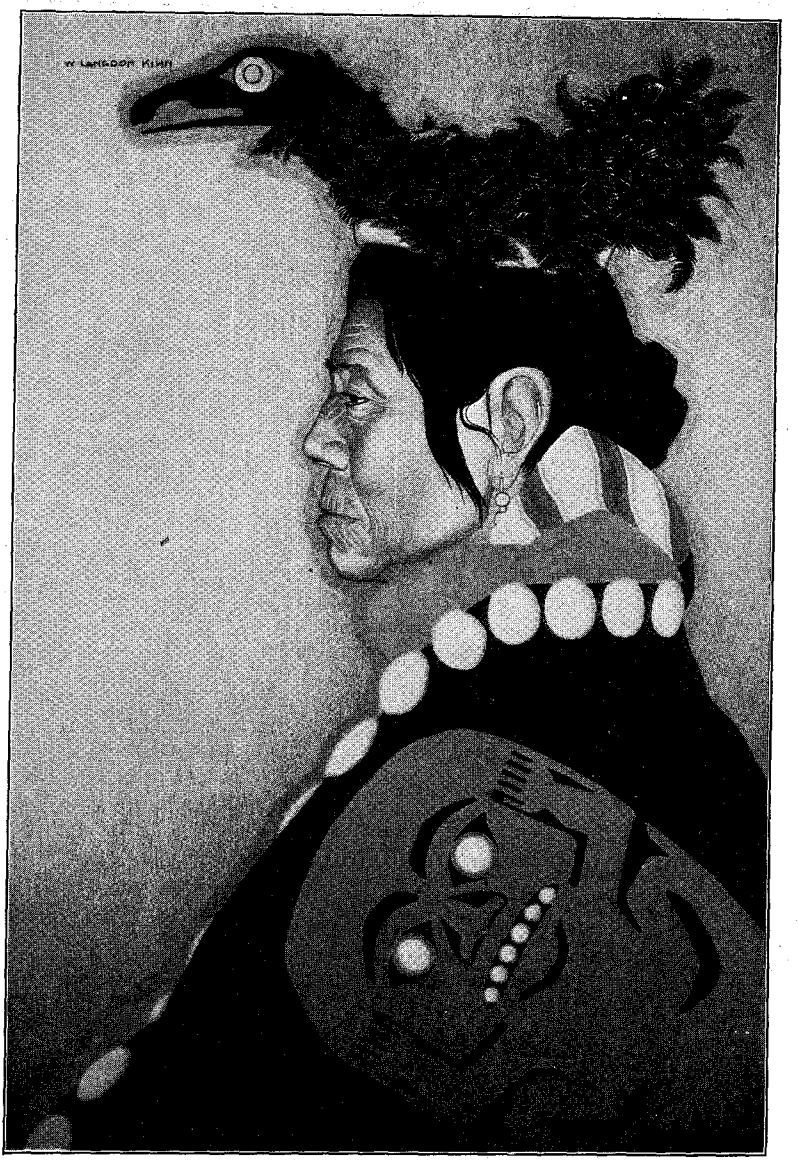

"Gwinhu."

Woman chief of the Raven phratry of Gitwinkool. Head-dress—"Hlkuwilkskum-Kak" or "Prince of Ravens." Blanket representing Kus-Gyadem-Kamats or the crest of Garment of the Starfish.

stand out stronger and stronger. We begin to know personalities, and we find a wide variation in the general aspect and physiognomy of individuals. So that when the problem of describing a people is given me I must needs hesitate. In my generalization I find so many exceptions I feel I must go into lengthy discourse where, as a matter of fact, it is hardly necessary.

Generally speaking, the Gitksan are short and broad in stature, full-chested, with rather long arms and short legs. The general contour of their heads and their facial expressions are strikingly Asiatic. Their complexion is mostly yellow-tan and red, and they have but a meagre, skimpy growth of hair on their faces. They have a thick shock of hair on their

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"Lelt" or Snake.

A chief of the Raven phratry of Kitwanga. Head-dress—"Mawdzeks," the carved image of a hawk with frogs. Cane—Images of Raven and Snake devouring a frog. Blanket—Button blanket. Represents the crest of the "People of the Copper Shield."

heads, coarse, straight, and black as jet. Their features are generally heavy; broad-nosed, thick-lipped, long-chinned. They have low foreheads and black, beady eyes, slightly oblique. Unlike the Indians of the plains or anywhere east of the Rockies, their personalities are not pleasing. They are suspicious, shrewd, and sometimes sullen. They are sharp-witted and quick-tongued. They are quite emotional and highly keyed. Nowadays, though they are not all poor, they live in filth. Above all, they are keenly intelligent.

Their social activity has developed them along unique lines. Culturally, in the art of their painting, carving, story-telling, singing, and dancing, they are de-

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Andap of Hazelton.

Fireweed crest—Medicine man's costume. Head-dress of grizzly bear claws. Rattle carved of wood representing the owl.

veloped to a far greater degree than any of the American aborigines I have lived with. There are a refinement in taste, a naïveté of expression that are quite unparalleled. To go into the causes of their cultural development would require volumes of preparation. In brief, all their art is interpretive. Their carved and painted ravens, wolves, salmon, are family crests. Their representations of human-like forms, animals, and plants, are stories, and sometimes actual history or events connected with the family. Their grotesque part-human, part-animal forms are mythological beings of traditions that have been handed down through generations.

All their art is full of imagery. When a Gitksan hears two trees rubbing and squeaking, as they sometimes do in the wind, he says: "That is the voice of 'Skawah,' the 'Sky-Being.'" "Skawah" was taken into the sky by her lover. On her ascent she was told not to look down upon the earth. She heard great and strange noises below, and being a woman she looked. Immediately she fell through space, and was pinned on the spear-like point of a tall, slim cedar. And here she moaned and cried in agony. To-day, when the trees in the forest creak in the wind, the Gitksan looks skyward and says: "'Tis the voice of 'Skawah.'" This story is represented in their painting and carving. Then there is another, the story of the woman who was taken down into the lake by a frog. Her people missed her, and went to the edge of the lake. When she emerged her whole body was covered with little frogs. The sculptor, in representing this myth upon a totem-pole, carved the human-like figure of a woman with frogs over the eyelids, a frog coming out of the mouth, and the breasts as two frogs' heads. Some of these myths are the general property of the whole tribe. Any one can tell them, and the old chiefs and seers sitting around their fires at night with a cold wind and driven snow blowing outside, will tell these stories to their women and children, and they become entranced by their wonder and fright. But the great majority of these stories and traditions become the personal property of some one family, like the Eagle or Raven clan, and cannot be told by any other family or clan. In this case these myths and traditions are incorporated upon the poles as I have shown, and become part of the crest of that family.

"Ukslartao" or "Out on Ice."

A young girl from the village of Kitwanga.

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Tseewa or Thick Thighs.

A medicine man of the Raven phratry of Gitwinkool. Background figures of the crest of semgeek or woodpecker.

This interpretation of their art is not confined to their totem-poles and house interiors. Their canoes, their paint-brushes, their fish fences, their ceremonial costumes, everything connected with their daily life and occupations were all covered with these crests and stories interpreted in decoration and conventionalized forms. Naturally this led to an extreme stylizing. The forms were traditionary, in most cases, and the artist or sculptor had to conform to the conventionalization that had been handed down through generations. But in the case of introducing a new crest or story in a totem-pole or house-painting, the artist would often be left to give his own interpretation of it.

One of the most striking aspects of their art is in the display at feasts and dances

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of their ceremonial costumes. These ceremonies are practically extinct now. The missionaries have discouraged them and the government prohibited them until, like the withered arm of a paralytic, they are still a part of the body but have no function. It was my extreme good fortune to be the invited spectator at one of these amazing ceremonies. The ceremony lasted about a week, and such a wealth of costumes, characters, and color I have never seen. Some part of almost every animal is used for ornamentation. To describe one type of dance costume would give a fair idea of the decoration employed and the material used in its creation. Nowadays with Hudson Bay blankets, red flannel, glass beads, aluminum thimbles, pearl buttons, Chinese coins, and whatnot, one can see all kinds of curious get-ups. But let me add here that they employ these modern, cheap, and often gaudy trinkets that civilization has given them, with amazing taste. The combination which they often use of the natural ornaments gathered from the animals of the woods, with the decorations bought at trading-posts, sometimes gives a most striking effect. Their moccasins are of moose or caribou skin, tanned and designed with red flannel and other colored cloths, sewed on in patterns. The leggings are of painted leather, or woollen cloth, designed with a crest and hung on the sides with the beaks of puffins and the hoofs of unborn caribou, or Chinese coins and aluminum thimbles. Their dancing apron, which is tied about the waist and hangs to a little below the knees, is also of painted leather or woollen cloth, with a design sewed on in different colored cloths. This, too, is hung with puffin beaks and the hoofs of unborn caribou, or thimbles, or coins, or anything that rattles and rings with movement. For a blanket they may wear the famous "Chilkat," the only native-woven blanket, of gorgeous designs in blue, black, yellow, and white; designs of the "grizzly bear of the sea" or the "Blackfish" or any other crest, and the whole space between covered with conventionalized forms of eyes and feathers and fins. This blanket is woven of the hair of the mountain-goat on a warp of twisted cedar bark. Or they may wear a blanket purchased at a trading-store; a blanket of dark blue with the design of their crest, the "star-fish," the "raven," the "fern," executed in red flannel appliqué, and white pearl buttons. Or they may wear a wolf pelt, or a bear's skin, or a blanket all of twisted cedar bark dyed brilliant orange, with strips of swan's-down and fur tacked on. About their neck will be a large ring, a ring of twisted cedar bark. On their head will be a mask, carved in wood, of "Geeboo," the wolf, or "Giladal," the thunder bird. And this will be colored in many brilliant shades of paint, and inlaid with the opalescent shell of abalone pearl. Above this will be a crown of transparent yellow barbs, the color of pale amber. These are the whiskers of the sea-lion. Before they dance they spit on these and place on them the white fluffy tufts of eagle's down. When they dance, the down blows off and floats about like new-blown snow. This signifies happiness, peace, and good-will to all.

Imagine if you can a gathering or an array of these strange, wonderful people at a dance, feast, or potlach. Hundreds of them chanting their weird songs, beating their deep-toned drums, dancing in these awesome colorful costumes, all in a setting of snow-capped peaks, deep canyons, with rushing streams, and an endless wilderness of fir.

And this is the thing we are losing. This wonderful world, with its touch of the supernatural, is rapidly disappearing. This fine spirit, this exotic colorful life in most localities of the great Northwest has gone—passed out. The old men and seers still know their old stories and traditions. They can still tell of "Skawah," the "Sky-Being," or their own story of the "Deluge." But the new generation will not carry on. They titter and poke fun at the old men. They don their overalls and caps, and when the summer breaks they hie them to the large fish canneries on the coast to "make um some money all the same white man." And with this comes all the sordid life of aimless souls. When the old men and women die, there shall be but little left. We shall go to the archaic, empty halls of our museums and gaze with wonder at what they knew and did. But what we see will be lifeless—dead. It will lack the spirit that gives it life. They will have entered the realm of specimens.

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The Silver Spoon

BY JOHN GALSWORTHY

Author of "The White Monkey," etc.

XI

SOAMES VISITS THE PRESS

SOAMES had gone off to his sister's in Green Street thoroughly upset. That Fleur should have a declared enemy, powerful in Society, filled him with uneasiness; that she should hold him accountable for it seemed the more unjust, because, in fact, he was.

An evening spent under the calming influence of Winifred Dartie's common sense, and Turkish coffee, which, though "liverish stuff," he always drank with relish, restored in him something of the feeling that it was a storm in a teacup.

"But that paper paragraph," he said, "sticks in my gizzard."

"Very tiresome, Soames, the whole thing; but I shouldn't bother. People just skim those 'chiff-chaff' little notes and forget them the next moment. They're put in for fun, my dear."

"Pretty sort of fun! That paper's all over the place."

"There's no name mentioned."

"These political people and whipper-snappers in Society all know each other," said Soames.

"Well, my dear boy," said Winifred in her comfortable voice, so cosey, and above earthly disturbance, "nobody takes anything seriously nowadays."

She was sensible. He went up to bed in a more cheerful mood.

But retirement from business had effected in Soames a deeper change than he was at all aware of. Lacking professional issues to anchor the faculty for worrying he had inherited from James Forsyte, he was inclined to pet any trouble that came along. The more he thought of that paragraph, the more he felt inclined for a friendly talk with the editor. If he could go to Fleur and say: "I've made it all right with those fellows. There'll be no more of that sort of thing," he would wipe out her vexation. You couldn't make people in private think well of your daughter, but surely you could check public expression of the opposite opinion.

Except that he did not like to get into them, Soames took on the whole a favorable view of "the papers." He read *The Times;* his father had read it before him, and he had been brought up on its crackle. It had news—more news for his money than he could get through. He respected its leading articles; and if its huge supplements had at times appeared to him too much of a good thing, still it was a gentleman's paper. Annette and Winifred took *The Morning Post.* That also was a gentleman's paper, but it had a bee or two in its bonnet. Bees in bonnets were respectable things, but personally Soames did not care for them. He knew little of the other papers except that those he saw about had bigger head-lines and seemed cut up into little bits. Of the Press as a whole he took the English view: It was an institution. It might have its faults, but you had to put up with it.

About eleven o'clock he was walking toward Fleet Street.

At the office of *The Evening Sun* he handed in his card and asked to see the editor. After a moment's inspection of his top hat he was taken and put into a small room. It seemed a "wandering great place." Some one would see him!

"Some one?" said Soames. "I want the editor."

The editor was very busy. Could he come again when the rush was over?

"No," said Soames.

Would he state his business? Soames wouldn't.

The attendant again looked at his top hat and went away.

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Soames waited a quarter of an hour, and was then taken to a still smaller room, where a cheery-looking man in eye-glasses was turning over a book of filed cuttings. He glanced up as Soames entered, took his card from the table and read from it:

"Mr. Soames Forsyte. Yes?"

"Are you the editor?" asked Soames.

"One of them. Take a seat. What can I do for you?"

Impressed by a certain speed in the air, and desirous of making a good impression, Soames did not sit down, but took from his pocketbook the paragraph, and said:

"I've come about this in your issue of last Tuesday."

The cheery man put it up to his eyes, seemed to chew the sense of it a little with his mouth, and said: "Yes?"

"Would you kindly tell me who wrote it?"

"Ah! We never disclose the names of correspondents, sir."

"Well, as a matter of fact I know."

The cheery man's mouth opened, evidently to emit the words: "Then why did you ask?" but closed in a smile instead.

"You'll forgive me," said Soames, "but it quite clearly refers to my daughter, Mrs. Michael Mont, and her husband."

"Indeed! You have the advantage of me. But what's the matter with it? Seems rather a harmless piece of gossip."

Soames looked at him. He was too cheery!

"You think so?" he said dryly. "May I ask if you would like to have your daughter alluded to as an enterprising little lady?"

"Why not? It's quite a pleasant word. Besides, there's no name mentioned."

"Do you put things in," asked Soames shrewdly, "in order that they may be Greek to all your readers?"

The cheery man laughed. "Well," he said, "hardly. But, really, sir, aren't you rather thin-skinned?"

This was an aspect of the affair that Soames had not foreseen. Before he could ask this editor not to repeat his offense, he had apparently to convince him it *was* an offense; but to do that he must expose the real meaning of the paragraph.

"Well," he said, "if you can't see that the thing's unpleasant, I can't make you. But I beg you won't let any more such paragraphs appear. I happen to know that your correspondent is actuated by malevolence."

The cheery man again ran his eye over the cutting. "I shouldn't have judged that. People in politics are taking and giving knocks all the time; they're not mealy-mouthed. This seems perfectly innocuous as gossip goes."

Thus back-handed by the words "thin-skinned" and "mealy-mouthed," Soames said testily:

"The whole thing's extremely petty."

"Well, sir, you know, I rather agree. Good morning!" And the cheery man blandly returned to his file.

The fellow was like an india-rubber ball! Soames clenched his top hat. Now or never he must make him bound.

"If your correspondent thinks she can vent her spleen in print with impunity, she will find herself very much mistaken." He waited for the effect. There was absolutely none. "Good morning," he said, and turned on his heel.

Somehow it had not been so friendly as he had expected. Michael's words, "The Press is a sensitive plant," came into his mind. He shouldn't mention his visit.

Two days later, picking up *The Evening Sun* at the Connoisseurs, he saw the word "Foggartism." H'm! A leader!

"Of the panaceas rife among the young hopefuls in politics, perhaps the most absurd is one which goes by the name of Foggartism. We are in a position to explain the nature of this patent remedy for the national ill-health before it has been put on the market. Based on Sir James Foggart's book, 'The Parlous State of England,' the main article of faith in this crazy creed would appear to be the depletion of British man-power. According to its prophets, we are to despatch to the ends of the Empire hundreds of thousands of our boys and girls as soon as they leave school. Quite apart from the rank impossibility of absorbing them into the life of the slowly developing Dominions, we are to lose this vital stream of labor and defensive material, in order that twenty years hence the demand from our Dominions may equal the supplying power of Great Britain. A crazier proposition was never conceived in woolly brains. Well does the word Foggartism character-

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ize such a proposition. Alongside this emigration 'stunt'—for there is no other term which suits its sensational character—rises a feeble back-to-the-land propaganda. The keystone of the whole professes to be the doctrine that the standard of British wages and living now precludes us from any attempt to rival German production or to capture European markets. Such a turning of the tail on our industrial supremacy has probably never before been mooted in this country. The sooner these cheap-jack gerrymanders of British policy realize that the British voter will have nothing to do with so crack-brained a scheme, the sooner it will come to the still birth which is its inevitable fate."

Whatever attentions Soames had given to "The Parlous State of England," he could not be accused of anything so rash as a faith in Foggartism. If Foggartism were killed to-morrow, he could not help feeling that Michael would be well rid of a white elephant. What disquieted him, however, was the suspicion that he himself had inspired this article. Was this that too cheery fellow's retort?

Decidedly, he should not mention his visit when he dined in South Square that evening.

The presence of a strange hat on the marble coffer warned him of a fourth party. Mr. Blythe, in fact, with a cocktail in his hand, and an olive in his mouth, was talking to Fleur, who was curled up on a cushion by the fire.

"You know Mr. Blythe, Dad?"

Another editor! Soames extended his hand with caution.

Mr. Blythe swallowed the olive. "It's of no importance," he said.

"Well," said Fleur, "I think you ought to put it all off, and let them feel they've made fools of themselves."

"Does Michael think that, Mrs. Mont?"

"No; Michael's got his shirt out!" And they all looked round at Michael, who was coming in.

He certainly had a headstrong air.

According to Michael, they must take it by the short hairs and give as good as they got, or they might as well put up the shutters. They were sent to Parliament to hold their own opinions, not those stuck into them by Fleet Street. If they genuinely believed the Foggart policy to be the only salvation of England they must say so, and not be stampeded by every little newspaper attack that came along. Common sense was on their side, and common sense, if you aired it enough, won through in the end. The opposition to Foggartism was really based on lower wages and longer hours for Labor, only they daren't say so in so many words. Let the papers jump through their hoops as much as they liked. He would bet that when Foggartism had been six months before the public, they would be eating half their words with an air of eating some one else's! And suddenly he turned to Soames:

"I suppose, sir, you didn't go down about that paragraph?"

Soames' life, privately, and as a business man, had always been conducted so that, if cornered, he need never tell a direct untruth. Lies were not English, not even good form. Looking down his nose, he said slowly:

"Well, I let them know that I knew that woman's name."

Fleur frowned; Mr. Blythe reached out and took some salted almonds.

"What did I tell you, sir?" said Michael. "They always get back on you. The Press has a tremendous sense of dignity; and corns on both feet; eh, Mr. Blythe?"

Mr. Blythe said weightily: "It's a very human institution, young man."

"I thought," said Fleur icily, "that I was to be left to my own cudgels."

The discussion broke back to Foggartism, but Soames sat brooding. He would never interfere again in what didn't concern him. Then, like all who love, he perceived the bitterness of his fate. He had only meddled with what *did* concern himself—her name, her happiness; and she resented it. Basket in which were all his eggs, to the end of his days he must go on walking gingerly, balancing her so that she was not upset, spilling his only treasure.

She left them over the wine that only Mr. Blythe was drinking. Soames heard an odd word now and then, gathered that this great frog-chap was going to burst next week in *The Outpost*, gathered that Michael was to get on to his hind legs at

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the first opportunity. It was all a muzz of words to him. When they rose, he said to Michael:

"I'll take myself off."

"We're going down to the House, sir; won't you stay with Fleur?"

"No," said Soames; "I must be getting back."

Michael looked at him closely.

"I'll just tell her you're going."

Soames had wrapped himself into his coat, and was opening the door when he smelled violet soap. A bare arm had come round his neck. He felt soft pressure against his back. "Sorry, Dad, for being such a pig."

Soames shook his head.

"No," said her voice; "you're not going like that."

She slipped between him and the door. Her clear eyes looked into his; her teeth gleamed, very white. "Say you forgive me!"

"There's no end to it," said Soames.

She thrust her lips against his nose. "There! Good night, ducky! I know I'm spoiled!"

Soames gave her body a convulsive little squeeze, opened the door and went out without a word.

Under Big Ben boys were calling—political news, he supposed. Those Labor chaps were going to fall—some editor had got them into trouble. He would! Well—one down, t'other come on! It was all remote to him. She alone—she alone mattered.

XII

MICHAEL MUSES

MICHAEL and Mr. Blythe sought the Mother of Parliaments and found her in commotion. Liberalism had refused, and Labor was falling from its back. A considerable number of people were in Parliament Square contemplating Big Ben and hoping for sensation.

"I'm not going in," said Michael. "There won't be a division to-night. General Election's a foregone conclusion now. I want to think."

"One will go up for a bit," said Mr. Blythe; and they parted, Michael returning to the streets. The night was clear, and he had a longing to hear the voice of his country. But—where? His countrymen would be discussing this pro and that con, would be mentioning each his personal "grief"—here the income tax, there the dole, the names of leaders, the word Communism. Nowhere would he catch the echo of the uneasiness in the hearts of all. The Tories—as Fleur had predicted—would come in now. The country would catch at the anodyne of "strong stable government." But could strong stable government remove the inherent canker, the lack of balance in the top-heavy realm? Could it still the gnawing ache which everybody felt, and nobody would express, at something "rotten in the State of Denmark"?

'Spoiled,' thought Michael, 'by our past prosperity. We shall never admit it,' he thought, 'never! And yet in our bones we feel it!'

England with the silver spoon in her mouth and no longer the teeth to hold it there, or the will to part with it! And her very qualities—the latent "grit," the power to take things smiling, the lack of nerves and imagination! Almost vices, now, inducing a false belief that England would still "muddle through," although with every year there was less chance of recovering from shock, less time in which to exercise the British "virtues." 'Slow in the uptak',' thought Michael; 'it's a ghastly fault in 1924.'

Thus musing, he turned east. Mid-theatre-hour, and the Great Parasite lying inert and bright. He walked the length of wakeful Fleet Street into the City, so delirious by day, so dead by night. Here England's wealth was snoozing off the day's debauch. Here were all the frame and filaments of English credit. And based on—what? On resources from which England might be cut off; on Labor too big for European boots. And yet that credit still stood high, soothing all with its "panache"—save, perhaps, receivers of the dole. With her promise to pay, England could still purchase anything, except a quiet heart.

And Michael walked on—through Whitechapel, ever busy and colored—into Mile End. The houses had become low, as if to give the dwellers a better view of stars they couldn't reach. He had crossed a frontier. Here was a dif-

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ferent race almost; another England, but as happy-go-lucky and as hand-to-mouth as the England of Fleet Street and the City. Aye, and more! For the England in Mile End knew that whatever she felt could have no effect on policy. Mile on mile, without an end, the low gray streets stretched toward the ultimate deserted grass. Michael did not follow them, but coming to a cinema turned in.

The show was far advanced. Bound and seated in front of the bad cowboy on a bronco, the heroine was crossing what Michael shrewdly suspected to be Dartmoor. Every ten seconds she gave way to John T. Bronson, manager of the Tucsonville Copper Mine, devouring the road in his 60 h.p. Dodge, to cut her off before she reached the Pima River (possibly near Tavistock). Michael contemplated his fellow gazers. Lapping it up! Strong stable government—not much! This was their anodyne, and they could not have enough of it. He saw the bronco fall, dropped by a shot from John T. Bronson; and the screen disclose the words: "Hairy Pete grows desperate. . . . You shall not have her, Bronson." Quite! He was throwing her into the river to the words: "John T. Bronson dives." Ah! He has her by her flowing hair! But Hairy Pete is kneeling on the bank. The bullets chip the water. Through the heroine's fair perforated shoulder the landscape is almost visible. What is that sound? Yes! John T. Bronson has set his teeth! He lands, he drags her out. From his cap he takes his automatic. Still dry—thank God!

"Look to yourself, Hairy Pete!" A puff of smoke. Pete squirms and bites the sand—he seems almost to absorb the desert. "Hairy Pete gets it for keeps!" Slow music, slower! John T. Bronson raises the reviving form. Upon the bank of the Pima River they stand embraced, and the sun sets. "At last, my dinky love!"

'Pom, pom! that's the stuff!' thought Michael, returning to the light of night. '"Plough the fields and scatter"—when they can get this? Not much!' And he turned west again, taking a seat on the top of a bus beside a man with grease stains on his clothes. They travelled in silence till Michael said:

"What do you make of the political situation, sir?"

The possible plumber replied, without turning his head:

"I should say they've overreached theirselves."

"Ought to have fought on Russia—oughtn't they?"

"Russia—that cock won't fight either. Nao—ought to 'ave 'eld on to the spring, an' fought on a good stiff Budget."

"Real class issue?"

"Ah!"

"But do you think class politics can save England?"

"Why! Does she want savin'?"

"Well! Don't you think so?"

The man's mouth moved under his mustache as if mumbling a new idea.

"The old geyser's a bit rusty, no daht; but I'm fed up with politics; in work to-day and out to-morrow—what's the good of politics that can't give you a permanent job?"

"That's it."

"Reparations," said his neighbor; "*we're* not goin' to benefit by reparations. The workin' classes ought to stand together in every country." And he looked at Michael to see how he liked that.

"A good many people thought so before the war; and see what happened."

"Ah!" said the man, "and what good's it done us?"

"Have you thought of emigrating to the Dominions?"

The man shook his head.

"Don't like what I see of the Austrylians and Canydians."

"Confirmed Englishman—like myself."

"That's right," said the man. "So long, mister," and he got off.

Michael travelled till the bus put him down under Big Ben, and it was nearly twelve. Another election! Could he stand a second time without showing his true colors? Not the faintest hope of making Foggartism clear to a rural constituency in three weeks! If he spoke from now till the day of the election, they would merely think he held rather extreme views on Imperial Preference. He could never tell the electorate that he thought England in a bad way—one might just as well not stand. He could never buttonhole the ordinary voter, and

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say to him: "Look here, you know, there's no earthly hope of any real improvement for another ten years; in the meantime we must face the music, and pay more for everything, so that twenty years hence we may be safe, and self-supporting within the Empire." It wasn't done. Nor could he say to his committee: "My friends, I represent a policy that no one else does, so far."

No! If he meant to stand again, he must just get the old Tory wheezes off his chest. But did he mean to stand again? Few people had less conceit than Michael—he knew himself for a lightweight. But he had got this bee into his bonnet; the longer he lived the more it buzzed, the more its buzz seemed the voice of one crying in the wilderness, and that wilderness his country. To stop up that buzzing in his ears, to turn his back on old Blythe, to stifle his convictions, and remain in Parliament—he could not! It was like the war over again. Once in, you couldn't get out. And he was "in"—committed to something deeper far than the top dressings of Party politics. Foggartism had a definite solution of England's troubles to work toward—an independent, balanced Empire; and an England safe—with town and country once more in some sort of due proportion! Was it such a hopeless dream?

'No! by George!' thought Michael, putting his latch-key in his door; 'they may call me what kind of a fool they like—I shan't budge.' He went up to his dressing-room and, opening the window, leaned out.

The rumorous town still hummed; the sky was faintly colored by refraction from its million lights. A spire was visible, some stars; the tree foliage in the Square hung flat, unstirred by wind. Peaceful and almost warm—the night. Michael remembered a May evening—the last London air raid of the war. From his convalescent hospital he had watched it for three hours.

'I shall go all out for the Air, anyway,' he thought; 'all hangs on safety from air attack. Even the wise can understand that.'

Two men had stopped beneath his window, talking. One was his next-door neighbor.

"Mark my words," said his neighbor, "the election 'll see a big turnover."

"Yes; and what are you going to do with it?" said the other.

"Let things alone; they'll right themselves. A shilling off the income tax, and you'll see."

"How are you going to deal with the land?"

"Oh! damn the land—I'm sick of it. Leave it to itself, that's all the farmers really want. The more you touch it, the worse it gets."

"Let the grass grow under your feet?"

The neighbor laughed: "That's about it. Well, what else *can* you do—the country won't have it. Good night!"

Sounds of a door, of footsteps. A car drove by; a moth flew in Michael's face. "The country won't have it!" Policies! What but mental yawns, long shrugs of the shoulders, trustings to luck! What else could they be? The country wouldn't have it! And Big Ben struck twelve.

XIII

INCEPTION OF THE CASE

THERE are people in every human hive born to focus talk; perhaps their magnetism draws the human tongue, or their lives are lived at an acute angle. Of such was Marjorie Ferrar—the most talked-of young woman in London. Whatever happened to her was rumored at once in that collection of the busy and the idle called Society. That she had been ejected from a drawing-room was swiftly known. Fleur's letters about her became current gossip. The reasons for ejectment varied from truth to a legend that she had lifted Michael from the arms of his wife.

The origins of lawsuits are seldom simple.

When Soames called it all "a storm in a teacup," he might have been right if Lord Charles Ferrar had not been so heavily in debt that he had withdrawn his daughter's allowance; and if a member for a Scottish borough, Sir Alexander MacGown, had not for some time past been pursuing her with the idea of marriage. Wealth made out of jute, a rising Parliamentary repute, powerful physique, and a determined character, had not advanced

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Sir Alexander's claims in twelve months so much as the withdrawal of her allowance advanced them in a single night. Marjorie Ferrar was, indeed, of those who can always get money at a pinch, but even to such come moments when they have seriously to consider what kind of pinch. She was "dipped" as badly as her father, and the withdrawal of her allowance had tipped the beam. In a moment of discouragement she consented to an engagement, not yet to be made public. When the incident at Fleur's came to Sir Alexander's ears, he went to his betrothed flaming. What could he do?

"Nothing, of course; don't be silly, Alec! Who cares?"

"The thing's monstrous. Let me go and exact an apology from this old blackguard."

"Father's been, and he wouldn't give it. He's got a chin you could hang a kettle on."

"Look here, Marjorie, you've got to make our engagement public, and let me get to work on him. I won't have this story going about."

Marjorie Ferrar shook her head.

"Oh! no, my dear. You're still on probation. I don't care a tuppenny ice about the story."

"Well, I do, and I'm going to that fellow to-morrow."

Marjorie Ferrar studied his face—its brown, burning eyes, its black, stiff hair, its jaw—shivered slightly, and had a brain-wave.

"You will do nothing of the kind, Alec, or you'll spill your ink. My father wants me to bring an action. He says I shall get swinging damages."

The Scotsman in MacGown applauded, the lover quailed.

"That may be very unpleasant for you," he muttered, "unless the brute settles out of court."

"Of course he'll settle. I've got all his evidence in my vanity bag."

MacGown gripped her by the shoulders and gave her a fierce kiss.

"If he doesn't, I'll break every bone in his body."

"My dear! He's nearly seventy, I should think."

"H'm! Isn't there a young man in the same boat with him?"

"Michael? Oh, Michael's a dear. I couldn't have his bones broken."

"Indeed!" said MacGown. "Wait till he launches this precious Foggartism they talk of. I'll eat him!"

"Poor little Michael!"

"I heard something about an American boy, too."

"Oh!" said Marjorie Ferrar, releasing herself from his grip. "A bird of passage. Don't bother about him."

"Have you got a lawyer?"

"Not yet."

"I'll send you mine. He'll make them sit up!"

She remained pensive after he had left her, distrusting her own brain-wave. If only she weren't so hard up! She had learned during this month of secret engagement that "Nothing for nothing and only fair value for sixpence" ruled north of the Tweed as well as south. He had taken a good many kisses and given her one bracelet which she dared not take to "her uncle." It began to look as if she would have to marry him. The prospect was in some ways not repulsive. He was emphatically a man; her father would take care that she only married him on liberal terms; and perhaps her motto, "Live dangerously," could be even better carried out with him than without. Resting inert in a long chair, she thought of Francis Wilmot. Hopeless as husband, he might be charming as lover—naïve, fresh, unknown in London, absurdly devoted, oddly attractive, with his lithe form, dark eyes, engaging smile. Too old-fashioned for words, he had made it clear already that he wanted to marry her. He was a baby. But until she was beyond his reach she had begun to feel that he was beyond hers. After? Well, who knew? She lived in advance, dangerously, with Francis Wilmot. In the meantime this action for slander was a bore! And shaking the idea out of her head, she ordered her horse, changed her clothes, and repaired to the Row. After that she again changed her clothes, went to the Cosmopolis Hotel and danced with her mask-faced partner and Francis Wilmot. After that she changed her clothes once more, went to a first night, partook of supper afterward with the principal actor and his party, and was in bed by two o'clock.

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Like most reputations, that of Marjorie Ferrar received more than its deserts. If you avow a creed of indulgence you will be indulged by the credulous. In truth she had only had two love-affairs passing the limits of decorum; had smoked opium once, and been sick over it; and had sniffed cocaine just to see what it was like. She gambled only with discretion, and chiefly on race-horses; drank with moderation, helped by a good head; smoked a good deal, but the purest cigarettes she could get, and through a holder. If she had learned suggestive forms of dancing, she danced them but once in a blue moon. She rarely rode at a five-barred gate, and that only on horses whose powers she knew. She read, of course, anything "extreme," but would not go out of her way to do so. She had flown, but just to Paris. She drove a car well and, of course, fast, but never to the danger of herself, and seldom to the real danger of the public. She had splendid health, and took care of it in private. She could always sleep at ten minutes' notice, and when she sat up half the night, slept half the day. Her book of poems, which had received praise because they emanated from one of a class supposed to be unpoetic, was remarkable not so much for irregularity of thought as for irregularity of metre. She was, in sum, credited with a too strict observance of her expressed creed: "Take life in both hands, and eat it."

This was why Sir Alexander MacGown's lawyer sat on the edge of his chair in her studio the following morning and gazed at her intently. He knew her renown as, on the whole, a very untypical member of the aristocracy, and a bit of a caution, better than Sir Alexander. How far would this young lady, with her very attractive appearance and her fast reputation, stand fire? For costs they had Sir Alexander's guarantee, and the word "traitress" was a good enough beginning; but in cases of word against word, it was ill predicting.

Her physiognomy impressed Mr. Settlewhite favorably. She would not "get rattled" in court, if he was any judge; nor had she the Aubrey Beardsley cast of feature he had been afraid of, that might alienate a jury. No; an upstanding young woman with a good blue eye and popular hair. She would do, if her story were all right.

Marjorie Ferrar, in turn, scrutinized one who looked as if he might take things out of her hands. Long-faced, with gray, deep eyes under long dark lashes, all his hair, and good clothes, he was as well-preserved a man of sixty as she had ever seen.

"What do you want me to tell you, Mr. Settlewhite?"

"The truth."

"Oh, but naturally. Well, I was just saying to Mr. Quinsey that Mrs. Mont was very eager to form a *salon*, and had none of the right qualities, and the old person who overheard me thought I was insulting her——"

"That all?"

"Well, I may have said she was fond of lions; and so she is."

"Yes; but why did he call you a traitress?"

"Because she was his daughter and my hostess, I suppose."

"Will this Mr. Quinsey confirm you?"

"Philip Quinsey! Oh, rather!"

"Did anybody else overhear you running her down?"

She hesitated a second. "No."

'First lie!' thought Mr. Settlewhite, with his peculiar sweet-sarcastic smile. "What about an American?"

Marjorie Ferrar laughed. "He won't say so, anyway."

"An admirer?"

"No. He's going back to America."

'Second lie!' thought Mr. Settlewhite; 'but she tells them well.'

"You want an apology you can show to those who overheard the insult—and what we can get, I suppose?"

"Yes. The more the better."

'Speaking the truth there,' thought Mr. Settlewhite. "Are you hard up?"

"Couldn't be harder."

Mr. Settlewhite put one hand on each knee and reared his slim body.

"You don't want it to come into court?"

"No; though I suppose it might be rather fun."

Mr. Settlewhite smiled again.

"That entirely depends on how many skeletons you have in your cupboard."

Marjorie Ferrar also smiled.

"I shall put everything in your hands," she said.

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"Not *them*, my dear young lady. Well, we'll serve him and see how the cat jumps; but he's a man of means and a lawyer."

"I think he'll just hate having anything about his daughter brought out in court."

"Yes," said Mr. Settlewhite dryly. "So should I."

"And she *is* a little snob, you know."

"Ah! Did you happen to use that word?"

"N-no; I'm pretty sure I didn't."

'Third lie!' thought Mr. Settlewhite; 'not so well told.'

"It makes a difference. Quite sure?"

"Yes, quite."

"But he says you did?"

"Well, I told him he was a liar."

"Oh! did you? And they heard you?"

"Rather!"

"That may be important."

"I don't believe he'll say I called her a snob, in court, anyway."

"That's very shrewd, Miss Ferrar," said Mr. Settlewhite. "I think we shall do."

And with a final look at her from under his long lashes he stalked, thin and contained, to the door.

Three days later Soames received a legal letter. It demanded a formal apology, and concluded with the words "failing it, action will be taken." Twice in his life he had brought actions himself—once for breach of contract, once for divorce; and now to be sued for slander! In every case he had been the injured party, in his own opinion. He was certainly not going to apologize. Under the direct threat he felt much calmer. He had nothing to be ashamed of. He would call that "baggage" a traitress to her face again to-morrow, and pay for the luxury, if need be. His mind roved back to when, in the early 'eighties, as a very young lawyer, he had handled his Uncle Swithin's defense against a fellow member of the Gulliver Club. Swithin had called him in public "a little touting whipper-snapper of a parson." He remembered how he had whittled the charge down to the word "whipper-snapper," by proving the plaintiff's height to be five feet four, his profession the church, his habit the collection of money for the purpose of small-clothing the Fiji islanders. The jury had assessed "whipper-snapper" at ten pounds. Soames always believed the small-clothes had done it. His counsel had made great game of them—Bobstay, Q.C. There were counsels in those days; the Q.C.s had been better than the K.C.s were. Bobstay would have gone clean through this "baggage" and come out on the other side. Uncle Swithin had asked him to dinner afterward and given him York ham with Madeira sauce, and his special Heidsieck. He had never given anybody anything else. Well, there must still be cross-examiners who could tear a reputation to tatters, especially if there wasn't one to tear. And one could always settle at the last moment, if one wished. There was no possibility, anyway, of Fleur being dragged in as witness or anything of that sort.

He was thunderstruck, a week later, when Michael rang him up at Mapledurham to say that Fleur had been served with a writ for libel in letters containing, among others, the expressions, "a snake of the first water" and "she hasn't a moral about her."

Soames went cold all over. "I told you not to let her go about abusing that woman."

"I know; but she doesn't consult me every time she writes a letter to a friend."

"Pretty friend!" said Soames into the mouthpiece. "This is a nice pair of shoes!"

"Yes, sir; I'm very worried. She's absolutely spoiling for a fight. Won't hear of an apology."

Soames grunted so deeply that Michael's ear tingled forty miles away.

"In the meantime, what shall we do?"

"Leave it to me," said Soames. "I'll come up to-night. Has she any evidence to support those words?"

"Well——"

"No," said Soames, abruptly, "don't tell me over the 'phone." And he rang off. He went out on to the lawn. Women! Petted and spoiled! Thought they could say what they liked. And so they could till they came up against another woman. He stopped by the boat-house and gazed at the river. The water was nice and clean, and there it was—flowing down to London to get all dirty! That feverish, quarrelsome business up there! Now he would have to set to and rake up all he

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could against this Ferrar woman and frighten her off. It was distasteful. But nothing else for it, if Fleur was to be kept out of court! Terribly petty. Society lawsuits! Who ever got anything out of them, save heart-burning and degradation? Like the war, you might win and regret it ever afterward, or lose and regret it more. All temper! Jealousy and temper!

In the quiet autumn light, with the savor of smoke in his nostrils from his gardener's first leaf bonfire, Soames felt moral. Here was his son-in-law, wanting to do some useful work in Parliament, and make a name for the baby, and Fleur beginning to settle down and take a position; and now this had come along, and all the chatterers and busy mockers in Society would be gnashing on them with their teeth—if they had any! He looked at his shadow on the bank, slanting toward the water as if wanting to drink. Grotesque. Everything grotesque, if it came to that! In Society, England, Europe—shadows, scrimmaging and sprawling, scuffling and posturing; the world just marking time before another Flood! H'm! He moved toward the river. There went his shadow, plunging in before him! They would all plunge into that mess of cold water if they didn't stop their squabblings. And, turning abruptly, he entered his kitchen-garden. Nothing unreal there, and most things running to seed—stalks and so on. How to set about raking up the past of this young woman? Where was it? These young sparks and fly-by-nights! They all had pasts, no doubt; but the definite, the concrete bit of immorality alone was of use, and when it came to the point, was unobtainable, he shouldn't wonder. People didn't like giving chapter and verse! It was risky, and not the thing! Tales out of school!

And, among his artichokes, glumly approving of those who did not tell tales, gloomily disapproving of any one who wanted them told, Soames resolved grimly that told they must be. The leaf fire smouldered, and the artichokes smelled rank, the sun went down behind the high brick wall mellowed by fifty years of weather; all was peaceful and chilly, except in his heart. Often now, morning or evening, he would walk among his vegetables; they were real and restful, and you could eat them. They had better flavor than the greengrocer's, and saved his bill—middlemen's profiteering and all that. Perhaps they represented atavistic instincts in this great-grandson of "Superior Dosset's" father, last of a long line of Forsyte "agriculturalists." He set more and more store by vegetables the older he grew. When Fleur was a little bit of a thing he would find her, when he came back from the City, seated among the sunflowers or black currants, nursing her doll. He had once taken a bee out of her hair, and the little brute had stung him. Best years he ever had, before she grew up and took to this gad-about Society business, associating with women who went behind her back. Apology! So she wouldn't hear of one? She was in the right. But to be in the right and have to go into court because of it was one of the most painful experiences that could be undergone. The courts existed to penalize people who were in the right—in divorce, breach of promise, libel, and the rest of it. Those who were in the wrong went to the South of France, or if they did appear, defaulted afterward and left you to pay your costs. Had he not himself had to pay them in his action against Bosinney? And in his divorce suit, had not Young Jolyon and Irene been in Italy when he brought it? And yet he couldn't bear to think of Fleur eating humble pie to that red-haired cat. Among the gathering shadows his resolve hardened. Secure evidence that would frighten the baggage into dropping the whole thing like a hot potato. It was the only way!

XIV

FURTHER CONSIDERATION

The Government had "taken their toss" over the editor—no one could say precisely why—and Michael sat down to compose his address. How say enough without saying anything? And, having impetuously written: "Electors of Mid-Bucks," he remained for many moments still as a man who has eaten too many oysters. "If"—he traced words slowly—"if you again return me as your representative, I shall do my best for the country according to my lights. I consider the se-

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curity of Britain and the Empire mainly through the enlargement of our air defenses; the elimination of unemployment through increased emigration to the Dominions and the development of home agriculture; and the improvement of the national health particularly through the abatement of smoke and slums, to be the most pressing and immediate concerns of British policy. If I am returned, I shall seek to foster these ends with determination and coherence, and try not to abuse those whose opinions differ from my own. At my meetings I shall endeavor to give you some concrete idea of what is in my mind, and submit myself to your questioning."

Dared he leave it at that? Could one issue an address containing no disparagement of the other side, no panegyric of his own? Would his committee allow it? Would the electors swallow it? Well, if his committee didn't like it, they could turn it down, and himself with it. Only —they wouldn't have time to get another candidate!

The committee, indeed, did not like it, but they lumped it; and the address went out with an effigy on it of Michael, looking, as he said, like a hair-dresser. Thereon he plunged into a fray, which, like every other, began in the general and ended in the particular.

During the first Sunday lull at Lippinghall he developed his poultry scheme—by marking out sites, and deciding how water could be laid on. The bailiff was sulky. In his view it was throwing away money. Fellers like that! Who was going to teach them the job? He had no time, himself. It would run into hundreds, and might just as well be poured down the gutter. "The townsman's no mortal use on the land, Master Michael."

"So everybody says. But, look here, Tutfield, here are three 'down and outs,' two of them ex-Service, and you've got to help me put this through. You say yourself this land's all right for poultry—well, it's doing no good now. Bowman knows every last thing about chickens; set him on to it until these chaps get the hang. Be a good fellow, and put your heart into it; you wouldn't like being 'down and out' yourself."

The bailiff had a weakness for Michael, whom he had known from his bottle up. He knew the result, but if Master Michael liked to throw his father's money away, it was no business of his. He even went so far as to mention that he knew "a feller" who had a hut for sale not ten miles away; and that there was "plenty of wood in the copse for the cuttin'."

On the Tuesday after the Government had fallen Michael went up to town and summoned a meeting of his "down and outs." They came at three the following day, and he placed them in chairs round the dining-table. Standing under the Goya, like a general about to detail a plan of attack which others would have to execute, he developed his proposal. The three faces expressed little, and that without conviction. Only Bergfeld had heard anything of it before, and his face was the most doubting.

"I don't know in the least," went on Michael, "what you think of it; but you all want jobs—two of you in the open, and you, Boddick, don't mind what it is, I think."

"That's right, sir," said Boddick, "I'm on."

Michael instantly put him down as the best man of the three.

The other two were silent till Bergfeld said:

"If I had my savings——"

Michael interrupted quickly:

"I'm putting in the capital; you three put in the brains and labor. It's probably not more than a bare living, but I hope it'll be a healthy one. What do *you* say, Mr. Swain?"

The hair-dresser, more shadow-stricken than ever in the glow of Fleur's Spanish room, smiled.

"I'm sure it's very kind of you. I don't mind havin' a try—only, who's goin' to boss the show?"

"Co-operation, Mr. Swain."

"Ah!" said the hair-dresser; "thought so. But I've seen a lot of tries at that, and it always ends in one bloke swallerin' the rest."

"Very well," said Michael suddenly, "I'll boss it. But if any of you crane at the job, say so at once and have done with it. Otherwise I'll get that hut delivered and set up, and we'll start this day month."

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Boddick rose, and said: "Right, sir. What about my children?"

"How old, Boddick?"

"Two little girls, four and five."

"Oh, yes!" Michael had forgotten this item. "We must see about that."

Boddick touched his forelock, shook Michael's hand, and went out. The other two remained standing.

"Good-by, Mr. Bergfeld; good-by, Mr. Swain!"

"If I might——"

"Could I speak to you for a minute?"

"Anything you have to say," said Michael astutely, "had better be said in each other's presence."

"I've always been used to hair."

'Pity,' thought Michael, 'that life didn't drop that "h" for him, poor beggar!'

"We'll get you a breed of birds that can be shingled," he said. The hair-dresser smiled down one side of his face.

"Well, beggars can't be choosers."

"*I* wished to ask you," said Bergfeld, "what system we shall adopt?"

"That's got to be worked out. Here are two books on poultry-keeping; you'd better read one each and swap."

He noted that Bergfeld took both without remonstrance on the part of Swain.

Seeing them out into the Square, he thought: 'Rum team! It won't work, but they've got their chance.'

A young man who had been standing on the pavement came forward.

"Mr. Michael Mont, M.P.?"

"Yes."

"Mrs. Michael Mont at home?"

"I think so. What do you want?"

"I must see her personally, please."

"Who are you from?"

"Messrs. Settlewhite and Stark—a suit."

"Dressmakers?"

The young man smiled.

"Come in," said Michael. "I'll see if she's at home."

Fleur was in the "parlor."

"A young man from some dressmaker's for you, dear."

"Mrs. Michael Mont? In the suit of Ferrar against Mont—libel. Good-day, madam."

Between those hours of four and eight when Soames arrived from Mapledurham, Michael suffered more than Fleur. To sit and see a legal operation performed on her with all the scientific skill of the British Bar—it was an appalling prospect; and there would be no satisfaction in Marjorie Ferrar's also being on the table, with her inside exposed to the gaze of all! He was only disconcerted when Fleur said:

"All right; if she wants to be opened up she shall be. I know she flew to Paris with Walter Nazing last November; and I've always been told she was Bertie Curfew's mistress for a year."

A scandal—cream for all the cats in society, muck for all the blow-flies in the streets—and Fleur the hub of it! He waited for Soames with impatience. Though "Old Forsyte's" indignation had started this, Michael turned to him now, as to an anchor let go off a lee shore. The "old man" had experience, judgment, and a chin; he would know what, except bearing it with a grin, could be done. Gazing at a square foot of study-wall which had escaped a framed caricature, he reflected on the underlying savagery of life. He would be eating a lobster to-night that had been slowly boiled alive! This study had been cleaned out by a charwoman whose mother was dying of cancer, whose son had lost a leg in the war, and who looked so jolly tired that he felt quite bad whenever he thought of her. Bergfelds, Swains and Boddicks of the world—Camden Towns and Mile Ends—devastated regions of France, rock villages of Italy! Over it all what a thin crust of gentility! Members of Parliament, and ladies of fashion, like himself and Fleur, simpering and sucking silver spoons, and now and then dropping spoons and simper, and going for each other like Kilkenny cats!

"What evidence has she got to support those words?" Michael racked his memory. This was going to be a game of bluff. That Walter Nazing and Marjorie Ferrar had flown to Paris together appeared to him of next to no importance. People could still fly in couples with impunity; and as to what had happened afterward in the great rabbit-warren *Outre Manche*—Pff! The Bertie Curfew affair was different. Smoke of a year's duration probably had fire behind it. He knew Bertie Curfew, the enterprising director of the "Ne Plus Ultra Play Society," whose device

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was a stork swallowing a frog—a long young man, with long young hair that shone and was brushed back, and a long young record; a strange mixture of enthusiasm and contempt, from one to the other of which he passed with extreme suddenness. His sister, of whom he always spoke as "Poor Norah," in Michael's opinion, was worth ten of him. She ran a Children's House in Bethnal Green, and had eyes from which meanness and evil shrank away.

Big Ben thumped out eight strokes; the Dandie barked, and Michael knew that Soames had come.

Very silent during dinner, Soames opened the discussion over a bottle of Lippinghall Madeira by asking to see the writ.

When Fleur had brought it, he seemed to go into a trance.

'The old boy,' thought Michael, 'is thinking of his past. Wish he'd come to!'

"Well, Father?" said Fleur at last.

As if from long scrutiny of a ghostly Court of Justice, Soames turned his eyes on his daughter's face.

"You won't eat your words, I suppose?"

Fleur tossed her now de-shingled head. "Do you want me to?"

"Can you substantiate them? You mustn't rely on what was told you—that isn't evidence."

"I know that Amabel Nazing came here and said that she didn't mind Walter flying to Paris with Marjorie Ferrar, but that she did object to not having been told beforehand, so that she herself could have flown to Paris with somebody else."

"We could subpœna that young woman," said Soames.

Fleur shook her head. "She'd never give Walter away in court."

"H'm! What else about this Miss Ferrar?"

"Everybody knows of her relationship with Bertie Curfew."

"Yes," Michael put in, "and between 'everybody knows' and 'somebody tells' is a great gap fixed."

Soames nodded.

"She just wants money out of us," cried Fleur; "she's always hard up. As if she cared whether people thought her moral or not! She despises morality—all her set do."

"Ah! Her view of morality!" said Soames deeply; he suddenly saw a British jury confronted by a barrister describing the modern view of morals: "No need, perhaps, to go into personal details."

Michael started up.

"By Jove, sir, you've hit it! If you can get her to admit that she's read certain books, seen or acted in certain plays, danced certain dances, worn certain clothes—" He fell back again into his chair. What if the other side began asking Fleur the same questions? Was it not the fashion to keep abreast of certain things, however moral one might really be? Who could stand up and profess to be shocked to-day?

"Well?" said Soames.

"Only that one's own point of view isn't quite a British jury's, sir. Even yours and ours, I expect, don't precisely tally."

Soames looked at his daughter. He understood. Loose talk—afraid of being out of the fashion—evil communications corrupting all profession of good manners. Still, no jury could look at her face without—who could resist the sudden raising of those white lids? Besides, she was a mother, and the other woman wasn't; or if she was—she shouldn't be! No, he held to his idea. A clever fellow at the Bar could turn the whole thing into an indictment of the fast set and modern morality, and save all the invidiousness of exposing a woman's private life.

"You give me the names of her set and those books and plays and dancing clubs and things," he said. "I'll have the best man at the Bar."

Michael rose from the little conference somewhat eased in mind. If the matter could be shifted from the particular to the general; if, instead of attacking Marjorie Ferrar's practice, the defense could attack her theory, it would not be so dreadful. Soames took him apart in the hall.

"I shall want all the information I can get about that young man and her."

Michael's face fell.

"You can't get it from me, sir, I haven't got it."

"She must be frightened," said Soames.

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"If I can frighten her, I can probably settle it out of court without an apology."

"I see; use the information out of court, but not in."

Soames nodded. "I shall tell them that we shall justify. Give me the young man's address."

"Macbeth Chambers, Bloomsbury. It's close to the British Museum. But do remember, sir, that to air Miss Ferrar's linen in court will be as bad for us as for her."

Again Soames nodded.

When Fleur and her father had gone up, Michael lit a cigarette, and passed back into the "parlor." He sat down at the clavichord. The instrument made very little noise—and he could strum on it without fear of waking the eleventh baronet. From a Spanish tune picked up three years ago on his honeymoon, whose savagery always soothed him, his fingers wandered on: "I got a crown, you got a crown—all God's children got a crown! Eb'ryone dat talk 'bout 'eaben ain't goin' dere. All God's children got a crown."

Glass lustres on the walls gleamed out at him. As a child he had loved the colors of his Aunt Pamela's glass chandeliers in the panelled rooms at Brook Street; but when he knew what was what, he and every one had laughed at them. And now lustres had come in again; and Aunt Pamela gone out! "She had a crown—he had a crown—" Confound that tune! "*Auprès de ma blonde—il fait bon—fait bon—fait bon; Auprès de ma blonde, il fait bon dormir.*"

His "*blonde*"—not so very blonde, either—would be in bed by now. Time to go up! But still he strummed on, and his mind wandered in and out—of poultry and politics, "Old Forsyte," Fleur, Foggartism, and the Ferrar girl—like a man in a maelstrom whirling round with his head just above water. Who was it said the landing-place for modernity was a change of heart; the rebirth of a belief that life was worth while, and better life attainable? "Better life?" Prerogative of priests? Not now. Humanity had got to save itself! To save itself—what was that, after all, but expression of "the will to live"? But did humanity will to live as much as it used? That was the point. Michael stopped strumming and listened to the silence. Not even a clock ticking—time was inhospitable in "parlors"; and England asleep outside. Was the English "will to live" as strong as ever; or had they all become so spoiled, so sensitive to life, that they had weakened on it? Had they sucked their silver spoon so long that, threatened with a spoon of bone, they preferred to get down from table?

'This is a very pretty room,' thought Michael. 'I've got everything I want in life. Only, where am I going, where is she going, where are all God's children going?'

Big Ben struck: One! 'To bed, by George!'

(To be continued.)

Sea Winds

BY WILLIAM HAMILTON HAYNE

North or south, east or west,
  Fast and far they sweep,
Wandering from wave to wave,—
  Free-lances of the deep.
On they go, through sun or snow,
  Voicing grief or glee,
As night and day they wing their way—
  These gypsies of the sea.

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Bohemia à la Mode

BY EDWIN DIAL TORGERSON
Author of "Letters of a Bourgeois Father," "Treed!" etc.

ILLUSTRATIONS BY MARGARET FREEMAN

JACK and Florence Tuckerman lived in Patchin Place not because it was Bohemian but because it was convenient. Half-way between Times Square and Wall Street, it was only five minutes distant from Jack's office on the south, and everything else in Manhattan on the north. Then, too, one didn't pay all one's salary in apartment rentals, as one might do elsewhere in New York. The boys upstairs felt the same way about it.

Florence liked the Village, too, because it was homey and neighborly. Old Mrs. Carroll, in the renovated brownstone next door, constantly gossiped over the back fence with Florence, and ever so often passed over a meat pie or some other delicacy that she herself had cooked. The iceman, the greengrocer around the corner, the butcher, the confectioner, the patisserie proprietor, and even "Papa," the Italian bootlegger—light wines only—were friendly, obliging, good-humored, likable people.

But out to Kansas City, where Cousin Imogene lived, percolated the information that Jack and Florence were living in Greenwich Village because they simply could not exist in any atmosphere save an artistic one. Florence, in a moment of weakness, had invited Cousin Imogene to come and visit them, and now . . .

It wasn't to be Imogene's first visit to New York, but it was to be her first adventure among the artists of Greenwich Village. It was as natural for her to expect to find artists at 116 Patchin Place as to expect to find Jersey cows in Jersey City.

Florence reviewed the material at hand. There were just three apartments in their four-story "converted colonial," the Tuckermans occupying the first two floors.

Her husband was in the advertising business. His artistic activities consisted mainly in devising new methods of glorifying a certain brand of tooth-paste, which kept eight out of nine people from succumbing to all the oral horrors known to materia medica. Then there was Freddie Carlyle, the bachelor in the attic apartment. Freddie was in the roofing business on Great Jones Street, as New York representative of the Lock-Fast Asphalt Shingle Company. Bill Emory and Mark Bennett, who shared the second-floor apartment, were equally innocent of artistic leanings. Mark was a bond salesman and Bill wrote insurance.

Florence called a council of war the night before Imogene's arrival.

"Some of us have absolutely got to be artists, at least for the term of the child's visit," announced Florence. "We can't permit her to go back to Kansas City with the idea that we are all sordid commercial people, living in the Latin Quarter under false pretenses."

"I should say not," exclaimed Freddie—he of the Lock-Fast Asphalt Shingle Company. "There's Bill Emory, now. He's a writer. He writes insurance, but we needn't tell Imogene that."

"And Freddie's a painter," Bill retorted. "Every day—and sometimes at night in his sleep—he paints colorful pictures of those red, green, and slate-black roofs—the kind that sun, rain, and frost cannot curl nor tempest winds rip off!"

"No—Freddie's a sculptor," objected Florence. "I've got it all figured out. He lives here, but he maintains his studio in Great Jones Street. Freddie's a sculptor, and Mark—let's see—what's Mark? Mark's an etcher."

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"What do I etch?" demanded Mark in alarm. "I couldn't tell an etching from a mustard plaster."

"You've got two etchings on your wall, child," Florence assured him. "And we'll borrow more from Gene."

"Why can't you let her camp over at Gene's studio all day?" insisted Mark. "He's a real artist. He'll even put on a smock, instead of those dirty duck pants he works in, if you ask him."

"Gene's engaged—he's not eligible—that's why," replied Florence. "And all three of you boys live right here in the house, and you're all unclaimed and unattached. Imogene's not going to *marry* any of you—don't be afraid of that. But remember—I'm chaperon, and I'm responsible for the giddy young thing. No wine-parties—no sympathetic gin and good-natured alcohol."

"Sure, we compree," Bill assured her. "All we do is sit around with the lights low, and drink tea out of a samovar, and smoke Russian cigarettes, and every now and then say the word 'intelligentsia.'"

"And talk a lot of stuff about etchings, pastels, woodcuts, color values, composition, draftsmanship, and the like," said Mark. "The handling of light and shade in the Woolworth Building, for instance—some of the windows have lights in 'em and some have the shades pulled down."

"Precisely," applauded Florence. "We needn't feel bad about deceiving the child. She would be terribly disappointed if we didn't."

And so the artistic atmosphere at 116 Patchin Place was so thick you could slice it when Imogene arrived.

She brought three wardrobe trunks, two hat-boxes, three bags, and worlds of charm. Florence hadn't seen her since she had bloomed into her débutante completeness.

"Aha," said 116 Patchin Place, putting on its best necktie, "this is going to be something interesting."

She was all over the house within the first thirty minutes. "Oh, how fascinating!" she breathed, as she inspected the trick kitchenette three steps down from the Tuckerman sun-parlor.

"Oh, how adorable!" as she viewed the velvet portières that separated Freddie Carlyle's bedroom alcove from the rest of his one-room attic "studio." Imogene just had to see the skylight, which, unfortunately, opened only into the bathroom, and would have interested only a water-color artist confessing constant attachment to his tub. Even this, however, was "Oh, how precious!" to Imogene, who added, with a sigh, "It must be perfectly darling to live in an artistic place like this."

For dinner they took her around to "The Saffron Lizard," which was one of the ninety-eight tea-rooms within a radius of two blocks or so. In these quaint basements and converted grocery-stores one might dance at luncheon, at tea-time, at dinner, after dinner, at supper, after supper, and generously between meals. One might buy ginger ale at whiskey prices, but one must pack one's hootch along with one. A pleasantly near-sighted policeman always stood around, just to add atmosphere to the place, evidently, for he was not interested in any crime ranking lower than murder.

Scores of "typical Greenwich Villagers," who lived in Brooklyn, Jersey City, or the Bronx, crowded these tea-rooms at all hours. Mostly they were high-school girls and college youths, with the inevitable sprinkling of tourists from Illinois, Tennessee, Dakota, or what-have-you.

The tin-tortured atmosphere of the jazz haunts seemed very jolly to Imogene, but it was not until they returned to Patchin Place that the real fun ensued. For, despite Florence's orders for an impeccable drought, a spirited impromptu party assembled itself in Freddie's apartment with the cute dormer windows. The news of Imogene's arrival had spread, and soon there appeared troubadours under the windows of One-Sixteen—Andy, the illustrator, with his banjo; one Fritz, who did things in black and white, and invariably carried a flask of Ulster County applejack; and Gene himself, who brought not only his fiancée but also a gallon of red wine picked up on the way, at Papa's.

Florence Tuckerman shuddered. Why had she permitted an innocent—and much too attractive—cousin from Kansas City to be exposed to such dangers?

As for Imogene, she blended into the color scheme magnificently. Incredibly

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soon after Freddie Carlyle had dragged out his guitar, Imogene was nestling against him with her head on his shoulder,

And ever so often passed over a meat pie or some other delicacy that she herself had cooked.—Page 191.

singing, in the bewitchingest contralto: "Who Has the Right to Kiss Me Good Night?—Nobody, Dear, but You!"

"Whoof!" exclaimed Mark Bennett,

not without a nuance of jealousy. "In Kansas City they work fast—what?"

And before the evening had reached the climactic height of its fun, sport, and amusement, Imogene announced demurely to the assembled celebrants:

"Yes, Freddie and I have decided to

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get married and settle down in Greenwich Village."

The husband of the horror-stricken Florence did his best to reassure her, when the last strains of the party were dying away down the street, in the wake of departing guests.

"Look what we've got on our hands," wailed Florence. "And to think I'm to blame if anything happens to her!"

"Nothing will happen," grunted Jack, optimistic, like all husbands. "You don't suppose the little nut meant that sort of thing, do you?"

Imogene, it is true, took complete and instantaneous possession of the establishment, for she was the kind of girl who makes everybody think it is his simple duty to fall in love with her.

It was perhaps a matter of twenty-four hours before Imogene had definitely established in her mind which of the three eligibles of 116 Patchin Place was the sculptor, which the writer, and which the etcher.

It gradually became obvious, much to the chagrin of the second floor, that she esteemed sculptors above all other creative and interpretive artists. Perhaps this was because Freddie's apartment was the cutest. A davenport tucked up under the sloping ceiling near the front dormer windows was a snug place that would have caused even the most discriminating bug to forsake his rug. And Imogene sat up there and talked to Freddie unchaperoned. Florence felt herself a mean, middle-aged, meddling ogre when she climbed the two flights and advised Freddie and Imogene that they really must turn on the phonograph, or something, for the sake of appearances.

Mark and Bill were of like mind. They felt it was their duty as friends of Florence to stick around Freddie's apartment whenever the bewildering visitor from the 18-carat West was there.

"My sculpturer," breathed Imogene, with the accent on the *tu*. "Isn't that perfectly marvellous work that Freddie does!"

As Exhibit A, Freddie had furtively lugged in "The Bird Bath," a marble monstrosity that he had purchased from Papa, the bootlegger. For Papa, perceiving that his patrons grew more intelligent and more artistic month by month, had put in a side line of imported marble grotesqueries which came in barrels adroitly billboarded "Turin" or "Florence." Quite possibly they were manufactured around the corner in Bleecker Street, but the connoisseur of statuary, mellowly influenced by Papa's red wine, was not wont to question the authenticity of bird baths that could be purchased for four dollars, complete, three birds, classical bathtub, and all. The birds perched on the rim of the bowl and gazed woodenly into its depths—or marbley, if a bird can be said to gaze that way.

"It is exquisite, Freddie," breathed Imogene, with the accent on the *quis*. "I just can't wait until you take me down to your studio and show me some of your bigger statues, like Civic Virtue and General Sherman. Where did you say your studio was?"

"Great Jones Street," mumbled Freddie. "But you mustn't think of going down there."

"Why not, I'd like to know?" challenged Imogene.

"Because it just isn't done," said Freddie desperately. "It's an evil street, full of trucks and rough people."

"Bother! So is the subway full of rough people, and what do I care for trucks."

"But you wouldn't enjoy it," protested Freddie. "Most of the things I do are small things. I can bring them here."

"But don't your—your *models* have to go to your studio?"

"Certainly."

"Aren't they—nice—girls?"

"Oh, of course!" Freddie wished fervently he had never started this foolishness. "But they are used to that sort of thing."

"All right," pouted Imogene. "If you won't take me there, I'll hire me a perfectly good taxi and come down by myself."

"Mark wants to show you *his* studio," ventured Freddie, by way of diverting the enemy's fire. "He wants you to watch him etch."

"Dreadfully sorry," countered Mark, "but it always makes me nervous and uncomfortable when anybody watches me while I etch."

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"Yes, he's working on a seven-year etching now called 'The Barber,'" put in Bill Emory maliciously.

"A what?" queried the innocent one.

"Don't pay any attention to the bum," growled Mark. "Writers are awful liars—you'll find that out if you listen to Bill."

born resolve, and take her down to that mysterious studio of his, in Great Jones Street? Ah, that was it. Freddie didn't want to shock her. He thought she was too bourgeois and provincial to be broad-minded, did he?

Florence honestly didn't know that

"Aha," said 116 Patchin Place, "this is going to be something interesting."—Page 192.

Ensuing days brought on more complications, and the three typical Bohemians took turns about giving Imogene a mad rush of sightseeing and amusement-seeking, in the hope that she might forget to demand further artistic details of their several lives. Imogene thought it all very charming, particularly the endless variety of Village resorts. And there were a couple of genuine studio parties, at Gene's and Andy's, and Imogene saw a real live model posing during work hours at Gene's place. She wore clothes, just like anybody else, observed Imogene, not at all impressed. Now with sculptors it was probably different. They didn't usually sculp many people with clothes on.

When would Freddie soften his stub-

Great Jones Street address, but Imogene wheedled out of her Freddie's telephone number, which wasn't in the directory under Carlyle.

She telephoned Freddie, and his saucy and efficient typist demanded, in the most irritating tone: "Who's calling?"

One of Freddie's models! The thought scorched Imogene.

"What business is that of yours? I want to speak to Mr. Carlyle."

"Who's calling?" The challenger was adamant.

"Are you one of his—models?" demanded Imogene cuttingly.

"Mr. Carlyle is *not in*," said Mr. Carlyle's stenographer coldly.

Imogene asked Freddie, quite care-

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lessly, that evening, if he had been out a great deal during the day, and Freddie truthfully answered that he hadn't left the office at all, except for luncheon.

That settled the official hash of Mr. Freddie Carlyle, sculpturer. He didn't know what a good friend he had lost until he had lost her. He had not known, had Freddie, that it would be possible for him to sit in his darkened attic apartment, with the phonograph silent, and chew the bitter weed of envy while the mocking music of Imogene's laughter floated up from that despicable second floor.

Brazen about it, she was. She petted Mark Bennett on the shoulder, most disgustingly, in public. She raved about Mark's alleged etchings, and insolently remarked that chopping figures out of marble didn't require a great deal of intelligence, anyway.

And if she was to be taken anywhere, thereafter, but one person in the house could take her. She flattered Mark unconscionably, even to the extent of telling him he had dreamy eyes, though he was really somewhat pop-eyed.

Freddie suffered, and Imogene knew it. She felt a few pangs herself, but there was no turning back. The profligate Freddie had to be punished. She wrote home that she was having a desperately good time, and that she was going to stay in Greenwich Village indefinitely, perhaps all the rest of her life; and that a famous etcher, one Mark Bennett, had fallen in love with her. Mark was so famous that he had been invited to etch the Prince of Wales, whenever he could spare the time. Imogene just had to make her determination emphatic by putting it in writing.

The emphasis was not lost in Kansas City. Mr. Daniel W. Weston, president of the Weston Lumber Company (who was Imogene's father), advised Mrs. Daniel W. Weston in a tone of refrigerated fury that this was a fine kettle of fish, and she had certainly done a clever thing in sending their daughter to that wild and immoral Greenwich Village.

It was fortunate indeed that Imogene's sister, Betty Lee, perhaps influenced by some of Imogene's vivid letters, was just then planning a trip to New York herself, in company with some substantial married friends.

She was instructed to bring Imogene back, and bring her back single! Betty Lee set her pretty lips into a line of most resistance, and told her father to never fear, just to wait till *she* got to New York.

Importunate telegrams came to Florence Tuckerman in advance of Betty Lee's arrival.

"What on earth, Jack, can I do?" she mournfully asked of her husband. "Betty Lee can just take her back to Kansas City —that's what *she* can do."

There was no room for Betty Lee at One-Sixteen, and she and her substantial married friends put up at a Washington Square hotel. She brought her friends around, of course, and Florence planned an atmosphere of deep mourning and respectability for the entire house. She even purchased three extra Bibles, and laid them around conspicuously. No word must go back to Kansas City that she had failed in her duty as chaperon.

This all-pervading tone of calm resignation and purity would have had its effect upon the visitors from Kansas City had not Freddie Carlyle ruined everything. Goaded by his sorrow, he spent a month's salary on a party of his own, to which he pointedly invited all the charter members of the Little Group of Serious Drinkers.

It was a party that left nothing to be desired by those whose tastes ran to revelry. Even Mrs. Carroll, next door, who was slightly deaf, asked Florence next day if she had heard those terrible noisy trucks passing in the street all night.

Imogene was there, of course, and Betty Lee and her substantial married friends—and then the show-girls. Where, wondered Florence dismally, did he get them? They danced the hula-hula and sat on people's laps; and Freddie told everybody, in a very bitter tone of voice, that they were his models.

Betty Lee's friends from the relatively Wild West sat frozen to their chairs, with their eyes positively standing out on stems. They departed early, shaking their heads. Mr. Daniel W. Weston was right, they whispered to themselves—something must be done to save Imogene. And Betty Lee didn't seem to be going about it right; this, certainly, was not a hopeful beginning.

But Betty Lee had her own method,

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which she was revolving in her mind while the party was revolving. This dashing Mark Bennett was a good-looking devil of an etcher, she told herself solemnly, and it was going to take stern measures to part him from the smitten Imogene.

She was going to make a sacrifice, was

focal centre of two bright, admiring glows, learned just how fascinating a famous etcher can be to two young things who are perfectly crazy about his beautiful eyes and etchings. It was, in fact, more patronage than Mark could conveniently handle. Very soon his one desperate

As for Imogene, she blended into the color-scheme magnificently.—Page 192.

Betty Lee. Coldly and deliberately—at least as coldly as she could—she was going to cause Mark Bennett to fall in love with her, so that her dear sister Imogene might be saved. Not even to Florence did she confide this desperate resolve. Mark's heart would be broken when he learned, ultimately, that she was false. But, then, men's hearts have to be broken now and then when a person's happiness is at stake.

Betty Lee was prettier than Imogene, and more experienced. She used her wide blue eyes to much more telling advantage than Imogene used hers, for Imogene was very frank and careless about some of her allurements, and sometimes didn't bother to make them allure.

And Mark Bennett, finding himself the thought was that he must get out from under. Florence had hidden his walls with all the etchings she could beg, borrow, or buy, and it nearly ran Mark insane the way he had to read up on the subject of the dastardly art so he could discuss it with some glibness.

He frankly told Freddie Carlyle that he'd be viciously much obliged if Freddie would take his girl back—*he* didn't know what to do with her. And she was getting sentimental. Now, that Betty Lee girl was different—older, had a little more sense, and could really be entertaining.

"What'll I do?" moaned Freddie, who really couldn't sleep at night, and hadn't sold a thousand Lock-Fast Shingles in a month.

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"I'm sure I don't know," said Mark, "unless you tell her the truth. All she talks about is your studio in Great Jones Street—and your 'models.' And you've made matters all the worse by dragging in those girls the other night. Isn't it about time for us to quit this nonsense, and tell her we've just been joshing her along?"

"It may be all right for you," groaned Freddie, "but it's curtain for me. She'll despise me for the liar I am."

The kind intercession of Sister Betty Lee served to lighten his burden. She was losing no opportunity, as she had resolved, to cure Imogene of her sad passion for the etcher. What more logical method than to get the poor girl interested in some other man?

"Genie," said Betty Lee confidingly, "that Freddie Carlyle boy is wild on the subject of you."

"Humph! Who told you that?" retorted Imogene carelessly.

"Why, anybody can see it. Mark says the poor boy is perfectly miserable because you won't be nice to him. Why, he has even discharged all his female models, because he thought you wouldn't like them. He's working only with male forms, now."

"Who told you that?"—again with elaborate carelessness.

"Why, Mark did. He thought you knew all about it."

After which, Betty Lee wrote her mother that she was making splendid progress, but she didn't want to hurry back from New York because it was a delicate task, trying to bring Imogene back to her senses, and would take a little time.

Freddie Carlyle slashed the Gordian knot by inviting Imogene down to see his studio in Great Jones Street. It was a loft building where a dozen varieties of Lock-Fast roofing products were warehoused. There was a small office near the front, presided over by the homeliest stenographer Imogene had ever seen.

Imogene wanted to cry, but that isn't the way to punish a man who has deceived you. She tossed her head a bit cynically.

"Humph! I knew it all the time," she said. "You might be able to fool Betty Lee with this fake-artist business, but—what do you take me for, a simpleton?"

"I take you for a little sport," cried Freddie. "I knew you'd enjoy the joke."

"Yes, I'm weeping tears of hilarity over it. Call me a taxi."

"Where are you going?"

"Home. Find out what's the next train to Kansas City."

"You're not going?"

"I am."

"You're not!"

"I am! Everything about this miserable town is a disgusting fake and a fraud."

"But you don't want people to say you're running away because of me!"

"Running away, am I? Well, I'll show you. I'll stay—just for that—until Betty Lee goes!"

One of the gratifying things Mark noticed about Betty Lee was that she tired easily on the subject of art—she didn't know much about etchings, didn't care where Mark had his studio, and was perfectly willing to discuss the financial situation instead, of which she knew nothing.

They discussed bonds of various and sundry kinds, evidently, during the ensuing week, and the letters that went forward to Kansas City conveyed the cheering information that Imogene was completely and permanently cured of her foolish, romantic attachment for the celebrated etcher.

And just as Florence Tuckerman was congratulating herself upon the fact that Imogene was planning to go home, Betty Lee flew low in her bombing-plane and dropped ten tons of TNT.

"Florence, dear," said Betty Lee, "Mark and I have come to ask you something."

"Why—what is it?" Florence's intuition gave the alarm signal.

"I—he—he and I—that is, we——"

"I have asked Betty Lee—" Mark began something that he could not finish.

"Do you mind if—ifwegetmarried?" broke in Betty Lee.

"Merciful heavens!" screamed Florence. "Where is my aspirin? Wait till I phone Jack. Oh, goodness! No, I'll wire your mother. You don't really mean——"

"It isn't boloney, at all," said Betty Lee solemnly. "We really love each other, don't we, Mark?"

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"What have I done to deserve it!" wailed Florence. "What *is* it about this Village that makes everybody a nut? Here you young idiots have scarcely known each other two weeks, and you are what an example you are setting for your sister! Who knows but that Imogene and Freddie——"

The terror of the second thought spurred Florence to despatch her distress

"Are you one of his—models?" demanded Imogene cuttingly.—Page 195.

talking of—I simply won't be responsible to Aunt Genevieve," she broke off peremptorily. "Your parents will say I was to blame—that I lured you here——"

"It is a matter of no moment," Betty Lee interrupted coolly, "what my parents say or think. My mind is quite made up. I simply thought it was a courtesy due you as my cousin to ask you to sort of—chaperon us."

"Oh, you silly, silly child," cried Florence, hugging her. "I'm not angry with you, dear. But don't you think Mark had better ask your parents' permission?"

"It isn't done any more," replied Betty Lee. "Besides, I'm no infant. Wasn't I twenty-three last month?"

"Oh, dear! Oh, dear! I am going to do my duty, anyway, Betty Lee. I am going to wire your mother. Just consider signal without delay. The message to Aunt Genevieve read:

FOR HEAVEN'S SAKE COME AND GET YOUR CHILDREN STOP THEY ARE MARRYING EVERYBODY IN THE HOUSE.

Kansas City was not prepared for the shock.

"My God," cried Mr. Daniel W. Weston hoarsely. "One of 'em writes, one of 'em etches, one of 'em sculps! Vagabond Bohemians! To think that our daughters——! ——!"

The outraged tone in which Mr. Weston reserved the drawing-room to New York convinced the passenger-agent that Mr. Weston wasn't going on one of his periodical business trips. And when he directed his attorneys to wire their New York correspondents to be ready to fur-

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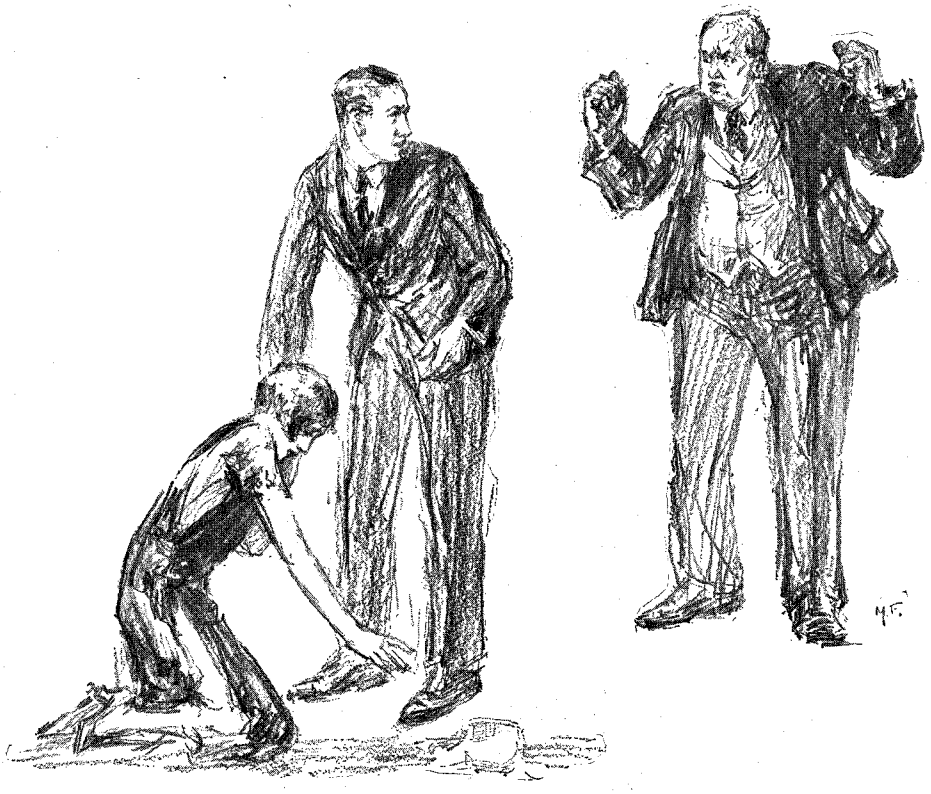
nish plenty of bail, quick, Mr. Weston's attorneys shuddered.

But love laughs at forty-hour railroad journeys, and the Little Church Around the Corner had done its evident duty in the circumstances long before Mr. and Mrs. Weston's drawing-room dived into the Hudson tunnel. Betty Lee was not a discourteous child. She announced her marriage to her parents by wiring them, en route.

Betty Lee couldn't consider living anywhere else but in that dearly beloved little 116 Patchin Place, so Bill Emory obligingly agreed to move out of the second-floor apartment. Only on condition, however, that Mark would realize the weight of his added responsibilities and take on ten thousand dollars more of Equable Mutual convertible life, with double indemnity if shot by Mr. Weston.

"One of the best things I ever wrote," mused Bill.

Mark Bennett did not marry Betty Lee under false pretenses. He confessed, quite shamefacedly, that he was no etcher. It was really only a side-line of his, that he had taken up as a hobby—which indeed he had, in self-defense. But Betty Lee didn't mind. On the contrary, it was thrilling news to hear that her new husband was in the bond department of the Warranty Trust.



"Idiots! Lunatics!" Mr. Weston was shouting, as Imogene knelt tearfully over the pieces.—Page 201.

"Now I know papa won't be mad at all," she cried delightedly. "He always uses Warranty Trust Travellers' Checks."

And Betty Lee sighed to herself. "Poor Imogene! Perhaps she didn't really love Mark after all. I do hope she finds comfort in her friendship for Freddie."

Poor Imogene was just gathering momentum for a fresh start toward Kansas City—to hear her tell Freddie about it—when fresh tribulations arrived in a taxicab; namely, Mr. and Mrs. Daniel W. Weston.

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"This rat-hole! This miserable slum-joint!" stormed Mr. Weston, kicking a dead cat off the sidewalk. "Is this what they call smart and artistic? Is this the place you sent my daughters to, Mrs. Weston?"

"Oh, Daniel," quavered Mrs. Weston, "do try to control yourself. Remember, they are our only children!"

Mr. Weston puffed and grew purple, grew purple and puffed, and made no progress toward controlling himself until Jack Tuckerman had forced him into a superlatively easy chair, and with a little less trouble had forced upon him a Scotch highball and the financial page of a late edition.

"Scotch!" muttered Mr. Weston, eying the financial page. "What's MK&T quoted at?"

"Five dollars a quart," supplied Jack. "Only fifty cents more than it costs in Montreal—imagine that!"

MK&T Preferred, evidently influenced by Mr. Weston's arrival in New York, had jumped like a broker shot with tacks. Mr. Weston felt an agreeable glow steal over him, and calmed down until he was no longer apoplectic, but merely bitter.

"Where are they?" he thundered suddenly. "Where are the ingrates? Why don't you say something?" he shouted at Mrs. Weston. "Sitting there and trembling like a ninny!"

"They'll be here shortly, Mr. Weston," said Jack Tuckerman soothingly. "But you're not going to let that affair spoil your trip. To-night you and I are going to a prize-fight, and for to-morrow night I have tickets to 'What's Nice and Gory.'"

"This dump will be nice and gory when I get through with it," raged Mr. Weston. "Why didn't you tell my daughter Betty Lee that I absolutely forbade this disgraceful marriage?"

"We did, Uncle Dan," protested Florence. "We showed her every one of your telegrams, and pleaded with her—but don't be harsh toward them, Uncle Dan. Mark's a nice boy—comes from one of the finest families in Rochester."

"Huh! Comes from a long line of starving etchers, I suppose!"

"No, Uncle Dan. I wish he were a famous etcher. He's just a deserving young banker, Uncle Dan. That stuff about art was all just a joke."

"And where's Imogene?" roared Uncle Dan. "I suppose she's off marrying a joke, too, is she?"

"I think she's up-stairs, now, with Freddie," said Florence apprehensively.

"I'll put a stop to that!" And Uncle Dan strode out into the hall, slammed the door, and trod heavily up the stairs.

Freddie and Imogene heard him coming, and met him on the top-floor landing.

Imogene, who was struggling to conceal the fact that she had been crying, hugged him impulsively and exclaimed: "Oh, Daddy, I'm so glad!" But daddy was anything but glad, himself. He brushed her aside sternly and stalked into the apartment after the retreating Freddie.

"What does this mean, you conscienceless scamp?" he demanded hotly. He did not pause for a reply, but turned a terrifying glare upon Imogene. "What am I to expect, finding my daughter alone with a man, in his apartment!"

"Mr. Weston," lied Freddie, drawing himself up to his maximum of height and dignity, "I shall thank you to choose your words carefully in addressing my fiancée."

"Your fi—" Mr. Weston swallowed the word in an access of rage. "Do you mean to tell me——"

"Yes, sir, that we are engaged—or, at least, we are going to be engaged, as soon as I have convinced Imogene that I——"

"Father, look out for 'The Bird Bath'!" cried Imogene, for Mr. Weston, in staggering backward under the blow, had upset the masterpiece reposing on the library table, and it teetered toward the edge. The warning came too late. The marble creation crashed to the floor, and was reduced in a twinkling to scattered ruins.

"Idiots! Lunatics!" Mr. Weston was shouting, as Imogene knelt tearfully over the pieces. "Has anybody got brains enough to tell me what you are talking about?"

"Lock-Fast—Asphalt," Freddie sputtered, in dire confusion, "Shingle Company! She thought I was a sculptor. That's what she's mad about!"

"Mad!" yelled Mr. Weston. "I'm the one that's mad around here! What have you got to do with Lock-Fast Shingles?"

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"My father makes 'em—that is, he's president of the company," confessed the sorrowful and apologetic Freddie. "He's no artist, either."

"Not the Lock——"

"I really didn't mean to deceive your daughter, sir," Freddie rushed on. "It was Jack and Florence who——"

"Not the Lock-Fast Asphalt Shingle Company of Trenton?" exclaimed the incredulous Mr. Weston.

"Yes, sir."

"Why, I've represented them in Kansas City for fifteen years. It's a small world, isn't it?"

"Yes, sir."

"Go down-stairs to your mother, Imogene. I want to talk to this young man."

Imogene found her mother near to swooning, while Jack and Florence were listening fearfully for the sound of revolver shots up-stairs. She hugged her mother, and called her an old silly for getting upset over such a trifle.

"Why, it was nothing," said Imogene airily. "Freddie just started talking some sort of stupid business to daddy, and now they're up there gabbing like old cronies. But I'm furious with Freddie, even if he is smart. I'm going back to Kansas City and never speak to him again!"

"It's all my fault, child," confessed Florence. "Only, wait a minute. Somebody's calling me."

Old Mrs. Carroll was hailing Florence over the back fence.

"I've made the most delicious apple pies, honey," called Mrs. Carroll, "and you simply must have one of them. Who were the people I saw going into your house a while ago—your aunt and uncle? Well, you must all come over for dinner to-night—every one of you."

Florence brought in her pie and displayed it laughingly.

"Now wasn't that sweet of her!" exclaimed Mrs. Weston. "Whoever would think of doing that in Kansas City! They'd think it was 'common.'"

"It isn't common enough," observed Jack Tuckerman. "I wish she'd send us a pie like that every day."

When Mr. Weston and Freddie came down-stairs to join the others, presently, Mr. and Mrs. Mark Bennett had arrived also, and stood shivering—at least the better half of them stood shivering—in a corner. But there was no real reason for shivers. Mr. Weston was pounding one fist into the other hand and exclaiming to Freddie Carlyle emphatically:

"But that's the kind of merchandising problem you're up against in Kansas City. Roll roofing, yes—the three-ply sells enormously—farms and outhouses, and for industrial purposes. But the shingles are up against stiff competition, I'll tell you. And since I've lost the man I had in charge of the department——"

"The factory *might* send a man out to do missionary work," Freddie replied dubiously. "But of course——"

"Betty Lee!" Mr. Weston grabbed her in a bearish embrace. "And this is that young scamp Bennett, of the Warranty Trust, I judge?" He looked around roguishly. "Say, do you know, it's a mighty good thing I didn't send my wife to get Imogene—with all these good-looking rascals around. What have you got to say for yourselves, now?—one at a time."

Mr. Weston did go to the prize-fight that night with Jack Tuckerman, and Florence did the symphony with Aunt Genevieve. And that was just the beginning. Out-of-town visitors had chased them about before until their tongues lolled out, but this time it was a labor of love to Jack and Florence. And of all the places they went and the sights they saw, Uncle Dan and Aunt Genevieve decided that Village joints were most intriguing.

"Do you know, I *like* a place where you can walk down the street in your shirt-sleeves, if you want to," observed Mr. Weston. "They'd think you were crazy if you did that in Kansas City. Say, I'm damn tired of being a prominent citizen, anyway, Genevieve. What say we stick around in this town and just be natural for a while?"

The Museum of Art daily and five lectures to pick from nightly, to say nothing of music in undreamed abundance, were sufficient reasons for Aunt Genevieve's "Very well, Daniel."

"Snug joint you've got here, Jack," Mr. Weston further conceded. "Nothing fancy—plain as an old shoe—and I did find a dead cat on the sidewalk the day

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we came, but I suppose some urchin threw it there. It's comfortable. Seems to me you have more *liberty* here, somehow. Funny paradox—fellow who lives on a five-acre lot out in K. C. saying a thing like that about this sardine box. I guess it's because people mind their business here, and don't give a rap what you do. I even suppose"—he dropped his voice confidentially—"I even suppose you can go out to the door in your bathrobe every morning to pick up the morning paper, eh?"

"I'll say so! Receive company in bedroom slippers, for that matter, Uncle Dan."

"Well, dammit, you'd be ostracized for that in Kansas City. That reminds me—that Freddie Carlyle ought to have heard from Trenton by now."

That Freddie had heard from Trenton, and he had also heard from Imogene. She cared not what course others might take, *she* was going back to Kansas City. She wasn't going to waste her time with fake artists and sculpturers in Greenwich Village. Why, she knew a real sculpturer in Kansas City, for that matter, and he had a studio and wore a smock, and a Windsor tie, and a flowing haircut.

"But suppose *I* went to Kansas City, too?" ventured Freddie.

"Humph. You couldn't exist without your mod—I mean your sweet little stenographer in Great Jones Street."

"Couldn't I? Did you ever hear of a Lock-Fast Kiss? Well, I'm going to give you one now."

And he did, honest to goodness.

"Mr. Weston"—he summed up the situation briskly not many minutes later—"the factory is willing to send a first-class missionary to Kansas City to take charge of your roofing department. But he has to be a married man."

"He does, hey?"

"Yes, sir. That's a hard-and-fast rule of the company. Steadier men, you know, and all that. And I'm the only first-class missionary available just now."

"Which is to say——"

"Can I marry your daughter, please, sir?"

Uncle Dan nudged Jack in the ribs.

"Is he kidding me, Jack, or is that a compliment? The lad's acting so old-fashioned I hardly know how to answer him. I'll tell you, son—ask Imogene. If she says no, she'll probably marry you."

Freddie shook his hand solemnly.

"I promise to love, honor, and sell Kansas City a car-load a week," he vowed, and then he was off.

Mr. Weston called after him:

"And say, Freddie—don't worry about subletting that apartment. I'll take it."

"You'll take it?"

"Yes, your mother-in-law and I are going to stay here until further notice. I think I'll go in for wood-carving."

Sailor's Song

BY LOUIS DODGE

Mild wind, or wild wind,
It's all the same to me;
I'll mend my sail by candle light,
At dawn I'll put to sea.

And if a mild wind blows me home
We'll share a drowsy nook,
And I'll grow stranger every year
Beneath your constant look.

But if a wild wind bears me far
And there be storm and wrack,
You'll know me better to the end
For never coming back.

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On the Right of an Author to Repeat Himself

BY BRANDER MATTHEWS

I

ONCE upon a time—and not so long ago—I wrote a newspaper article insisting on the essential distinction between true criticism and mere book-reviewing. As I had intermittently plied the trade of book-reviewer for more than fifty years, I had had occasion to come to certain conclusions about it; and one of them was that book-reviewing is (and ought to be) journalism, whereas criticism is (or ought to be) literature—at least in its intent, if not in its execution. Reviewing, as I see it, is reporting—reporting on the content and the quality of a new book for the benefit of the readers of the periodical, daily or weekly, monthly or quarterly in which it appears. The critic can adventure his soul in contact with masterpieces, whereas the reviewer has to do the best he can with the books of the day, few of which are the work of a master. In other words, the critic deals mainly with the past, while the reviewer has perforce to deal with the present. Since this is the case, the aims and the methods of the reviewer necessarily differ from those of the critic.

Two or three months after my little essay appeared I chanced to see in another periodical an article expressing sharp dissent from what I had said, asserting dogmatically that book-reviewing is and must be and ought to be criticism and holding me up to scorn because my little essay was very like a longer article which I had written ten or fifteen years earlier. In fact, the writer of the retort seemed to suggest that I had been guilty of the high crime and misdemeanor of plagiarizing from myself and that I was thereby defrauding the public. That I had repeated myself was something I could not deny; and in the slang of the street, I had been "caught with the goods on me." All I could do was to plead guilty and throw myself on the mercy of the court. I did not dare to call witnesses to my previous good character, because there was danger that one or another of them might, under skilful cross-examination, disclose the damning fact that I had repeated myself on other occasions in discussing other themes.

All I could do to clear myself, even in my own eyes, was to deny the constitutionality of the law under which my assailant sought to convict me. I went to the root of the matter and asked if there was any enactment prohibiting an author from repeating himself as often as he saw fit. On this ground I felt secure; and I had no difficulty in convincing myself that there was no such law, that there never had been, and that even if it had been enacted, it had been violated so persistently and so abundantly by all sorts and conditions of writers that it had become a dead letter, self-repealed by its own impossibility.

Who am I, I asked myself, that I should set up for myself a standard of literary legality loftier than that attained by the masters at whose feet I have sat to acquire wisdom? Is there any one of these masters, if so be he was spontaneous and affluent, and if also he was granted a revered longevity, who had not repeated himself boldly and frequently? Did not Stevenson smilingly confess that he did not know how often he had written "it was a wonderful night of stars"? Did not Matthew Arnold assert again and again, and yet again, that in his day in Great Britain there was "an upper class materialized, a middle class vulgarized, and a lower class brutalized"? Did not Macaulay perch his fabled New Zealander on a broken arch of London Bridge two or three times in various essays be-

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fore he left him at last, lost in musing contemplation, in the review of Ranke's "History of the Popes"?

So far had I progressed in my preparation of my brief for the defense, when I bethought me of a passage in the "Autocrat of the Breakfast-Table," which seemed to me to have almost the sanctity of a unanimous decision by the Supreme Court of the United States. So I here offer it in evidence, as exhibit A:

"You don't suppose that my remarks made at this table are like so many postage stamps, do you—each to be only once uttered? If you do, you are mistaken. He must be a poor creature that does not often repeat himself. Imagine the author of the excellent piece of advice, 'Know thyself,' never alluding to that sentiment again during the course of a protracted existence! Why, the truths a man carries about with him are his tools; and do you think a carpenter is bound to use the same plane but once to smooth a knotty board with, or to hang up his hammer after it has driven its first nail? I shall never repeat a conversation, but an idea often. I shall use the same types when I like, but not commonly the same stereotypes. A thought is often original, though you have uttered it a hundred times. It has come to you over a new route, by a new and express train of associations."

And now, after that, I should be greatly surprised if the judges in Special Sessions, overawed by the weight of these precedents or moved more immediately by common sense, did not at once release me from custody and authorize me to leave the court without a stain on my character.

II

Thus restored to liberty and reassured in equanimity, I was about to congratulate myself on my escape from the prison, the doors of which I had visioned as yawning to engulf me, when I suddenly found myself smiling and then laughing out loud at the absurdity of my dissipated fears. Of course, every author has the right to repeat himself, and almost every author has found his profit in so doing. In fact, the right to repeat himself is guaranteed to us Americans by the Declaration of Independence; it is an essential element in the "pursuit of happiness." Think for a moment how unhappy authors would be if they were forbidden to say again what they had already said. The right to repeat themselves has been theirs since a time "whereof the memory of man runneth not to the contrary," as we lawyers say. Homer began it, when he "smote his bloomin' lyre" and evoked the image of "ox-eyed beautiful Juno" or when he told us how the "swift-footed Achilles" answered back. And Maeterlinck was but abiding by the precedents when, after Paul Heyse had refused to authorize the borrowing of a situation from "Maria von Magdala" for use in his "Marie Madeleine," he took it none the less, explaining that as he himself had already employed this situation in two of his earlier plays, he saw no reason why he should not utilize it a third time.

Careless speakers have been heard to assert that "Shakspere never repeats," than which no assertion could be more easily disproved. It is true that Shakspere's thoughts were so abundant and his vocabulary was so extensive that we do not often catch him saying the same thing in the same way,—as Macaulay did and Stevenson also and many another of honorable repute in the world of letters. But Shakspere does repeat situations, and he does repeat characters. There is an amateur performance at the end of "Love's Labor's Lost" and another at the end of the "Midsummer Night's Dream." Sheeted ghosts appear to affright the villain as he draws to his doom in half a dozen of the more sanguinary dramas. Edmund in "King Lear" is an enfeebled repetition of Iago; and Parolles in "All's Well that Ends Well" is an even fainter reproduction of Falstaff.

Molière, who is like Shakspere in not a few aspects of his genius, is exactly like him in this. He took his material where he found it, as was his right and his duty, but he often found it in his own earlier works. Three times do we behold a lover's quarrel culminating in a reconciliation. As it happened, Molière died when he was only fifty-one; and this lover's quarrel might have been served up to us a fourth or even a fifth time, if only he had survived to the ripe old age of Sophocles, Voltaire, Goethe, and Hugo. Half a

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dozen of Molière's lighter comedies have plots which are almost identical with that of "Etourdi" at the head of the procession and of the "Fourberies de Scapin" at the end. And Molière repeated characters even more often than Shakspere and with less variation. What is Scapin but Mascarille in a different costume? Consider the lively and authoritative serving-maids (impersonated by Madeleine Béjart)—are they not, so to speak, all sisters under their skins?

More than one historian of literature has pointed out that there is a strong family likeness among the heroes of most of the "Waverley Novels," pleasant young fellows, all of them, but a little pale by the side of Dugald Dalgetty and Scott's other more highly colored humorous characters. Lowell went so far—and I protest that I think he was going too far—as to suggest that two of Cooper's outstanding characters, Long Tom Coffin and Natty Bumppo himself, were, in fact, the same man habited in two different garbs:

"He has drawn you one character, though, that is new,
One wildflower he's plucked that is wet with the dew
Of this prest Western world; and, the thing not to mince,
He has done naught but copy it ill ever since;
His Indians, with proper respect be it said,
Are just Natty Bumppo, daubed over with red,
And his very Long Toms are the same useful Nat,
Rigged up in duck pants and a sou'wester hat
(Though once in a Coffin, a good chance was found
To have clipped the old fellow away underground.)"

It is only fair to record that a few lines later in the "Fable for Critics," Lowell made amends by paying due meed of praise to the creator of the unforgetable Leatherstocking:

"Don't suppose I would underrate Cooper's abilities;
If I thought you'd do that, I should feel very ill at ease;
The men who have given to *one* character life
And objective existence are not very rife;
You may number them all, both prose-writers and singers,
Without overrunning the bounds of your fingers,
And Natty won't go to oblivion quicker
Than Adams the parson or Primrose the vicar."

It used to be said of a long-forgotten contemporary of Scott and Cooper, G. P. R. James, that he had a formula for beginning his long-winded and empty romances: "As night was slowly descending a solitary traveller might have been seen descending the slope of the Apennines," or the Alps or the Cordilleras or the Grampians, as the case might be. And it was also said, but I fear without warrant, that when James's attention had been called to the monotony of this opening sentence, he varied it in his next tale of adventure, by stating that on this occasion two solitary travellers might be seen.

III

Like G. P. R. James, Robert Louis Stevenson trod in the trail first broken by Walter Scott; but he was too conscious an artist to repeat an opening sentence—unless perhaps "it was a wonderful night of stars." Where Stevenson was wont to repeat himself was not in words, of which he had an ample store, but in places. Certain spots had a fascination for him, since they seemed so remote and so romantic that each of them cried aloud for employment as the setting of an episode. After writing an enthusiastic essay, "Memoirs of an Islet," he made further use of the island of Earraid, first as the habitat of the "Merry Men" and second as the isolated spot whereon the young hero of "Kidnapped" is temporarily marooned. At every repetition the islet is served up with a different sauce, but the piece of resistance is ever the same; and no lover of Stevenson would wish that he had avoided the repetition, even if we now perceive that he has been caught in the act of plagiarizing from himself.

I have already quoted Maeterlinck's unblushing confession that he had used the same situation in three several plays; and I may add as a corollary, as it were, that Victor Hugo went further and in his "Lucrèce Borgia" he used what is practically the same situation three or four times. I have read somewhere that Eugène Scribe, that most fertile, inventive, and prolific of playwrights, was condoled with by a friend on the failure of one of his less important pieces and that he waived aside the proffered sympathy with the remark that even if the piece had not been successful it had a good story—"so I shall write it over again two or three years from now!"

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Scribe may have said this, or he may not; but what he declared to be his intention, was what the younger Dumas actually did. His thesis-play, the "Idées de Madame Aubry," did not please at its first performance and it was soon withdrawn. Dumas was not discouraged; he bided his time; and ten or a dozen years later he wrote another play on the same theme, "Denise," and this time more skilfully and more successfully.

In so doing Dumas knew what he was about. The theme he was rehandling in the second play was dear to his heart; and he wanted to have it discussed. But I doubt if Victor Hugo was really aware that in building the plot of "Lucrèce Borgia" he was guilty of self-repetition at the end of successive episodes. If he had been conscious, I think that he would probably have endeavored to disguise these consecutive borrowings from himself. Maeterlinck, on the other hand, was deliberately warming over his own funeral-baked meats when he used again the situation that Paul Heyse had declined to lend him. Probably the German dramatist thought that he had invented the situation and was proud of his invention. After all, it is a wise situation that knows its own father.

A friend, with whom I discussed the practice of self-plagiarism, called my attention to the fact that John Webster took over a couplet:

"Glories, like glowworms, afar off shine bright;
But, looked to near, have neither heat nor light,"

from "The White Devil" and inserted it unaltered in "The Duchess of Malfi," which was produced a few years later. This can hardly have been done unwittingly; and perhaps the poet, feeling that he needed these two lines in the second play, intended to cut them out of the first piece—and forgot to do it. Or perhaps he did not care, having no hope or expectation that his works would be put under the critical microscope three centuries after his death.

The same friend (and why should I not give him due credit for his amicable aid? It was Mr. Clayton Hamilton) has called my attention to a deliberate and avowed repetition by one of the masters of English prose, Sir Thomas Browne. At the end of the next-to-last paragraph of his "Urn Burial," we are told that "if any have been so happy as truly to understand Christian annihilation, ecstasies, exolution, liquefaction, transformation, the kiss of the spouse, gustation of God, and ingression into the divine shadow, they have already had an handsome anticipation of heaven; the glory of the world is surely over, and the earth in ashes unto them." Then at the very end of "Christian Morals," we are assured that "if, as we have elsewhere declared, any have been so happy, as personally to understand Christian annihilation, ecstasy, exolution, transformation, the kiss of the spouse and ingression into the divine shadow, according to mystical theology, they have already had an handsome anticipation of heaven; the world is in a manner over, and the earth in ashes unto them."

If Sir Thomas had been a public speaker instead of a recluse scholar, he might very well have refrained from the admission that he had made the earlier declaration, for when the orator has improvised a felicitous phrase which has proved effective when uttered on the platform or the stump, he is tempted to utilize it as often as occasion serves. I have seen it stated that Mr. Bryan had employed the striking figure of the Cross of Gold and the Crown of Silver—striking when heard for the first time, even if unconvincing when considered in cold blood—two or three times before he placed it triumphantly at the climax of the perfervid speech which brought him an unexpected nomination for the presidency. There is wisdom in the remark which Mr. Wilton Lackaye once made to Mr. Augustus Thomas, that "repartee was often a matter of repertoire." Sheridan once taunted a political opponent with "relying on his memory for his wit and on his imagination for his facts." Surely a speaker or a writer has a right to rely on his memory of his own wit on other occasions. It is a pretty poor witticism which is worn out by one using.

IV

THE stump speaker has at least this excuse for repeating himself—that he is addressing a different crowd every time he stands and delivers; and that the audience

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of this evening cannot know what he said to the audience of last evening. The magazine writer is akin to the stump speaker in that no magazine goes to the same set of subscribers as another magazine. For myself, I confess frankly that I do not hesitate to use in a contribution to one periodical a turn of phrase which I have earlier employed in a contribution to another periodical. I confess further that this self-repetition has given me a deal of trouble when I have had to go over a group of essays written at different times for different reviews, revising them for publication in a single volume.

In my blameless vanity I have felt that it was always possible for a reader of a book of mine to be so entranced by it as to rush it through at a single sitting; and, therefore, for the benefit of this possible reader, have I striven valiantly, but not always successfully, to eliminate the unbecoming frequency with which I may have said the same thing in the same way. I should not like to be forced to count the number of articles wherein I have had to discuss the dearth of drama in English literature in the mid years of the nineteenth century and wherein I have asserted that in those decades "the plays of our language which were actable were unreadable and the plays which were readable were unactable." I have an affection for that phrase; it seems to me a good phrase, since it puts the case in a nutshell. But I had rather it did not appear in any one of my volumes of collected criticisms more than twice, or thrice at the most. Even after this phrase has made what ought to be its final appearance in a book of mine, I am afraid that I shall not hesitate to use it in the next paper I happen to write for a magazine. And why not? Is it not my own, to do with as I see fit?

It may be that this recalcitrancy of mine is to be explained by my being a college professor, charged with the duty of lecturing on the same subjects year after year to constantly changing groups of students. As a college professor, it is laid upon me to find the best way to arouse the interest of my successive classes, concourses of fortuitous atoms totally differing from year to year; and therefore, when I have found exactly the right words to characterize one of the authors I have to discuss (not to say, dissect), it is not only my privilege to use these words, year after year, it is my bounden duty so to do, unless indeed I can better my phrase as I come to know the author more intimately. Regularly every year for now more than three decades I have told my class in American literature that Emerson was the representative of the ideal and that Franklin was the representative of the practical, always adding that when Emerson told us to "hitch our wagon to a star," Franklin was ready "to proffer an improved axle grease."

There may be danger that the professor will let his lectures become stereotyped, and consequently soulless. But he does not know his business and he does not deserve to hold his place, unless he is keenly alive to the impression he is making on his class. If his students are inattentive and listless, he knows whose fault it is. When Henry Ward Beecher was once asked what was the best remedy for a somnolent congregation, he is reported to have said that at Plymouth Church they had a simple remedy. "Whenever one of the ushers discovers anybody asleep, he has orders to go at once to the pulpit—and wake the preacher!"

Of course, the preacher is under a disadvantage from which the professor is free; he faces the same congregation year after year, whereas the college instructor has a new audience every fall. But both of them need to be on their guard against undue self-repetition. And they cannot save themselves by the cautious writing of their sermons and their lectures, for in so doing, they lose more than they gain. They may gain in literary form, but they lose the easy freedom of direct speech, halting it may be, but far more effective in establishing contact with the minds of their hearers. As President Butler once put it aptly: "To read a lecture to a class is to insult the printing-press!"

No, the college professor need not hesitate to say again what he has often said before; and he can find comfort in a saying attributed to Agassiz, whom Lowell once declared to be the greatest teacher ever connected with Harvard. I have not been able to run down the time and place of Agassiz's confession nor can I now

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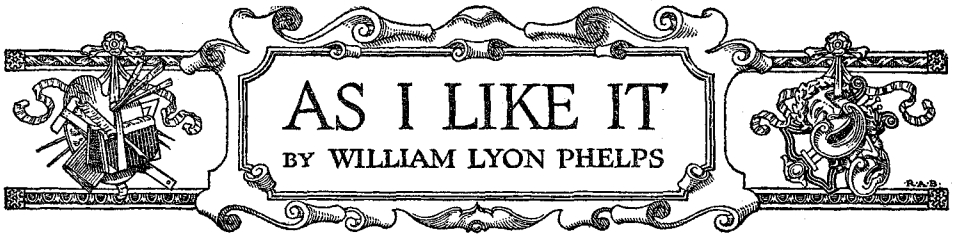
recall his exact words; but he had occasion once to speak of his first lecture in Switzerland, a lecture expected to fill the canonical hour. At the end of forty-five minutes he had told his hearers all he knew, so for the final fifteen minutes he had to repeat himself. Then he added, "And that is what I have been doing ever since—repeating myself."

V

As I reread what I have here written I wonder whether I have not been abusing the privilege I claimed. So I refrain from further dilation upon this tempting topic; and I ask leave only to make one further quotation. John Hollingshead was for years the manager of the Gaiety Theatre in London. He had begun his career as a contributor to magazines, as a miscellaneous writer for all sorts of periodicals; and he explained that he had abandoned the craft of writing only when he discovered that the man of letters was like an organ-grinder, in that he could play only half a dozen tunes. When those had been heard, he had to move to another street and play them over again until he himself got tired of hearing them perpetually repeated.

There is a bitter truth in this comparison, I fear; but there was one thing that Hollingshead did not take into account. As the taste in tunes shifts and changes, it is always possible for the organ-grinder to procure a new barrel with another half-dozen tunes, which, alas, will also wear out their welcome, sooner or later.



LAST night I was reading in bed Henry W. Nevinson's "Changes and Chances" and at the same time enjoying the admirable piano-playing of my next-door neighbor, Mrs. George Day. Should Mr. Nevinson see these lines he would appreciate his book being read to so beautiful an accompaniment, because he tells us that tunes are always running in his head while he is working, while he is playing, and even while he is asleep. In an early chapter I came upon the following vivid picture of Carlyle:

I escaped one day from Westminster School, where I was vainly attempting to teach classics amid the crowding chaos of a vast schoolroom, and took my stand nearly opposite the familiar house in Cheyne Row. A few biggish trees grew on the further side of the street to "Number 5," and, having hidden myself carefully behind the largest, I waited. The brougham was standing ready there, and presently the door opened. Supported by Froude, a small and slightly bent old figure came down the steps. A loose cloak, a large broad-brimmed hat, a fringe of white beard and white hair, a grave and worn face, deeply wrinkled and reddish brown, aged gray eyes turned for a moment to the racing clouds—that was all. What was to me incomparably the greatest spirit of the living world entered the carriage. The carriage turned and drove away over the old wooden Battersea Bridge through the dying radiance of a winter sunset.

Like the Elizabethan lady who on her death-bed expressed a fervent wish to hear once more on the stage Kyd's "Spanish Tragedy," so can I never hear enough and read enough about Carlyle. On this Thanksgiving Day I salute D. A. Wilson, who is presenting a biography of the peasant-philosopher in what I hope will be at least fifty tomes. The first was called "Carlyle till Marriage," the second "Carlyle till the 'French Revolution,'" and the third, which I am now reading, "Carlyle on Cromwell and Others," takes him and us to the year 1848. As I con-

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sume this mighty work I am consumed by it—it is a "familiar" book, and brings me into the innermost circle of the Carlyles and their friends. One of the most satisfactory things is that, although Mr. Wilson narrates an infinite number of anecdotes, not one is given without substantiating evidence.

Mr. Wilson gives a spirited account of Carlyle's lectures. At one of them he made a sneering allusion to the Utilitarians, whereupon in the midst of the fashionable Mayfair audience stood up John Stuart Mill, and shouted "No!" What it cost the modest and shy Mill thus publicly to declare his conviction can only dimly be surmised; but Mill's troublesome conscience would never permit him to consult his own ease. Four men without orthodox religion who nevertheless had an acute case of the nonconformist or, as we should say, the New England conscience were Mill, Spencer, Huxley, Morley.

I was talking with my friend Professor Fred Williams, and I said that I enjoyed biography more than novels. He informed me that was an infallible sign that I was growing old. Which remark I doubly annotate; it is the *least* sign, because there are so many others impossible to miss; and after all, it is not true. I am not growing old, because I am already old.

Arthur Kingsland Griggs performed a merciful service for English readers when, in translating Léon Daudet's autobiography, he left out about five-sixths of it. Now we have an entertaining series of rambling meditations about the friends of Alphonse—Turgenev, Flaubert, Guy de Maupassant, Zola, and many others. Although Léon informs us that he is "a sincere Christian," his pen is dipped in venom. The adjectives he applies to his living contemporaries are studiously insulting, which of course add to the piquancy of his style. As every one knows, Léon Daudet is a royalist, and believes not only that France ought to have a hereditary king but, what is more touching, that she will have. To me the European climate seems a little unhealthy for kings, and they had better remain where Alphonse put them in one of his best novels. As there is not a dull page in this English version, Mr. Griggs's skill as a condenser is sufficiently clear.

J. Hampton Moore, of Philadelphia, has made a striking portrait of Theodore Roosevelt in his sprightly book, "Roosevelt and the Old Guard." We see the mighty man through the eyes of an experienced and professional politician. Of course Mr. Moore loves and reveres his hero—who does not? But he frankly condemns him for his attitude in 1912, and in that melancholy quarrel Mr. Moore believes that Taft appeared to better advantage than his adversary. Many times during those years of estrangement I talked with our present Chief Justice, and I never heard him say one word against Roosevelt; on the contrary, he often praised him. I happened to stand directly beside both men when they met for the first time after their break, and when they were still by no means on speaking terms. It was at the funeral of Professor Thomas R. Lounsbury, at New Haven, April 13, 1915. Both Roosevelt and Taft were honorary bearers, and I was one of the actual bearers. I was standing beside the casket in the vestibule of Battell Chapel at Yale, awaiting the signal to help carry the body of my colleague into the church. Taft came up on one side, and in a few moments Roosevelt appeared on the other. The two ex-Presidents had not exchanged a word since 1912. I wondered what would happen, but Mr. Taft, without a moment's hesitation, stepped in front of Mr. Roosevelt and offered his hand in greeting. Mr. Roosevelt looked very grave, but took the outstretched hand, and then stepped back. If there were a Nobel Prize for the biggest heart in the world, it should be bestowed on William Howard Taft.

A biography of importance and interest is Professor Theodore Clarke Smith's "Life and Letters of James Abram Garfield," in two volumes, containing more than 1200 pages. It is the story of a good man's life, and a contribution to American political history. It seems that

> When James Abram Garfield died in September, 1881, he left, carefully preserved, all his official papers; his letter-books and letters; his manuscript journals, school and college notes and memorabilia; the vast mass of letters received by him and a large collection of pamphlets and newspaper clippings bearing on his career. All this

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material, through the wise judgment of his wife, was systematically organized, classified, bound up in volumes and indexed—a task which occupied the time of Joseph Stanley-Brown, formerly his secretary, for the space of about eighteen months. This done, the papers were placed in a memorial room at Mentor, built as an addition to the house which had been the Garfield residence since 1877, and there they remained untouched for thirty years. Then, when the generation to which the dead man had belonged had all passed off the stage, and the acrimonious personal controversies that preceded and to a degree caused his assassination had faded into mere political memories, belonging more to the anecdotal side of United States history than to its really important aspects, his wife and children felt that the time had come to use the opportunity which this collection offered for the preparation of a biography which should place in its true perspective the life of the man who left it.

President Garfield died in 1881; his wife survived till 1918. The world owes her a debt for her care in preserving these records and for her constant assistance to the biographer.

Some years ago, Mr. William A. Watts, a public-spirited and generous business man of New Haven, who, although a Rotarian, is as unlike Babbitt as a Beethoven symphony is unlike a musical comedy, said that he was about to make a speech to his employees on the value of courtesy, and wished to know if I had an appropriate anecdote. It happened that I had an ideal one. When Garfield was a boy, his original intention was to enter Yale, but, fearing that the College of the Elms was too aristocratic, he decided to write to the presidents of Yale, Brown, and Williams, asking for the necessary qualifications for admission. The Yale president made a formal reply, and so did the man of Brown. So also did the Williams president, *but he added one line:* "We shall be glad to do what we can for you." It took one second to write that line, and the same amount of time for Garfield to decide. As a result of one line of courtesy, Williams has the honor of having graduated a President of the United States, of having at this moment his son as her own president, of having every summer an international conference whose fame and influence are as wide as its scope. This story, which I have often told orally, is in this biography confirmed.

George Moore ought to incur the eternal wrath of book-collectors, biographers, librarians, and bibliographers. For he has the habit (note "Esther Waters" and "Evelyn Innes") of publishing a book, a few years later issuing a revised edition, and, if time allows, a third version still more revised. In 1911 he began to print his three-volume autobiography (?) called "Ave, Salve, Vale," a fascinating and brilliant work. Now he has reissued it in two volumes, with the style recombed and refurbished. It is a charming and oddly droll narrative, only perhaps it ought to be classed among his works of fiction. Anyhow, W. B. Yeats told me that the conversations definitely described between him and Moore never took place.

G. K. Chesterton has produced a book that seems to bear in every chapter the impress of genius—it is called "The Everlasting Man." In reading it amid the pullulation of contemporary flapperisms and adolescent pruriences and jazz-scientific works, I can think only of the old-fashioned phrase, that God has raised up G. K. C. for this especial purpose, to stand as a witness to the eternal truth of religion. When I began to read this book, I had my pencil ready to mark the passages that seemed to me most memorable. I put up my pencil, for I found I had to mark nearly every sentence. The style is steadily brilliant, without becoming monotonously so. It is a great book, a spur to the intelligence and a solace to the heart.

His description of the war between Carthage and Rome, in the chapter called "The War of the Gods and Demons," is as vivid as if we saw God and Satan fighting for the souls of men.

Carthage was an aristocracy, as are most of such mercantile states. The pressure of the rich on the poor was impersonal as well as irresistible. For such aristocracies never permit personal government, which is perhaps why this one was jealous of personal talent. But genius can turn up anywhere, even in a governing class. As if to make the world's supreme test as terrible as possible, it was ordained that one of the great houses

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of Carthage should produce a man who came out of those gilded palaces with all the energy and originality of Napoleon coming from nowhere. At the worst crisis of the war Rome learned that Italy itself, by a military miracle, was invaded from the north. Hannibal, the Grace of Baal, as his name ran in his own tongue, had dragged a ponderous chain of armaments over the starry solitudes of the Alps; and pointed southward to the city which he had been pledged by all his dreadful gods to destroy.

Hannibal marched down the road to Rome, and the Romans who rushed to war with him felt as if they were fighting with a magician. Two great armies sank to right and left of him into the swamps of the Trebia; more and more were sucked into the horrible whirlpool of Cannæ; more and more went forth only to fall in ruin at his touch. The supreme sign of all disasters, which is treason, turned tribe after tribe against the falling cause of Rome, and still the unconquerable enemy rolled nearer and nearer to the city; and following their great leader the swelling cosmopolitan army of Carthage passed like a pageant of the whole world; the elephants shaking the earth like marching mountains and the gigantic Gauls with their barbaric panoply and the dark Spaniards girt in gold and the brown Numidians on their unbridled desert horses wheeling and darting like hawks, and whole mobs of deserters and mercenaries and miscellaneous peoples; and the grace of Baal went before them.

And in the same chapter, where he points out the difference between the scientific explanations of the economists and the true spiritual life of man, his words are like the sound of a trumpet:

Even those dry pedants who think that ethics depend on economics must admit that economics depend on existence. And any number of normal doubts and day-dreams are about existence; not about how we can live, but about why we do. And the proof of it is simple; as simple as suicide. Turn the universe upside down in the mind and you turn all the political economists upside down with it. Suppose that a man wishes to die, and the professor of political economy becomes rather a bore with his elaborate explanations of how he is to live. And all the departures and decisions that make our human past into a story have this character of diverting the direct course of pure economics. As the economist may be excused from calculating the future salary of a suicide, so he may be excused from providing an old age pension for a martyr. As he need not provide for the future of a martyr, so he need not provide for the family of a monk. His plan is modified in lesser and varying degrees by a man being a soldier and dying for his own country, by a man being a peasant and specially loving his own land, by a man being more or less affected by any religion that forbids or allows him to do this or that. But all these come back not to an economic calculation about livelihood but to an elemental outlook upon life. They all come back to what a man fundamentally feels, when he looks forth from those strange windows which we call eyes, upon that strange vision that we call the world.

When William Allingham read Browning's "A Blot in the 'Scutcheon," he wrote in his diary, "Bravo, Browning!" So, when I read Chesterton, I feel like cheering.

Many years ago, when I was teaching English composition, an undergraduate wrote on his theme that it was absurd to believe in the Christian religion, for "scientific" criticism had proved that all four gospels were written three or four hundred years after the supposed existence of Christ. Now I am not sceptical of any truth verified by science, but no one is more sceptical than I of the general statements loosely called "scientific" which are so eagerly swallowed by unscientific people. It is now pretty well established that the first three Gospels were written in the first century and that Jesus is no more a myth than Lincoln; yet the best of all the Gospels, the one *according to St. John*, has received from many "scientific" persons scant intellectual respect. A common-sensible man, unaware of "scientific" theories about this Gospel, would, on reading it, never imagine that it was a farrago of theological hocus-pocus hitched onto the teachings of Jesus by some fourth-century metaphysicians. He would think, as I actually do, that it is the most intimate of all the Gospels; that it was written by a disciple who stood closer to the actual Master than Matthew, Mark, or Luke. It bears all over it, except to those who cannot see the obvious, the stamp of *intimacy*.

Well, to my surprise and pleasure, a redoubtable champion of this Gospel now appears in the famous biographer, Lord

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Charnwood. He it was who wrote the best one-volume life of Lincoln, and thus gave John Drinkwater the foundation for his only good play. Charnwood is a man of learning and experience, an Englishman who lived long in our American West, who has met all classes of people, whose natural shrewdness has been sharpened by scholarship. He is a trained biographer, whose business it is to separate what is true from what is legendary.

I had no idea that he was especially interested in the New Testament, yet for many years he has been working on the most important of literary problems, the origins of the Gospels. Here is the result, a book called "According to Saint John," a brilliant, scholarly, sensible work. This is a treatise not for children, but for intelligent men and women; and if they come to it with an open and unprejudiced mind, they will, as I do now on this Thanksgiving Day, thank God for such a book.

I call this investigation the most important of literary problems, for if it is true that the Gospel of Saint John is a faithful historical record, it is more important that men and women should get this news than that they should acquire anything else in the whole world.

Charnwood and Chesterton make a formidable pair. Come forward, Mr. Feeble-Faith, and take heart.

The Bemerton Club, proposed by Doctor Alexander Witherspoon, and of which he is the "onlie begetter," is now firmly established, and in response to my appeal for funds to place a new organ in George Herbert's old church, I received actual money from Robert N. Shaw, of Boston, who visited on a bicycle the "smallest church I ever saw"; from the Reverend Doctor George Roberts, of Lake Forest, Ill., who writes: "I am especially moved to send it because perhaps the most lasting acquisition of my college days was an interest in George Herbert's life and poetry"; from Mr. M. Woolsey Stryker, of Rome, N. Y., who wants "to give one of the 'whistles' of the Bemerton organ. . . . Dear and saintly George Herbert! May the idea go, and grow, and 'Let all the world in every corner sing' to that fragrant memory"; from the American poet, Norreys Jephson O'Conor, of Bryn Mawr, whose poems on Irish legends deserve a wide circulation, especially his valuable and most recent work "Battles and Enchantments, or Changing Ireland," a combination of learning, imagination, and humor; he writes of Herbert: "There is no poet who seems to me better worth turning back to again and again." Also Miss Lucy Pratt and Miss La Monte, of Westover School, who remember with delight their visit to Bemerton. Miss Pratt writes: "My mother so loved the author of 'Sweet Day—so cool, so calm, so bright,' that when she named her oldest son after his father she tucked in Herbert after the George."

I welcome also into the Bemerton Club, Mrs. J. R. Joslyn, who writes:

> The letter about *Bemerton* in "As I Like It" for November interested me greatly. On June 4, 1910—antediluvian date—I too made a pilgrimage to that tiny parish church where, nearly three hundred years ago, George Herbert ministered to a group of humble country folk. . . . the church itself could never have held more than a handful, as witness the enclosed slip. It is an odd little place—something like a silo covered with ivy!

Also Mrs. J. F. Herrick, of Richmond Hill, Long Island, who writes:

> If there is a Bemerton Club, may I come in? I visited Bemerton in 1907 with my mother, and we loved the place and the beautiful river that flows by it. The medlar-tree George Herbert planted was still living, although in a very decrepit state, and I shall never forget the tall trees that I was told bore the imposing name of Wellingtonia, nor the peace and sacredness of the tiny church.

Into the still exclusive Fano Club come three Americans, Priscilla Lee, Dorothy Lee, and Margaret Campbell Lee, who describe themselves as "a gypsy family of Americans who love motoring about Europe," and who visited Fano with "two Italians who are eager to belong. One thinks she has a special right, having just married a young officer from Fano." Come right in, Lidia Borgogelli Averdato and Lusio Borgogelli!

On Italian Armistice Day, Herbert L. May and Mrs. Saidie A. May, of New

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York, entered Fano, and sent me a delightful pun

Dopo dolce Fano-niente,

which reminds me of my own and only Italian pun. I was lunching *al fresco* in Florence, and as I could not speak Italian, I was conversing with the polyglot waiter in French. At the precise moment when he offered me a plate of cakes, a large cat appeared. In response to the waiter's inquiry, "Des gâteaux, monsieur?" I answered, "Merci, nous avons déjà un gatto," which upset him for the rest of the day.

The Faerie Queene Club is enriched by the entrance of the distinguished president of Bowdoin College, Kenneth M. Sills, who modestly wonders if the fact that he has read the poem "is of any conceivable interest to any human being." To me it is. Miss Jessie Rigby, of Mount Vernon, Iowa, read all of the "Faerie Queene" when she was twelve, little knowing of the subsequent reward of immortal fame. Miss Pearl Dutchess Westfall, of Indianapolis, writes under date of November 19, 1925: "To-day I finished reading the 'Faerie Queene.'"

Vidience will not down, and the future supplements to the New English Dictionary will have a hard time determining its first appearance. Horace F. Henderson, of the Pawling School, writes me:

> As you may know, Pawling is an Episcopal School. Sometime during the winter of 1915, several years before the Baptist minister nominated *vidience*, a boy in my fifth-form English class—they were writing their daily theme on Moving Pictures—asked me, "May I use the word *vidience* for the spectators at a moving-picture show?" I did not venture to welcome the word, but assured the boy that his invention had my approval.

Score a triumph for the church over the non-conformists!

With reference to my comment on the biography of Edward Everett, I print without permission a valuable letter from my colleague Professor Carl F. Schreiber, which will interest most of my readers. The facts are new to me.

> Perhaps you know that the first American to visit Goethe was Aaron Burr. We have no report of this visit from him; only a notation by Goethe in his Tagebuch for 1810. The first Americans to report on their visit to Goethe were E. Everett and George Ticknor in 1816. We have long known what Ticknor thought of Goethe, but now for the first time do we get Everett's angle. How terrifically they differ! This constitutes an unknown conversation with Goethe which I intend before long to report to Weimar. Mr. Speck has an inscribed copy of a little work by Johann Heinrich Voss which the author gave young Everett just before his departure for home.
>
> Do you know Edgar A. Poe's comment on Everett as a man? I am sending it to you because Poe hits upon the main topic of Mr. Frothingham's book so many, many years before. In Poe's "Autography," Letter X, he gives this judgment of Everett from a short letter:
>
> "Here is a noble MS. It has an air of deliberate precision about it emblematic of the statesman, and a mingled solidity and grace speaking the scholar; nothing can be more legible. The words are at proper intervals—the lines also are at proper intervals, and perfectly straight. There are no superfluous flourishes. The man who writes thus will never grossly err in judgment or otherwise. We may venture to say, however, *that he will not attain the loftiest pinnacles of renown. . . .*"

It was in Frothingham's biography of Everett that I found and printed in SCRIBNER'S the statement that the British *Minister of Agriculture* could not tell whether a cow's ears were in front of or behind her horns. This has literally aroused the attention of the whole world, for I have received press cuttings from Canada, Australia, New Zealand, Peru, and letters from all over the United States. The Albany *Knickerbocker Press* editorially comments:

> THE COW'S HORNS
>
> William Lyon Phelps in SCRIBNER'S MAGAZINE has brought up an old question as a test of the powers of observation. It is Edward Everett's old question:
>
> "Are a cow's ears in front of or behind her horns?" Professor Phelps says he tried this question on six persons, including a milkmaid, and not one could answer it. Can you answer it? How much do you observe, anyway? Of course if no one had asked this question every one would have supposed he could answer it.
>
> One feels like asking the Professor what

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kind of cow this is. Is it a mooly cow? And, by the way, Professor, how do you spell a mooly cow? If Henry Ford has his way and makes a synthetic cow, everybody knows that the horn will be under the hood. They used to put the horns outside. And some cows have no horns, anyway. It isn't necessary to know where the horns are, Professor, because they're dehorning them, anyway.

And, Professor, did you ever, in a large pasture, with the fence a considerable distance away, note whether the bull's ears were behind his horns or not? Well, if the ears were in front you wouldn't run so fast, would you? What do you want to know for, anyway, Professor?

Now as a matter of fact I don't care a Russian ruble where a cow's ears are, though I thought a minister of agriculture ought to know. A cow, mooly or otherwise, may wear her ears where she pleases, for I have never attempted to interfere with or even to criticise the appearance of females. But as to the bull, I once found a bull in front of me. I impolitely turned my back on him. I had no time to examine his ears. I reached the fence first, which must now be a disappointment to those who do not like these articles.

Mr. Fenton A. Bonham, of Colfax, Calif., writes an interesting letter, with respect to good usage and also horn-rimmed spectacles:

I want to raise a howl against the way our newspapers have of cutting down our very good English to fit their 13-em columns. Any sort of an investigation is a "probe." Every convention, from the Dog Fanciers' Association to the august gathering of the House of Bishops, is a "meet." All conferences of whatever nature are "parleys." And any questioning or examination is a "quiz." These are the most horrible examples, but there are perhaps a dozen others nearly as bad. The big metropolitan dailies are the worst offenders, but every little four-page town paper strives to emulate their unworthy example. I think it arises from the undue importance given to sporting events and the evident desire to flavor all news with the same spice. I like the sporting sheet and read it, and I want it to stay in its own place and not monopolize the whole paper and give its own color to all the news of the world. I wish you would do something about it.

I was interested in the October issue in your reference to the large tortoise-shell rimmed glasses first appearing on one of your students in 1905. It was that year that I first saw them. They were worn by Colonel George Harvey, then editor of *Harper's Weekly*. They gave him a solemn, almost funereal, aspect, and with his serious face and his tall, dignified bearing, reminded one of a highly successful undertaker impressed with the importance of his calling. He wore the large eye-glasses with a broad silk guard during the winter social season at Washington, and I remember a witty hostess remarked that he "looked like he had been drawn by Peter Newell."

With reference to my variously creeded audience in the church in Michigan, Chief Justice Taft writes me: "I am glad to know that you have been putting the fear of God into the people of Bad Axe, in Huron County, Michigan, and that you are including Unitarians in the persons treated." Yes, indeed. I had rather have Unitarians in the audience than any other Christians, just as I had rather preach at Yale, where the students are compelled to come to chapel, than at any other college where attendance is voluntary. I have the true missionary spirit, *n'est-ce pas*, Bill?

G. G. of Chicago, on the other hand, nominates for the Ignoble Prize all Methodist Sunday-schools, because she does not like the hymns they sing. Let her know who writes their songs, and she cares not who formulates their doctrines, but would send them all together into perdition.

H. C. Du Bois, of New York, nominates "meticulous" and "priceless."

I read all the good mystery books or sleuth books I have time for, but have steered clear of Mary Roberts Rinehart, till I saw your reference to her "The Red Lamp." I began this to-day, but had only reached the 13th page when I came upon my particular horror, "meticulous." I can't endure that word. It comes into every book written by these clever women. I don't think they ever stop to think of the meaning, "timid," or "over-careful through fear or timidity." Wherever it is used by the smart feminine writer it seems to connote the ideas of attention to the care of the person, spic-and-span-ness, etc. The French aristocrats who dusted off minute dust from their "priceless" lace sleeves as they grace-

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fully arose to go to the waiting tumbrils, these were "meticulous" in the only meaning the word appears to have in modern literature. Anyhow, whatever the word may have come legitimately to mean, I have the creeps when I meet it in stories—all by our exquisite lady writers. I don't know that I can go on and finish "The Red Lamp," though I have paid down a quarter for a week's loan of it.

I put *priceless* also in inverted commas above (query: Why *inverted* commas?—It is only those *before* the word that are inverted). "Priceless" seems to be a word now never used except in connection with *lace*. See the Baroness Orczy's books, for instance.

The final word on *priceless* was uttered by Sir James Barrie, in "Rosalind," describing the Oxford student:

Whatever, you, as his host, ask him to do, he says he would like to awfully if you don't mind his being a priceless duffer at it; his vocabulary is scanty, and in his engaging mouth "priceless" sums up all that is to be known of good or ill in our varied existence; at a pinch it would suffice him for most of his simple wants, just as one may traverse the continent with *Combien?*

Among the flood of new verse and prose, let me commend Mary Dixon Thayer's volume "New York," which has some fine poems. Miss Thayer is a novelist, an essayist, an ardent writer on religion, and one of the finest girl tennis-players in America.

Willa Cather's new novel, "The Professor's House," is a magnificent work of art. I thought "The Lost Lady" a waste of precious talent, and I thought "One of Ours" conventional and second-rate. But "The Professor's House" is a fine novel, full of wisdom and beauty. It shows the irreconcilable difference between activity, even beneficial and valuable activity, and *Life*. Whatever new novels you fail to read, do not miss this one.

I rejoice to see the following newspaper item:

Circuit Judge Mix, now sitting in the criminal division, announced to-day that his courtroom no longer could be used as a school of instruction in crime for youths, who have been listening to trials to learn how to commit crimes successfully and how to prepare alibis if they should be caught.

"I have instructed the sheriff to exclude from the courtroom all boys under 21 years of age, with the exception of those who are defendants or witnesses," said the judge.

"The courtroom is the worst place in the city for the boys to spend their time. They sit in here and listen to stories of robberies and burglaries. I have noticed how closely they listen to the testimony, apparently to study the methods of criminals."

Why on earth nearly all courtrooms should be free to the public, is to me one of the most insoluble mysteries. This very morning, an editorial in the New York *World* condemns the legal profession for not settling behind closed doors one of the most unsavory —— ——.

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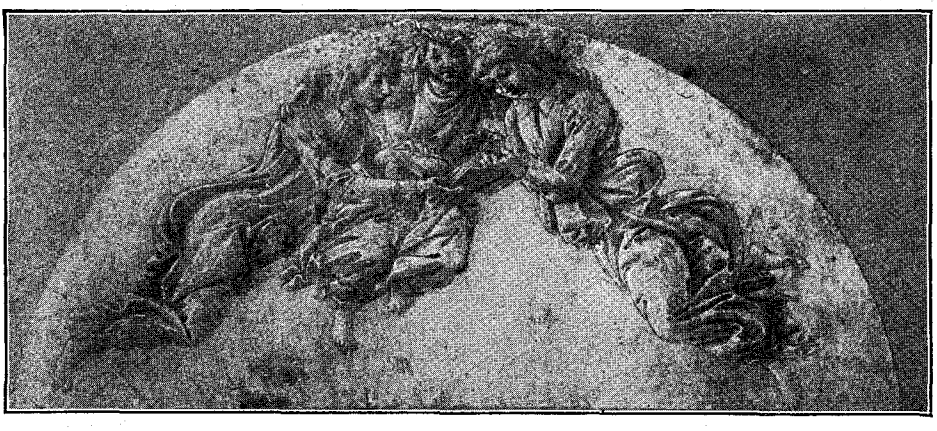
THE FIELD OF ART

BY ROYAL CORTISSOZ



Singing Angels.

From the drawing by Botticelli in the Uffizi.

THE appeal of Oriental art to the Occidental mind is that of an exotic and recondite thing. Western commentators are prone to dwell on the deep differences involved in a transition from one point of the compass to another. How do writers in the East feel about it? It is hard to say, for we have few opportunities to consult their views. But now and then, at long intervals, we get some light. The Japanese scholar, Okakura, whose visit to this country is well remembered, was convinced of the cleavage between his native art and that of Europe. He rendered invaluable service to his own people in his stalwart advocacy of the movement to keep their art safe in its integrity from encroachments of the Western spirit. Yet even Okakura was aware of points of contact between the two worlds, and in the matter of appreciation he showed that the Oriental mind is peculiarly sensitive to nominally alien impressions. I have some interesting souvenirs of his open-mindedness. When I was writing the biography of John La Farge he often talked to me about the clairvoyant understanding of his Japanese friend, and he gave me, among other things, this anecdote:

On one of his first days here I took him to see some wonderful Rembrandts. Okakura knelt before them and said: "This is what the great Chinese artists in black-and-white meant to do." Then he recognized carefully and analyzed the same points that we are speaking of, taking one day to study the arrangement of line and space, the next day for the study of the arrangement of black-and-white, and the next day again for the picture part, that told the story, the wonderful meaning and the extraordinary skill in drawing which allowed those incredible subtle meanings to be represented by a line of the etcher. As you see, he was faithful to the fundamental laws, those by which I hold, and he saw first the basis of the Rembrandt, which it has in common with all great work, and then the special beauties of Rembrandt himself.

Ever since La Farge told me that story I have been waiting and watching for some further revelation of the Oriental attitude in the presence of Western art. Japanese paintings tinctured by European ideas of conception and technique have shown me that a process of initiation has been going on in the East, despite the barrage laid down by Okakura. But they have told me little enough about the operations of the mentality behind them. How does an Oriental feel when he is confronted by one of our masters? Does he grasp the idiom which the latter employs? Is he happy in his apprehension of it?

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Does he recognize in it "the fundamental laws" to which La Farge referred, and do they, for him, make the West and the East seem essentially identical? At last I have received answers to these questions, answers embodied in one of the most beautiful books I have ever read. Under the title of "Sandro Botticelli," Mr. Yukio Yashiro, professor of the history of art in the Imperial Academy of Tokio, has published a work of really extraordinary significance. Tackling a peculiarly difficult subject in the Florentine master and writing in limpid English, he has made a study which shows at once that for a cultivated man of his origin Western art has no barriers. He moves as freely in the Quattrocento as though he were examining the intellectual and spiritual phenomena of Japan. He penetrates to the core of Botticelli, and arrives at an interpretation which I believe will be received into the literature of Italian painting with profound respect. He is all sympathy and comprehension. It is fairly enchanting to accompany him upon an adventure that must, for an Oriental, be unique.

Primavera.

From the painting by Botticelli in the Uffizi.

♣ ♣ ♣

AT the very outset Professor Yashiro discloses that about which his reader is likely to be most curious, his point of view, his critical method. His opening words are eloquently characteristic. "This is a book of Art," he says. "Its appeal is to the human heart. In the appreciation of Art there is no such thing as authority. Scholarship adorns, even dignifies criticism, but does not authorize it. A critic should not pose as a judge: he is a friend. My wish is to deliver Art from the guidance of specialists and return it to the simple desire of man. I loved Botticelli and studied him; that is all. I have written down my joy that others may share it, or rather that others may open their eyes and get greater delight from Art in their own way. I long to see my book reach congenial hearts that love beauty, rather than brains of pure scholarship." It is hard to express my full appreciation of this simple, almost naïve, exordium. It comes as an ineffable relief after the oracular pontification of so much modern art criticism. That criticism could not function without the aid of the scientific principles developed by Morelli, but it falls upon dry pedantry when it exalts those principles into a kind of dogmatic and fetichistical status. "Art," says Professor Yashiro, "is not a theoretical business. It is strictly an affair of human experience." The point is one which I have longed for years to see

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more widely understood. The artist is not a demigod. No matter how great he is, he remains a human being, and his work is subject to the ups and downs of human endeavor. Clearly, the Oriental mind as it is exemplified in Professor Morellian hypothesis. He has foregathered long with Berenson, and he shares in the grateful appreciation which every student of Italian art must feel for that sterling critic. But he uses the scientific method only as it should be used, as a

The Adoration.
From the painting by Botticelli in the Ambrosiana.

Yashiro is aware of this. He approaches Botticelli, he approaches his whole task, in the gentlest and most modest way imaginable, seeking only to get at the truth. Nor does his discriminating view of scholarship mean for a moment that he undervalues it. On the contrary, it is plain that he is a learned man, conversant with all the authorities. There is every sign in his book that he has himself made good use of the bibliography he gives in an appendix. He knows all about the means to an end, as but a part of the critic's equipment, and I have never read a book on Botticelli—or on any other old master—as free as this one is from those vague conjectures in respect to "attribution" which so often give the reader a sense of chewing on sawdust. Professor Yashiro is as keen on attribution as anybody. He has, indeed, a notable discovery of a new Botticelli to his credit, in the shape of a beautiful Trinity with Saint John and Mary Magdalene, in the

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Abundance.
From the drawing by Botticelli in the British Museum.

collection of Viscount Lee of Fareham. But here again, as in all the scientific and scholarly relations of his work, he writes with an eye single only to his main purpose—the stimulation of his reader to joy in Botticelli.

I must at this point say something about the physical nature of the apparatus he has placed at our disposal. "Sandro Botticelli" is a model of luxurious book-making. The Medici Society has published it in three quartos that are perfect in paper and typography. The first volume contains the text, with a full index and a most helpfully tabulated chronology. Assembled in the other two

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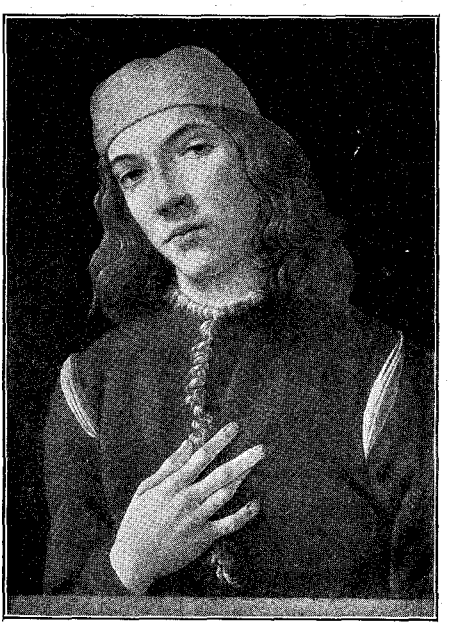
volumes are 290 full-page plates in collotype and scores of these beautiful reproductions are of details in the pictures. These latter are of the highest value, providing a new machinery for study of the minutiæ of Botticelli's technique. Stately in their pure white buckram, the volumes make not only a monument but, for the student, a museum and a workshop.

Madonna and Child.
From the painting by Botticelli in the Poldi-Pezzoli.

IT is interesting to glance for a moment at Professor Yashiro's predecessors. There lies before me in its old vellum covers the Vasari of 1568. The "Vita" given to Botticelli fills only four and a half pages, and it does not even begin to foreshadow the estimate of the subject to be developed in modern times. Thenceforth Botticelli suffered centuries of neglect, and not even in our own day was his genius immediately acclaimed. Morelli was cool toward it, and so were Crowe and Cavalcaselle. German criticism has been fairly serviceable to Botticelli. Only the other day a translation of Bode's excellent monograph appeared. But Botticelli has been more particularly the property of English writers. Ruskin rose to him, and Pater's essay, dating from 1870, is famous. A sentence in it, by the way, is indicative of the position the painter occupied even then. "But," says Pater, "after all, it may be asked, is a painter like Botticelli—a secondary painter—a proper subject for general criticism?" The canonical biography is that by Herbert Horne, published in a magnificent folio in 1908. It is a marvellous work of documentation, and will probably always retain its commanding rôle. But it makes rather hard reading and it is inadequate as a matter of research into the imponderables. There was left Professor Yashiro's opportunity and there he has beautifully triumphed.



Portrait of a Young Man.
From the painting by Botticelli in the collection of Clarence H. Mackay.

HIS triumph is one of subtly insinuating analysis, which seems to start from a kind of inner grasp upon Botticelli, to work steadily from within outward. Though he is conscious of external conditions, he exposes them for what they were, elements subdued to the essential stuff of Botticelli's genius. Thus he is

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admirable in his elucidation of what the painter owed to his master, Fra Filippo Lippi, and he reveals the most delicate nuances in that study of nature which Botticelli began under his senior. His first quarrel with the authorities comes apropos of the period of pupilage. Uhlmann would have it that, after his stay with Fra Filippo, Botticelli turned to Verrocchio. Horne would place him in the *bottega* of Antonio Pollaiuolo. With the sweet reasonableness and common sense that steadily mark him, Professor Yashiro takes account of both influences. It is very like him, and if I had unlimited space I would enjoy enumerating the instances of his polite but firm disagreement with the pundits. But I may only note that he has an edifying way of justifying his independence, and then pass on to the broader matter of his interpretation. One of the first things you observe about this is his freedom from the hyperbole of hero-worship. He knows, as we all know now, that Botticelli was only the "secondary painter" of Pater's phrase in the sense that he was a lesser man than, say, Leonardo and Michelangelo, and his appraisal is pitched in a sufficiently high key. But he keeps his perspective sound, and is perfectly aware of his painter's limitations. "Botticelli," he says, for example, "was never omnipotent. Rather the contrary, he was a somewhat ill-balanced genius." When he comes to the opinion now almost current among scholars, based largely on the painter's interest in Dante, that Botticelli was possessed of a high literary culture, he frankly doubts it. But he has no doubt at all of the central originality and inspiration which governed Botticelli, and in analyzing the nature of these resources he makes singularly natural and clear their successful exercise regardless of innate deficiencies. He shows us how Botticelli developed a firm naturalism under Fra Filippo, and how the painter then paused in emulation of a measurable technique and superimposed upon it his own style, his own vision, his own poetry.

Pallas and the Centaur.
From the painting by Botticelli in the Pitti.

Professor Yashiro is strong on the poetic grain of Botticelli. Passing from the consideration of certain landscape motives in the work of Botticelli which are of a distinctly realistic order, he says: "When we come to the Birth of Venus the case is just the reverse. It became an entirely poetic world; the suggestion of a real sea-beach is now remote from the painter's motive, which seems to have been devoted from the first to the invocation of a beautiful atmosphere in which to play a decorative drama." The force of nature is there, but the observable fact is heightened and transmogrified. It is

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poetized. The author sees Botticelli as the creator of "an artistic land where truth and myth live together." He thinks that the Florentine was the last of the artists in history to establish such a land. "What makes him so attractive," he says, "is that he painted impossible things, but made you believe them by the sheer force of beauty." It is in the key of this observation that the argument persistently continues. Somewhere he makes the remark that "those who love Botticelli are all to some extent poets." Professor Yashiro inevitably suggests that he is himself something of a poet. But I must make two notes on this point. In the first place, his poetic fervor does not betray him into fine writing. Secondly, it does not interfere with a well-balanced and methodical examination of the subject. The successive stages of Botticelli's passage through life are lucidly set forth. We see him in Florence. We follow him on his journey to Rome, and watch him at work in the Sistine Chapel. We trace all his professional dealings, we survey his activity as illustrator of Dante, and we recognize the influence of Savonarola upon him in his closing years. The mere life of Botticelli is well written in this book. But side by side with the incidents that go to make the narrative, there are developed the traits that go to make the character and that support the author's interpretation.

Judith with the Head of Holofernes.
From the painting by Botticelli in the Uffizi.

From the Botticelli whom Professor Yashiro calls realistic proceed first the Botticelli who was sensuous, then the man of sentiment, and finally the mystic. Through his art you can see the man grow and no phase of that art is neglected: his portraiture and his landscape, his treatment of flowers and of the human body, his magic in the portrayal of hands and hair, his special note in draperies, his "music of line," and his charm in color, his religious and his mythological inspirations—all these things are not so much dissected, they are discovered as with a touch following the tendrils of a vine. Some of these analyses have a remarkable fascination, seeming to pluck the very heart out of an individuality. The chapter on hands, for example, is wonderfully revealing, bringing out the far more than naturalistic quality that belongs to the subject. It closes, I may note in passing, with a reference to a portrait that is in America. Speaking of the way in which Botticelli's characteristic hand developed as it were psychologically, he says: "At the end of this study let us admire the finest hand ever painted by him, in which, I may say, all the qualities I have mentioned were perfectly combined. I mean the hand of the Portrait of a Young Man

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in Mr. Clarence Mackay's collection in New York. It is the hand of an Adonis, where the soft feminine charm is mingled with a man's strength, though still young. It is a perfect hand. Except in a few of El Greco's masterpieces, you cannot see such a hand, a mere hand, with a whole mystery behind it." It is a perfect hand, according to Professor Yashiro, because it is a creation of beauty, because it is the truth raised to a higher power and invested with Botticellian magic. So he interprets all the works. He does not neglect their literary foundations. He reckons with Poliziano and Dante when it is proper he should do so. But he never forgets the pure artist, and the essence of his book may be found in the statement that Botticelli's art "consisted primarily in exquisite arabesques of sensuous refinement." That, and the constant insistence upon the painter's genius for rhythmic linear expression, is not, perhaps, startlingly original. I would not call Professor Yashiro's book an altogether novel contribution to the subject. But in its cumulative power of interpretation it takes on a certain new and original quality.

In the literature of Botticelli to which I have already alluded there are certain writings which are, in some sort, landmarks. Vasari makes one of them. Pater has an honorable place, and so has Lippmann, with the book of Dante drawings that he published in 1896. Horne's book is priceless. But in the whole mass I know of nothing that can quite touch this work of a Japanese scholar, nothing so sympathetic, so full of insight, so luminous, and so penetrating in the divination of the secret of Sandro Botticelli. The curious thing about it, too, is that it is not in any obvious way Japanese. Professor Yashiro's portrait of the painter is in no wise colored by Oriental preoccupations. He points out some fascinating analogies between Botticelli and one or two Japanese masters, notably Utamaro, but there is nothing invidious in any of his comparisons. His might be a Western mind so far as instinctive feeling and comprehension go. I do not know how or why he became interested in Botticelli. With the good breeding that belongs to his book he says next to nothing about himself. I only know that he seems to have been born to write on his subject.

Heads of Angels in the Madonna with the Pomegranate.
From the painting by Botticelli in the Uffizi.

A calendar of current art exhibitions will be found in the Fifth Avenue Section.

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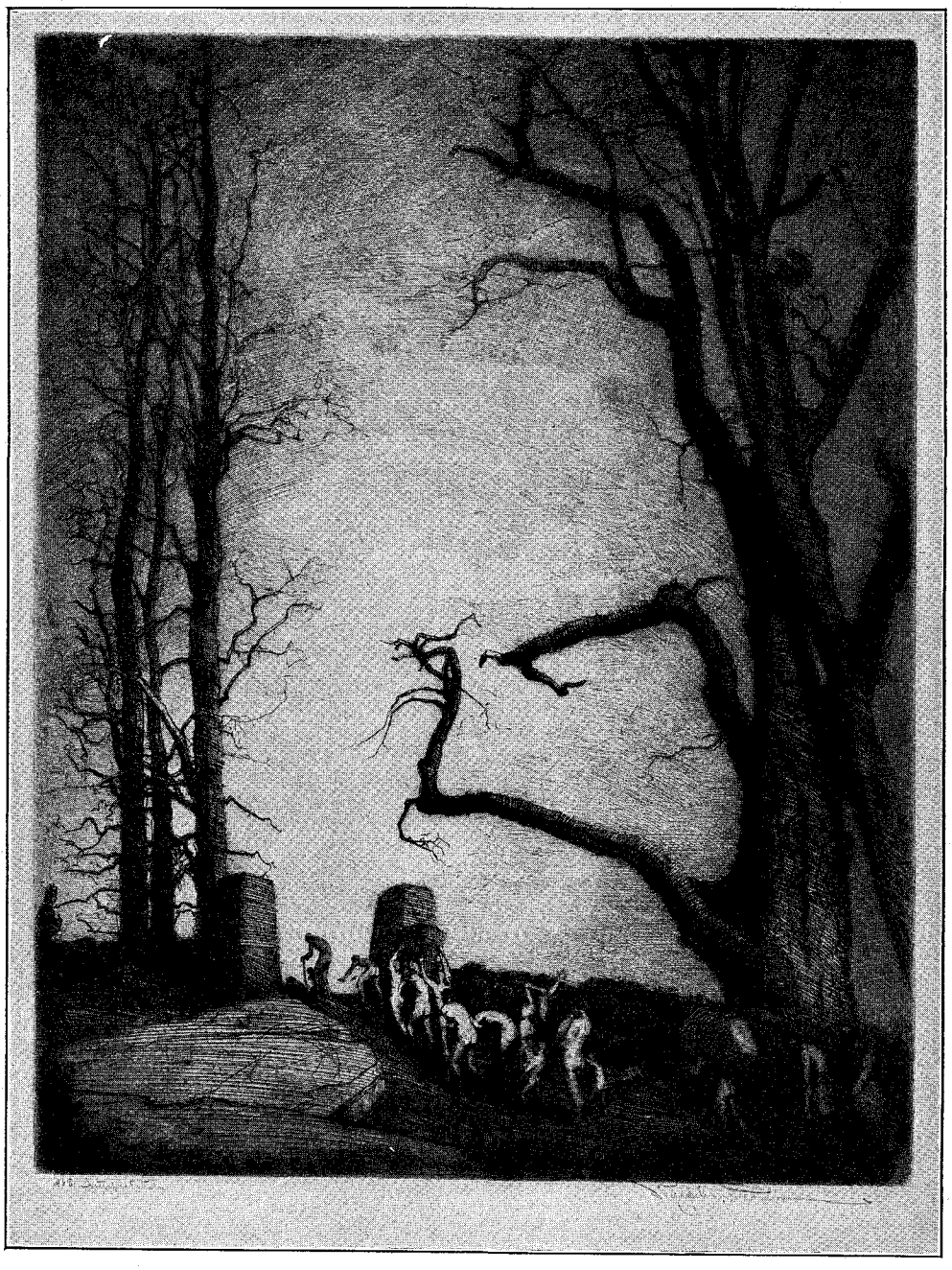

INTERPRETATION.
An etching by Ralph M. Pearson.

—See page 259.

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